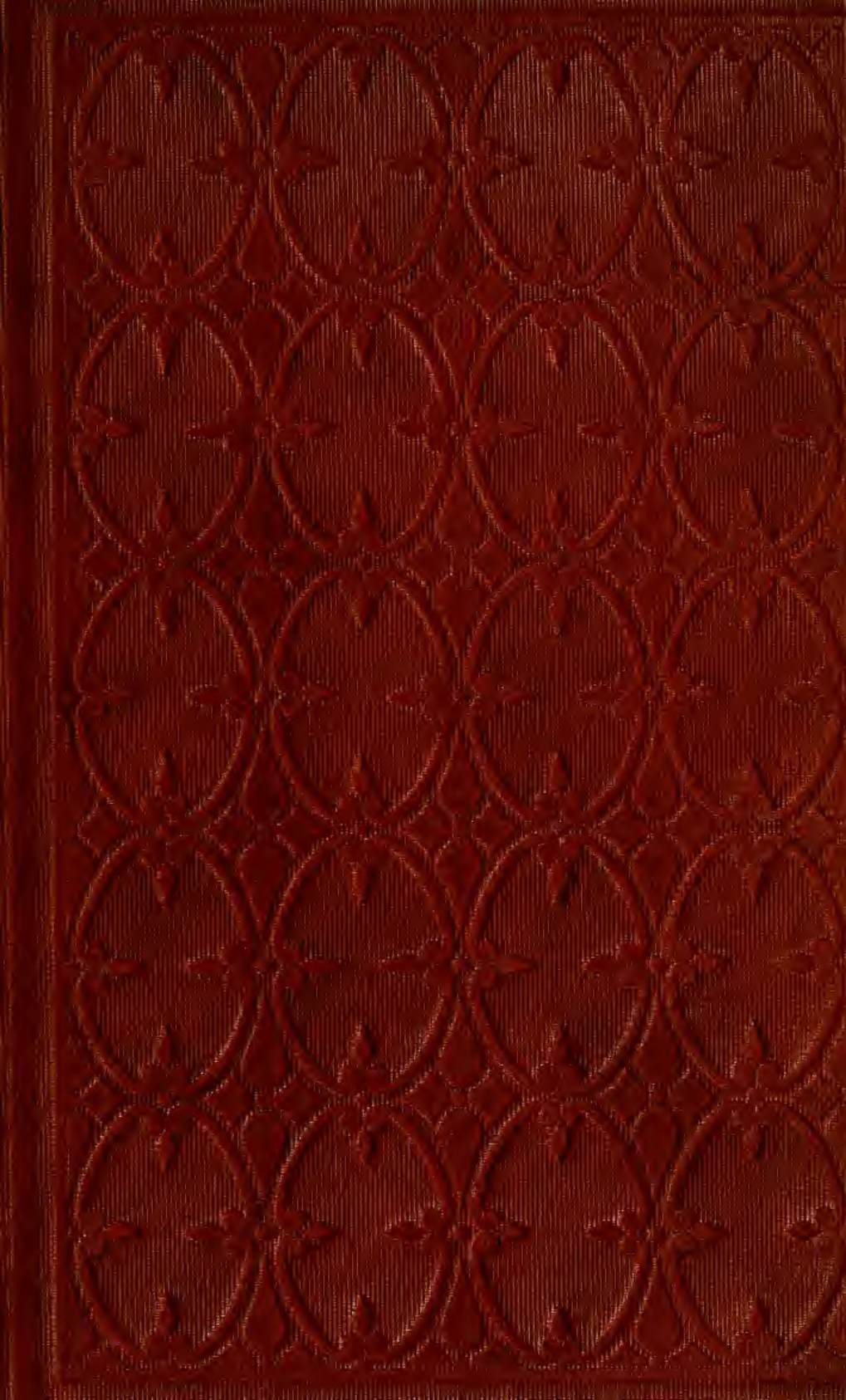




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MEMOIR

OF

The Life of Harriet Preble,

CONTAINING

PORTIONS OF HER CORRESPONDENCE, JOURNAL,
AND OTHER WRITINGS, LITERARY
AND RELIGIOUS.

BY PROF. R. H. LEE, LL. D.

1794-1865

New York:

G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 321 BROADWAY.

1856.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,

By ANICA BARLOW,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of New York.

THE satisfaction I have experienced in reading in the proof-sheets the pages which follow, may, perhaps, be my apology for venturing in these few lines to commend this memoir to general perusal.

After making all due allowance for the prepossession arising from personal acquaintance almost from childhood with the admirable woman of whom it is a just portraiture, and for the memory of beautiful days, long past, spent in the bosom of that refined and happy family at *Draveil*, so often referred to in the following pages, there cannot be any mistake, I would fain believe, in assuming that this volume, presenting indeed only the simple annals of a pure and simple life, and developing the growth of one loving heart and highly cultivated intellect, as yet unimproved by the truths of Christianity, into the perfection of Christian faith and practice, will yet make its way to general favor.

Of its influence for good, wherever read, I cannot at all doubt, and its teachings will be all the more effective that they are not didactic but practical, embodied in actual results and not in barren precepts.

By mere readers for amusement, moreover, this volume will be found attractive, for it speaks of celebrated times and celebrated persons, and, in a merely literary aspect, it has high claims.

CH. KING.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y.

July '56.

P R E F A C E .

IN the following Memoir, the writer has had in view to present to the friends of *Harriet Preble*, and to that portion of the reading community that take an interest in literary and religious writers of eminent genius, and character of great worth and value, a succinct account of her life, and authentic remains of her writings.

He endeavored to keep in mind, that a biographer should be more intent on a faithful record of the dead, than on an elaborate and ambitious exhibition of his own style and powers.

The first part of the Memoir presents the literary life, studies, and writings of Miss Preble. The last portion exhibits her religious life, character, and writings. Both portions of her life are remarkable: the former for brilliant literary merit; the latter for exalted and fervent piety.

Her friends and the writer have been greatly indebted to two or three of her early friends, of high literary celebrity, for interesting communications, in the form of "Reminiscences," etc., which will be found in the work.

R. H. L.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF HARRIET PREBLE.

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Harriet Preble's birth and parentage—When yet a child visits Italy with her mother—Their interview with Pope Pius VII.—Harriet's school days at Madame Campan's—Among the pupils, were sisters of Napoleon, and daughters of his future marshals—Queen Hortense—Madame Campan's liberal and tolerant spirit—Acting of Racine's 'Esther'—Harriet leaves school on account of ill health—Subsequent studies and accomplishments—Early proficiency—Her intimacy and continued friendship with Louise Barbiér de Neuville—Notice of this lady.

HARRIET PREBLE, the interesting subject of the following Memoir, was born at Lewes, in the county of Sussex, England, in the year 1795. Her father, Henry Preble, was the youngest son of Jedediah Preble, who was a brigadier-general in the provincial army of the colonies, and was afterwards tendered the same grade in the Revolutionary

War, which he declined for want of health. He had served as a captain of the provincial troops, under Wolfe, at the siege of Quebec. Abraham Preble, the ancestor of all of this name in this country, emigrated with the "men of Kent" in 1630, to Scituate, Plymouth Colony. He had seven children. Jedediah, his grandson, was born in 1707, and died in 1784. Henry—the father of Harriet Preble—was his fourth son, by a second marriage. He was the younger brother of Edward Preble, who rose by his genius and courage to the post of commodore in the infant navy of the Revolution; and lived to serve with undiminished distinction under the flag of his liberated country.*

Harriet's mother, Frances Wright, was of English descent. She had left England when quite young. She had been taken to France, and placed in a convent, for the sake of her education, as was customary at that time in that country. She was married to Henry Preble, in Paris, during the Revolution, and soon afterwards her husband settled in that city, as an importing merchant. They subsequently visited England, and Harriet was born during their residence there. Her parents returned to Paris when Harriet was four years old; and two years afterwards they travelled through Italy.

Although Harriet was but six years old when her parents travelled through Italy, she had preserved a singularly vivid remembrance of everything she saw grand and beautiful in nature and art in that interesting country.

* See his life in "Cooper's History of the American Navy."

She never forgot a visit made by her mother with her to Pope Pius VII., in his gardens at Rome. Her mother often spoke of the kind reception of herself and child by him, though he knew they were Protestants. He appeared much struck with the child's countenance, and taking her up in his arms, after giving her his benediction, he exclaimed, with great animation: "*Quanto è bella, quanto è graziosa!*" Her appearance, so different from that of Italian children in general, the extreme clearness and delicacy of her complexion, and the beauty of her golden hair, often called forth expressions of admiration from passers by. She was thought at that time one of the loveliest of children. She retained to the last of her life a brilliant and beautiful eye, beaming with genius, yet softened by an expression of sweetness and benevolence.

On the return of her parents to Paris, the business of Mr. Preble required him to be absent from home the greater part of his time. Mrs. Preble, not wishing to partake of the gayeties of the capital, at length retired to the beautiful village of St. Germain-en-Laye, with a view of sending Harriet and her younger sister to the celebrated school of Madame Campan, at this time in the height of its reputation and success. In this school, that truly accomplished lady, paid her principal attention to the more intellectual and brilliant parts of education. Mrs. Preble, at the same time, availed herself of the services of the best teachers the capital at that time afforded, for music, drawing, etc., and who were employed by Madame Campan in her school.

At this time Napoleon's sisters, and several of his rela-

tions, were at Madame Campan's school. He was then but first consul, and the future queens and princesses romped and played, with all the thoughtlessness and gayety of youth, little dreaming, perhaps, of the future grandeur that awaited them. During the residence of Mrs. Preble at St. Germain, the elder pupils of the school—which was situated in this place—often obtained permission to spend an evening with Mrs. Preble, who was a great favorite with them, as in every respect she well deserved to be. Hortense,* Caroline,† and Stephanie,‡ of Baden, with many others, used to meet around her tea table, and join in the *petit jeux* that always formed a part of the amusements of French society, and in which Hortense already displayed the wit and sprightly repartee, for which she was afterwards so distinguished. In the midst of all the prosperity that followed, in their dazzling palaces, and surrounded by courtiers—to their honor be it spoken—these queens and princesses never forgot their school days and companions, and often wanted to bestow their favors on Mrs. Preble. She was, however, too modest and retired a character to avail herself of such offers; and often remarked with becoming pride, “that she had never asked but one favor from the Queen of Holland, and that one not for herself, but for a friend.”

To these queens succeeded the daughters of Napoleon's

* “*Hortense*,” daughter of Josephine Beauharnais, (who was afterwards married to Napoleon.) Hortense became the wife of Louis, (brother of Napoleon), King of Holland.

† “*Caroline*,” Napoleon's second sister, who married Joachim Murat, King of Naples.

‡ “*Stephanie*,” who afterwards became Grand Duchess of Baden.

marshals and generals—Masséna, Dessaix, Oudinot, Berthier, Victor, etc. These were Harriet's schoolmates. She preserved a distinct recollection of their various characters; and often amused her friends in after life with many anecdotes and remarks about them, which proved, that even at that early age, she possessed a spirit of quiet, yet penetrating observation, and power of discriminating character, for which she continued through life to be remarkable.

The patience and untiring ardor with which she pursued her studies at school, were rewarded by the great proficiency she attained. But it was, alas! at the expense and loss of her health; for it was while at school she contracted an affection and weakness of the spine, which rendered her more or less a sufferer through the rest of her life. Before, however, she felt the effects of this misfortune, she never could be induced to mix in the lively sport of her schoolmates. She used to be seen walking gravely in the shady walks of Madame Campan's gardens, studying her lessons, or lecturing her younger sister, with all the gravity and earnestness of a matron, though herself only twelve years old at the time. In every respect she was an example to the school. Her goodness and gentleness preserved her from the envy with which superior worth is so often beheld, while her modesty made her a favorite, and the weakness of her body, and consequent timidity, excited general tenderness and sympathy.

Madame Campan's seminary was strictly a Roman Catholic school, and there was a chapel attached to the establishment. There was, however, a small number of

Protestant girls, who did not attend mass, and whom Madame Campan used jokingly to call her "young heretics." They had reason to bless her memory for leaving them perfect liberty of conscience. No attempts were made to convert them. The English lady teacher was allowed to assemble them together on the Lord's Day, and read to them the service of the Episcopal Church, which had the effect of preserving in their minds their Protestant principles, and a knowledge of the Bible. This conduct of Madame Campan's was most praiseworthy, and should be imitated in this country, whenever Protestant parents, strangely and most unnecessarily now, see fit to place their children in Roman Catholic institutions. This enlightened, and truly Christian conduct on the part of Madame Campan, probably saved Harriet from the bondage of the papal yoke; for with her ardent imagination, and submissive temper, it would have been an easy task for an affectionate and adroit teacher to make her a convert to Romanism.

It was while Harriet was still at school that Racine's tragedy of "Esther" was performed by Madame Campan's elder pupils, and with more perfection and "*eclat*," it was said at the time, than at the "Theatre Français." Nothing was omitted, no pains were spared to make this representation a most brilliant affair; and one may easily imagine the anxiety felt on the occasion by Madame Campan and the young performers, when it was known that Napoleon, with a part of his court, was to grace the scene with their presence. Queen Esther was decorated with the diamonds and royal attire of Queen Hortense, who kindly lent them

for the occasion, and who, no doubt, felt some delight at seeing one of her beloved school friends so adorned. The real queen, perhaps, might even breathe a silent wish that she could have exchanged hearts as well as spheres. Louise B——, who performed the part of Esther, was truly beautiful, and sustained her part with the sweetest dignity. The performance of one of Racine's best tragedies was not a thing easily forgotten by those who heard it and witnessed the brilliant scene. By Harriet it was always remembered; in after years, when surrounded by her beloved pupils at "*Sans Souci*,"* one of their greatest enjoyments was to make her speak of Madame Campan, of Queen Esther, and of her school days.

When Harriet was about thirteen, her close application to study had seriously impaired her health. An affection of the spine followed. This affection, so much to be dreaded, compelled her anxious mother to remove her to Paris, and place her under the care of an eminent surgeon. For seven or eight months she was obliged to recline in one position on her couch, and her sufferings were sometimes very great, at all times afflicting. She showed even then the same patient, uncomplaining spirit, which accompanied her through life, and appeared in the latter part of it, in a sanctified and sweet resignation to His will, who can make the sufferings and afflictions of this life "work out for us"—as they did beyond doubt for her—"a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." She was

* Miss Preble, for a time, established a select private school, at Pittsburgh, as will be seen in the progress of this Memoir.

never heard to repine ; she was always cheerful and kind to all around her.

It was during this tedious and painful confinement that her great taste for reading began to appear and was formed. She read many books, both light and serious, with increasing delight, among which she often mentioned particularly Bitaubé's French translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. From this time she dated her intense love of literature. She was fortunate, too, at this period in forming a friendship which was to throw such a bright charm and general influence over her whole life. It served greatly to nourish her taste for poetry and literature generally, for they were the very elements of her friend *Louisa's* life, character and tastes. This friend, so congenial to her own nature and taste, was Louisa Barbier de Neuville. Monsieur B. de N. was a man of great and varied learning, and held, at this time, the office of Librarian to the National Library. He was then a widower, and Louisa was his only surviving child and companion ; with whom, though very young, he was accustomed to converse as if she was of mature age. She was permitted to roam through his own extensive library "at her own sweet will," as the affectionate father would say. Thus fostered and nourished, Louisa's naturally brilliant imagination and active mind, early acquired a degree of cultivation that made her one of the most remarkable women of the age. Harriet Preble found in her a companion after her own heart. Thus was laid the foundation of a most intimate and delightful friendship, which never through life suffered

change or interruption, and exerted so long and so great an influence for good on these two lovely characters.

Harriet was so far restored, under the treatment of the celebrated M. Dubois, that it was thought she might resume her studies—but she was too delicate to return to Madame Campan's school. Her parents, who were then in affluent circumstances, employed for her instruction the best teachers of the capital. Her exquisite taste for drawing was not long in showing itself. She also cultivated music, and became a thorough performer on the piano, but she was not so fond of it as of her pencil.

The study of languages had a great attraction for her. She studied the French and English languages philosophically and critically, and acquired a scholar's knowledge of the Italian. During this period of her youth, and for many years, she studied systematically, and with the taste and efficiency of genius, the literature of Greece and Rome, of England and France. In the same spirit, but with maturer powers, she afterwards studied history, ancient and modern. The writer, who enjoyed the honor and gratification of her intimate friendship, and who through her characteristic modesty could, in some degree, perceive the extent and accuracy of her attainments, never met with a female, and with very few professed scholars of the other sex, who could compare with her in general literature and in general historical and philosophical reading. She mastered what she read, and elegantly, clearly, and eloquently imparted her knowledge, and the results of her own impressions and reflections.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Preble's summers at Draveil, near Paris—The intellectual society at the chateau—Young Americans visiting there—Mr. Russell's description of Draveil and its inmates—Lafayette a frequent visitor—Miss Preble's lovely character and intellectual powers—Picture of sisterly love—Reflections.

WHEN Miss Preble supposed herself prepared to mingle in general society, she accepted an invitation to spend her summers at a beautiful country seat near Paris, belonging to one of her father's friends, Mr. Daniel Parker, an amiable and intelligent American gentleman. It was truly the mansion of genuine and elegant hospitality, and of extensive social intercourse, its enjoyments being enhanced, at all times, by the presence of the literati of the capital, and of literary and scientific travellers from other countries—among these Americans were always invited to make Draveil their residence while sojourning in France. Here Miss Preble became acquainted with the leading characters of the day, and particularly with several young Americans, who have since become some of the first statesmen, orators and historians of their country. It is pleasing to think the young Sybil even then predicted that some of their names would not pass through the world without fame and well-earned laurels. One of

those acquaintances and friends, who has well fulfilled the promise of their earlier years, has, since the death of Miss Preble, sent to her afflicted sister some reminiscences of the happy times spent in their company at Draveil. The writer of this Memoir can afford no more vivid, beautiful, and touching tribute to her character and memory than this sketch. The author, Mr. G. R. Russell, is a gentleman of Boston, now residing near that city.

We will now present to the reader the description of Draveil and its inmates, written by this accomplished friend, in the years of 1814-15.

"I am requested to give some recollections of one once intimately known to me, and who is now as vividly before me as though the long interval of nearly forty years had not existed, and I were again with her in the beautiful home of her brightest days.

"To the young, a space of time, verging on half a century, seems so immeasurable that it fades into the dim distance of the past, and its facts become matters of history or tradition; but to those whose memories extend beyond that period, it is a transient, fleeting reality, an aggregate of joys and sorrows, much thought of as they passed, but a mere point in life over which the heart returns to its first impulses and finds, in the freshness of youthful days, a charm which binds it to its starting places. Thought goes back over the intervening space of trial and struggle, and dwells again in the scenes of childhood, amidst the hopes and promises of hereafter, when no cloud obscured the sunny future, and a kind Providence did not suffer the un-

broken wave of life to be disturbed by visions of storm and darkness.

“As the place where I first made the acquaintance of Harriet Preble was where I saw her most and knew her best, it may be well to give it room in these reminiscences. It was one which she loved most deeply, and I have reason to believe that the impressions it made on her were never weakened. The influences of such a home could only end with life, and must have been daily felt by her long after she had left it for ever. It was a most lovely spot, and if any are now living, of the many who participated in its unbounded hospitality, and can hear the name of Draveil without emotion, they must either have forgotten its singular beauty or have outlived the remembrance of the kindly warmth which welcomed them to its enjoyment.

“The estate of Draveil was situated about fifteen miles from Paris. It was a princely domain of great extent, and, with its farm houses and accommodations for its numerous flocks and herds, occupied much ground apart from the mansion. The cultivation of the land employed many laborers, and most of the inhabitants of the village were entirely dependent on the proprietor. Some of the vestiges of a feudal age could be discovered in the tenure of service, and the levelling authority of the Revolution had not deprived the little hamlet of its reverence for the lord of the manor. But that which, in the olden time, might have arisen from the dread of irresponsible power, was now a free offering to a generous and noble-hearted man, who was honored and beloved by all who rejoiced in his friendship, or partook of his bounty.

“An avenue, a mile in extent, bordered by forest trees, led to the spacious court-yard in front of the chateau, which was a large, fine old structure, built with an equal regard to architectural effect and personal convenience. It was both commodious and elegant, and its long suite of rooms, including an excellent library, combined all that could be desired for comfort or luxury. Most of the domestics had grown gray on the estate, and seemed, like the trees, to be identified with it. There was an affectionate relation between them and the family—the result of mutual dependence; of kindness and consideration on one side, and attention and fidelity on the other. The out-buildings were in a corresponding style of magnitude and appropriateness, and in a profusion that left nothing wanting which could be adapted to the various wants of a liberally provided household. There were stables, with inmates worthy their ample accommodations. There were rooms for everything—fruit, bathing, billiard, laundry, with many others whose uses I have forgotten. There were gardens which I never can forget, where the fruits of many lands were congregated, and, conspicuous among all, the golden châsselas, luxuriating in its native region, hung clustering from the walls in rich and prodigal abundance.

“The chief beauty of this enchanting place was the magnificent park, overlooked by the chateau, covering an extent of ground which admitted winding and varied walks and drives, amidst the productions of every clime that could be naturalized in sunny France: there seemed no end to the loveliness of this fairy realm. Art had lent its aid, but had cunningly concealed its work, that nature might

claim all the merit as her own. The little lake, embowered in trees, the arched bridge, the sylvan retreat that defied the sun, the rural cottage or crumbling ruin, or fantastic grotto, which come suddenly before you, were all appropriate parts of the great whole, blending in unity, and seemed to have grown where they were situated, as a fit accompaniment to the waving woods. Beyond the park stretched the broad acres of the estate bounded by the glancing Seine.

“Taste and wealth had been profusely expended on everything attached to this sumptuous residence, and they had given results over which the eye never tired. There was a repose and tranquillity which shut out the busy world, and one forgot that, within a few miles, the most stirring and gorgeous city of the earth rocked and roared in its never ceasing agony of cares and passions. Yet a memento of the convulsion, which was still shaking Europe, was distinctly visible from the chateau. The direct road from Fontainebleau to Paris lay on the further bank of the river, and the post-house could be easily pointed out where Napoleon first met the intelligence of the battle of Montmartre, and the entrance of the Allies into his capital. He had stemmed the tide of invasion with an ability worthy a better fate. With the mere remnant of an army, he had contested its advances foot by foot, and all Europe in arms had well nigh turned back in dismay from his superhuman exertions. His genius never blazed with such intensity as on that wide and continued battle-field, from the Rhine to Paris; and had his last bold move been aided by means, in any degree commensurate to the fearful odds opposed to

him, his innumerable foes would have turned their faces to the frontier in precipitate retreat. But his weakness gave them courage, and feeling that their only safety was in audacity, they disregarded his movement and marched on Paris. He had counted too strongly on their fears, and seeing the failure of his manœuvre, he made one more attempt to redeem his fallen fortunes and place himself between them and the capital. Leaving his thinned and worn-out forces to follow him, he hurried, with headlong speed, towards Paris, and had reached the post-house I have named when he was met by retreating soldiers, who told him all was over. It was an interesting spot, skirting the landscape across the lawns and glades of Draveil, for it was there the conviction first flashed upon him that his empire had ended; and, in looking at it, the thought arose how his iron soul broke down, for the first time in his eventful career, as he turned back to Fontainebleau, hopeless and desolate in his utter despair.

“But splendid as were the outward beauties of Draveil, there was an inward social element which eclipsed them all. Besides the usual family circle, distinguished for refinement, accomplishment, and intellectual culture, a generous hospitality gathered in that mansion, not merely those whose country or connections gave them a claim to the ordinary courtesies of life, but men whose names belong to history, were frequent guests. Politics, science, literature, and art, were all represented there, and every taste and inclination could find kindred companionship. General Lafayette was often a visitor at the chateau, sometimes remaining several days; and his gentle manners,

and kind benevolent interest, made you unmindful that you were familiarly conversing with the man who had been so illustrious in two hemispheres. When I met him in this country some years later, and again in Paris shortly before his death, he spoke with much interest and feeling of the pleasant days of Draveil.

“Deeds which will in all coming time make an epoch in history were passing at that period. The Empire, a portentous meteor to terror-stricken Europe, was a splendid, uninterrupted pageant to the capital of France, until the sound of hostile cannon broke the dream of invincibility, and the storm of war rolled back on her vineyards and villages. When I arrived in Paris, the first invasion of the Allies had just passed; Napoleon was in Elba; a forgotten race had claimed an inheritance out of the spoils of conquest, and time appeared to have receded a half century, amidst the antiquated usages which surrounded this strange regeneration. The foreign friends who had erected a throne, that tottered even in their presence, left it to its own resources, to seek in their own countries the repose denied them by long years of ceaseless strife. But the eagle broke his chain, and, swooping down upon his old dominions, scattered in affright the imbecility which had tempted his return. Again the exhausted land resounded with the din of arms, and the hurried preparations for the impending conflict. Europe turned once more, in hostile array, and retraced her steps towards the Seine. The relics of many a hard-fought field were gathered to oppose her legions; but the spell was over, the wand of the enchanter was broken, and the star which had dazzled and

allured him, waning pale and powerless, went down for ever. Then came the hour of retribution and humiliation. The forbearance which had been manifested at the first entrance of the Allies, was no longer exercised, and, long after resistance had ceased, countless hordes poured like locusts over the fields of France, blasting and desolating wherever they alighted. There was, however, a good or evil fortune in the distribution, and Draveil was, happily, exempted from the general calamity, or shared it too lightly to have reason to complain. A Russian regiment of cuirassiers was quartered in the village, and some of the principal officers resided in the chateau. There was an air of distrust with which they first met the family, and an evident doubt as to their position. This, however, soon melted away in the genial sunshine to which they were subjected, and they soon became reconciled and domesticated. Most of the other officers visited the chateau, and it is but just to say, that the conduct of all was invariably honorable and gentlemanly. Some of them had much cultivation, whilst others were only rude, rough soldiers; but all seemed to be actuated by good feeling, and, if they arrived as enemies, they certainly were friends when they departed. They were very grateful for the attentions bestowed on them, and they left, with warm expressions of regret at the separation. I well remember how I stood with the two sisters, in the beautiful light of early morning, to bid them farewell, as the column commenced its long march to the distant north; and when the rising sun glittered on their armor, as they defiled along the avenue, it was sorrowful to think that a few hours would mingle

them with a mighty host, and their individuality be never more known to us.

“Such was the spot, and such were the persons and the period, familiar to the young days of Harriet Preble. When I first met her, she had just entered into womanhood. I was a boy some years her junior, and a difference, which time soon equalizes, was then sufficient to give to one the character of guardian and protector, and to the other that unsought deference which youth cheerfully, though unknowingly, yields to the supremacy of age. I was fresh from my own country, with all its ties still strongly pulling me back, and I found myself in a strange land, among unaccustomed faces, and bewildered by the sounds of an unknown tongue. I had been sent to France for my education, and I arrived in Paris as one doomed to wear out a weary exile, in longing for my home and my little sisters, with that sickness of heart which must be felt to be understood. I became an inmate of her family for some time previous to entering the college to which I was destined, and I was at once surrounded by the kindly and blessed influences of domestic life; among friends whose interest and sympathy re-assured and comforted me. She immediately assumed a charge, the effects of which were exceedingly useful to me, and, with a patience, which never wavered, commenced instructing me. There was nothing within the range of an accomplished education which she was not capable of imparting. She had recently left the celebrated school of Madame Campan, and, while her clear unclouded intellect, had mastered the severer branches of learning, her taste and skill had made her eminent in

whatever adorns and decorates retirement. The character of her mind was strong, profound, and comprehensive.

“She loved sound, sober truth, and to investigate it herself. There was a power of discernment, a clear perception, which distinguished her pursuits, and influenced her life. She looked beyond the things of this world; and when most encircled by the luxuries, which are presumed to confine and fetter the soul, she soared above them, and sought her happiness in thoughts which were not of the earth. She was eminently religious, in the highest acceptation of the term, and a spirit of reverence and devotion was an inseparable portion of her nature.

“I speak of her as I knew her. I am aware that in her latter years, she gathered consolation and renewed faith in the observances of the church she loved; but in whatever form her convictions may have been embodied, it was the result of a life of piety, a development of that inward light which irradiated her whole course, aided and increased by an outward confirmation of what was glorious and inherent in her very being. In the daily practice of Christian virtues, their heavenward tendency was diffused over all her actions, and she, unconsciously, offered an example which made her presence felt as something pure and elevating. She possessed a wisdom and discretion far beyond her years; and in looking back on the fair face of that young girl, I can scarcely reconcile her sage precepts with an age but just escaped from childhood. But there was nothing oracular or obtrusive in her opinions. No attempt to govern or control, and no knowledge, on her part, that her good counsels were the consequence of her

intellectual superiority. There was a humility about her which would have recoiled from the belief that she was guiding others. She expressed her thoughts freely and impulsively, and she did not know that they were higher and holier than those she heard uttered around her. Her mental powers never broke that charm of womanly gentleness, which was her most endearing characteristic. A loveliness of temper, always calm and unruffled; a friendly, obliging disposition, which was never weary of well doing; a kind consideration for all about her, and a self-denying, disinterested regard for their welfare and enjoyment, were attributes so continually and naturally exercised, that they belonged to her existence, and could only terminate with it. Her charity and benevolence were not confined to the sphere in which she moved, but were extended wherever opportunity offered for their action. Not alone in the halls of Draveil was her sweet smile known, and her cheerful presence appreciated, for long after she bade farewell to the pleasant places where her spring time had passed, the peasants of that little village must have dwelt on her kindness, and mourned her loss, as they fondly cherished her memory. The love which she felt for the works of nature was abundantly gratified in her happy home. The tranquil beauty of that spot accorded with her inmost sympathies; and, with accomplishments to adorn society, she looked on her winter residence in Paris as banishment from her native land, and longed for the time when the singing of birds, and the bursting of flowers, should return her to the congenial avocations of her rural life. There is before me a finely-

executed drawing of the interior of an apartment. It is the work of her hand, and was given to me by her. Every intimate object is minutely and faithfully delineated, and appeals to the memory in that eloquent and touching language of inanimate things, which have been familiar to the eye or hallowed by association. In that room two sisters are sitting, engaged in their usual morning occupations. One is bending over a crayon sketch, and the other turns from the book she is holding, to gaze from the window on a landscape, the beauty of which is never exhausted by repetition. That outward scene is truly lovely, but it cannot be compared to the one within. The relation of those sisters speaks more feelingly to the heart than the assembled glories which nature has so munificently arrayed ; and it seems to me strange, in making this outline I should speak only of one when both are so inseparably connected in my remembrance and affection, that I cannot call up either without seeing the other standing beside her. Not the least of my young memories is the heavenly union of those two girls, and I would gladly blend them here in one picture, as I always do in thought, for it seems to me unnatural to separate what time could not impair, nor death divide. But regard is due to the survivor, and I know that she would shrink from eulogy intended only for the departed. It would, however, be beneficial to have portrayed in living light, that pure bond of sisterly love, that we might feel the influence of its holiness, and be improved by its example.

“The lives of mortals are regulated by a destiny which they can neither foresee nor control. No one, in the

outset, can tell on what portion of the earth his maturer years shall be passed, or where he shall receive her last embrace, resting his weary head on her bosom. We are whirled like autumn leaves, and the slightest incident diverts our course, till we lie down to die, far from our birth place. But through all our wanderings and vicissitudes, it is a joyous thing to look back on a happy childhood; to give imagination wing and live again in the old familiar places; to feel the glow and buoyancy of careless, hopeful existence rushing past sad realities, overcoming the soberness of increasing years, and casting a merciful mantle of oblivion over sorrows and infirmities; to crowd our dreams with the loved ones who have preceded us; to mingle once more with them in the unconstrained intercourse of former days, and to feel no wonder in communing with the dead, and in finding ourselves and them, and all things else, unchanged; to forget all our struggles and disappointments, and the bitter interpretation to those youthful fancies which strewed the future with flowers and unbroken gladness, as though there were reserved for us a chosen lot, some peculiar exemption from human trials. Yes, it is well to be a child again, when the retrospect fills the heart with purity and peace; and when the vision vanishes, and we sink back to what we are, it leaves us better, for some part rests with us and influences us with its indefinable enchantment.

“When the sisters made their abode in this new world, and, as years went by, their thoughts recrossed the ocean, dwelling on the past, the consolations of a happy childhood rose before them to give them courage for new scenes and

unaccustomed duties. The home was changed, but the spirit of the old home was with them still ; and when they fondly reverted to bygone times and looked, perhaps longingly, to what they had left behind, they had only to turn within themselves and be comforted for what was spared to them. And now the younger is left alone. Her companion and best friend has gone before her, and the void can never be filled on earth. But there is a home that shall know no separation, and when the kind Father, in mercy, called the departed one to it, the angel of death did his bidding so quietly that she awoke from sleep in heaven. She lived the life of the righteous, and she died as she had lived, leaving her useful, blameless course, and her exemplary character, for our reverence and imitation."

CHAPTER III.

Letters of Mr. Ticknor to Miss Preble and her friend Louise—His descriptions of scenes and incidents of travel in Italy—Chiaveri—Example in Spain of royal interference in the affairs of private families—Pen and pencil sketches of the two sisters, Harriet and Anica—Marriage of the latter to Thomas Barlow—Their departure for the United States—Miss Preble's letters to her sister, descriptive and sentimental—Her visit to the chateau of Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, and notice of the family—*Fête du Village* at Draveil—Her regrets at leaving Draveil.

PRESUMING that the reader has been greatly interested in the preceding description of Draveil and its inmates, he will not be unwilling that additional notices of them, about the same period, should be introduced. The following letters are from one of those young Americans, as Miss Preble termed them, whom the elegant and widely extensive hospitality of the master of Draveil introduced there. The writer has since attained a high rank in American literature. With all his talents and literary acquisitions, the admiration and esteem of such beings as Miss Harriet Preble, and Mademoiselle Louise de Neuville, are the "brightest feathers in his cap." This period of Miss Preble's life was, in a high degree, one of social and intellectual enjoyment. These letters are introduced to show that *she herself* was one of the principal charms of the

magic circle of Draveil. They disclose the delightful impressions she made on all who became acquainted with her. The letters which follow were addressed to the "two friends." The reader will be pleased with the writer's lively accounts of his travels over the most interesting parts of Europe. An incident he mentions as having occurred soon after his arrival in Madrid, presents a curious instance of the private and public despotism of the kings of Spain. No such instances could occur, even there, in our day.

"ROME, *December 7th*, 1817.

"You gave me leave, my dear friends, to write you from Rome, and tell you of myself and my journey—and now I am in Rome, and claim your permission and your promise. I have had a delightful journey—nothing but fine weather, picturesque scenery, interesting recollections, and pleasant society, all the way from Paris to Rome. Geneva is the most beautiful spot on the earth, I am persuaded; that is to say, its lake and shore, for the town itself is like all other little towns in Europe, old, mean, and dirty. I went all round the lake, and found it everywhere breathing with recollections of the *Nouvelle Heloise*; 'La Meillerie,' indeed, has been disenchanted of its savage scenery by the Passage of the Simplon, and I dare say the proud and gloomy spirit of St. Preux would be offended with the extension of civilization if he were to revisit it. But at Chillon, which Lord Byron, too, has made classical, I easily recognized the spot where Julia sacrificed her own life to save her child's, and at Vevey all the descriptions of

the Nouvelle Heloise seemed reflected back to my imagination, so faithfully has Rousseau copied nature; though his picture, to one who has never seen Vevey and La Meillerie, must seem drawn from fairy-land, or the borders of the Lago Maggiore, where he once thought to have fixed the love of his Julia, and the scene of the whole Romance. I stopped, on a delightful day, and enjoyed the gait and frolics of an Italian vintage—which indeed accompanied me all the way through the luxuriant plains of Lombardy to Venice. In Venice I was rowed about a few days in my gondola, as luxuriantly as a Turk, and then came down the Adriatic and crossed over from Ancona to Rome. Here all my expectations—for the first time since I have been in Europe—have been more than realized. The approach to it is so solemn, through the unalleviated desolation of the Campagna—the first view is so striking and splendid, as you descend the heights of Monte Marie towards the Pons Milvius—and the entrance itself into the Piazza del Popolo, with two grand churches and three long streets lined with palaces before you, is so magnificent that everything seems worthily to announce Rome to a stranger; and the more you see of the city, its temples, its palaces, and its views, the more the impression is confirmed that was given you at its entrance; for its decay forbids us any longer to call it the Eternal City, its unexhausted and inexhaustible resources permit us to call it the infinite one. Nothing can exceed the effect produced by it—towers and domes, and columns, seen from the Villa Medicis as the sun descends in the splendor of an Italian sky behind the vast mass of St. Peter's—unless it be its palaces and

churches, and ruins, seen by moonlight. The Angels on the Bridge of St. Angelo, which seemed but statues in the day, become indeed ethereal beings then; the tomb of Hadrian, which was but a fortress before, rises again the mausoleum of an emperor; and think how much must be added to the awful grandeur of St. Peter's when its immense dome seems suspended in the depth of the heavens, and the solemn silence of its colonnade is undisturbed by a single human footstep. Then, too, the Coliseum, sleeping in the mildness of the moonbeams—the Capitol, the Forum—in short all ancient Rome seems to rise before you like a glorious apparition, and the present and the immediate disappears and is forgotten amidst the splendors and recollections of the past.

“You see, therefore, that I enjoy myself here as well as I need to; not, to be sure, exactly as I did when we read Racine, and Milton, and Shakespeare together, and walked round the park at Draveil, or sat in the *chaumière Suisse*; but still it is enjoyment, though more of the imagination than of the better feelings. Remember me, I pray you, to all the inmates of Draveil—now, I suppose, at No. 4 *Rue Mont Parnasse*—not forgetting Edward, who is the finest boy of his age I ever saw. My address is, Mons. —, Rome; and you will, I hope, write to me as you promised, and tell me whether you have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow's arrival in America, how you all live this winter, and how happy you are. Remember me always with kindness, for I trust not a little of my happiness to your recollection.

“—————.

“To Miss H. PREBLE, and Miss L. DE NEUVILLE.”

“TOULON, April 19, 1818.

“On my return from Naples above a month ago, my very dear friends, I received your letter, addressed to me at Rome. I thank you for it with all my heart, and hope very truly that I have not incurred the imputation of ingratitude by not answering it sooner, for indeed it has been impossible. Since that time I have been continually *en route*, so that it has hardly been possible for me to keep my father and mother informed of my movements; and now, this morning, I have been obliged to get up before daylight, in order to have an hour to recall myself once more to your kindness and recollections.

“It has been rather a curious journey I have taken, and quite different from the one usually pursued by travellers in coming out of Italy; for, in coming from Tuscany here, I have preferred the land to the Mediterranean, and yet followed the coast so closely as to keep the sea almost continually in view. The consequence is, I have made a rapid, fatiguing journey of it; but one that has tenfold repaid me for all its troubles and wearisomeness, by the beautiful, grand, and magnificent scenery through which it led me among the Appenines and the Alps. All along the coast from Leghorn, through Lucca, and about Massa and Carrara, and on the Gulf of Spezzia, you have the most delightful view. But, I pray you, do take your map, and look on the coast about thirty miles south of Genoa for the little town of Chiavari. I shall never forget the evening I arrived there, or the unexpected and unmingled delight I felt as I enjoyed this bewitching scene. It was late in the afternoon of one of the most lovely spring days

I ever knew, and I had just descended the whole height of the mountains at once, and come upon the borders of a beautiful little stream, with a margin of meadow, all cultivated like a garden, and marked by a continued line of cottages for nearly three miles. I was lost in the delight of looking about me, and enjoying, in a little wood I was then passing, the fragrance of the pomegranite and orange blossoms, and the melody of the nightingale, with which it seemed filled, when suddenly I started on finding myself on the very beach of the ocean, with the beautifully picturesque bay and town of Lestin behind me, this luxurious little valley on my right hand, and the dark promontory of Point Tino before me, behind which the sun was setting in undiminished brightness. I stopped my horse—for I was travelling on horseback, as the roads are not passable for carriages—I stopped my horse, as if from instinct, or irresistible impulse, for so various, so rich, so beautiful a scene, such a secret harmony of everything within and around me, I had never known and felt before. Perhaps I have been in scenery I *ought* to have preferred to this; perhaps Chamouni, with Mont Blanc and the Lago Maggiore, with its islands and villages, were really more grand and picturesque, though still the magnificence of the ocean was wanting to both; but certain I am, that, taking the variety of the views, the freshness and fullness of the season, the balmy mildness of the air, and the magic of the hour, as the sun sunk behind the solemn masses of the mountains before me, I never so truly and so deeply enjoyed the beauties of nature as at this moment. I only wanted a companion to whom I could say, how much I

enjoyed it. But I was alone; I thought on you, and on the sweet sunset walks we used to take in the park at Draveil, and wished away many an idle sigh, and then rode slowly and unwillingly along the shore, as the long, *long* surge of the tideless ocean came and broke at my feet, and just at dark arrived at the little town of Chiavari. Look, then, I pray you, look, my dear friends, on your map, and find this little town. I think how much we should have enjoyed this together.

“It is a beautiful season to travel, for the weather is mild and equal. How is it in Paris? Tell Mr. Parker, with my best regards, not to despair of the spring, for it has travelled with me all the way from Naples, and will, I am sure, be at Paris soon after my letter. As for myself I am going to Spain, and mean to be in Madrid in a month from this time, where I shall calculate for no small portion of my comfort on your letters. When you write, it will be better to send to Welles & Williams, who always have my address, and then your letter will reach me much sooner, I hope, than the first did. Remember me particularly to Mrs. Preble, and don’t let Edward forget me, for I mean to see you all in Paris next fall, if I ever get out of Spain. What news have you got from Mrs. B——? Farewell.

“Yours affectionately,
“_____.”

“MADRID, *June 14, 1818.*

“Five days ago, my dear friends, I received your kind letter of the 14th of May. It could hardly have come more opportunely to console me for all the privations to

which I am obliged to submit among strangers and strange names. But why should you talk to me of Draveil, with such apt eloquence and deep feeling, that you awaken regrets time had already begun to soften and obliterate? The short and happy days I passed with you there will always be remembered by me as among the few, the *very few* bright spots in the long exile from my home and country, to which I have, voluntarily, perhaps foolishly and vainly, condemned myself, like the spots of verdure and refreshment which, after dreary intervals, the traveller meets in the wastes of Arabia and Africa. But remember, I pray you, that it is the recollection of these fairy spots that gives poignance to his sufferings in the rest of his journey, and that it is the uncontrollable desire to find others, that brings before his deluded fancy the mirage which fills his heart with despair. Write to me, then, often, and speak to me with the kindness and feeling you have in the letters you have already sent me; but do not present to me another *mirage* of Draveil, since the reality exists but in one spot, and that, for a long time to come, must be beyond my reach.

“To come to the contrast at once; I am in Madrid. Do not, however, imagine it the most horrible place in the world, or me the most desolate of travellers; for it is really much better than I promised myself, and much better than most people think it. At least I find it so, for I have as much occupation as I desire, and acquaintance enough to fill up the rest of my time, and this is all that can reasonably be asked by a stranger anywhere. A day or a week, divided and filled in this way, affords little, to

be sure, to the imagination, and less to the heart; but who has a right to expect Rome and Draveil at every stage of a journey? My days I give to Spanish literature, which interests me much, from the strong national physiognomy it bears, and from the originality and enthusiasm that are every where impressed upon it. And in the evening I go into some of the diplomatic or Spanish societies, which are very abundant here, and, except that you always hear the same sort of conversation in them, are pleasant enough. At any rate, in this way I shall be able to pass two or three months more without impatience, and then, after a couple of months in Portugal, I shall set my face once more towards Paris.

“One of the things that has most struck me since I have been in Spain, is the manner in which the king interferes with the family concerns of his subjects, and the proud submission with which they acknowledge his right. One of the most interesting men here is the Duke of Ossuna, who is, at the same time, one of the richest of the Spanish *grandees*. He had married a Belgian, and the marriage, from faults, I dare say, on both sides, turned out badly. The consequence was, a quiet separation, in which the duchess retained very proper appointments and revenues. This, however, displeased the king, and, finding that his remonstrances with the duke were of no effect, he determined to avail himself of his prerogative. For this purpose he published a decree, in which, after saying that the Duke of Ossuna has slighted his councils as a friend, forgotten his duty as an officer of his court, and disobeyed his commands as a subject—inasmuch as he had not been able

to compel him, or persuade him, to receive his wife again—therefore, he sequesters his fortune, of which the revenues are paid to the duchess, and forbids him his court. And what do you think was the consequence? His mother, the Countess de Beneventi, gave him some of her uncounted millions to supply what the king had taken from him; and the duke, exiled from court, and cut off from privilege and fortune, goes, like a true Spaniard, to see the king as a friend, disdaining to allude to his privations. I would not have you, however, to think because his majesty has taken the part of the duchess in this affair, that he is the chevalier of your sex; for he has just thrown into prison one of the grandees of Spain, a young girl of seventeen, for resolutely declaring she would marry a young man of inferior rank, though every way respectable. And yet, all the good Spaniards say amen, and imitate the Countess de Beneventi, who, in three days, gives a fête to the king that will cost her an hundred thousand francs, but to which she cannot invite her own son! I am at the end of my paper. Farewell. Remember me sometimes in the *chaumière suisse* at sunset, and in the evening at the round table, where we used to read Milton and Byron. Present my best regards to Mr. P—— and Mrs. Preble; and do not forget me to the little academician. Farewell:

“Yours always,

“_____.”

It will have been seen, in the foregoing letters, that the writer inquires for “Mr. and Mrs. Barlow;” and by reverting to the touching pages of the conclusion of Mr. George

Russell's description of Draveil and its inmates, he will find its gifted writer introduces into his beautiful sketch the following passage, which will well repay, by its attractive style and justness of sentiment, more than a second perusal:—

“There is before me a finely executed drawing of the interior of an apartment. It is the work of her hand, and was given to me by her. Every intimate object is minutely and faithfully delineated, and appeals to the memory in that eloquent and touching language of inanimate things, which have been familiar to the eye or hallowed by association. In that room two sisters are sitting, engaged in their usual morning occupations. One is bending over a crayon sketch, and the other turns from the book she is holding, to gaze from the window on a landscape, the beauty of which is never exhausted by repetition. That outward scene is truly lovely, but it cannot be compared to the one within. The relation of those sisters speaks more feelingly to the heart than the assembled glories, which nature has so munificently arranged; and it seems to me strange, in making this outline, I should speak only of one, when both are so inseparably connected in my remembrance and affection, that I cannot call up either without seeing the other standing beside her. Not the least of my young memories is the heavenly union of those two girls, and I would gladly blend them here in one picture, as I always do in thought, for it seems to me unnatural to separate what time could not impair, nor death divide. But regard is due to the survivor, and I know that she would shrink from eulogy intended only for the departed. It would, however, be

beneficial to have portrayed, in living light, that pure bond of sisterly love, that we might feel the influence of its holiness, and be improved by its example."

Anica, this sister of Miss Preble, who is now introduced to the reader, was her only sister, and still survives to dwell with sad and fond emotion on the memory of the virtues of her fondly cherished Harriet. Two more congenial beings were never formed by the ties of nature. In intellectual and refined enjoyments, in elegant acquirements, and useful pursuits, and at length in the possession of the Christian faith, no two sisters ever exhibited through life, under all its events, such congeniality of taste and devotion of sisterly love. Anica Preble is now known to a wide circle of literary, pious, and attached friends, as the much-respected and esteemed consort of Thomas Barlow, Esq.

In the year 1817, an event of deep interest to Mrs. Preble, and her now widowed family, occurred. As in most instances, it was a pleasing incident in some respects, and painful in others. It led to the first separation of the mother from any of her children, and of the fond sisters from each other; but it eventually led to their joyful reunion for life in the United States. The reader has doubtless anticipated the mention of this event. It was the marriage of Miss Anica Preble to Thomas Barlow, Esq., who had been for five years in France, in the highly honorable position of Secretary of Legation, to his distinguished uncle, Joel Barlow, Esq. This well-known scholar, poet, and diplomatist, was sent from the United States in the administration of Mr. Madison, in 1811, as Minister Pleni-

potentiary to the Court of France. He proceeded on his mission, accompanied by Thomas Barlow, Esq., who was a favorite nephew, and to whom he left a part of his fortune, not having any children of his own. In 1812 the French Court was held at Wilna, where Napoleon halted a short time while on his march to Russia. Our Minister was invited to that place by the Emperor, and thither he repaired and remained, until the precipitate retreat of the French army compelled Mr. Barlow to leave it and return to Paris. While on his route he died at Zarnovill, near Cracow, in Poland—overcome by the exposure and fatigue and travelling in the excessively cold winter of that year. He died on the 24th of December, 1812, aged fifty-eight years. Mr. Thomas Barlow returned to Paris in January, 1813, and after remaining there as Secretary of Legation, went with the widow of his uncle to the United States, in September of that year. During his residence in France he became acquainted with Mrs. Preble, her two daughters, and her only son, who will form hereafter the subject of a more special notice.

In the year 1817 Mr. Thomas Barlow returned to France, and in July of this year that gentleman and Miss Anica Preble were married, at Draveil—under the almost fatherly auspices of its owner, who had long been their attached and unchanged friend. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow immediately left France for the United States, which they reached, after a stormy and dangerous passage of *three months*. The vessel on which they sailed, was detained, for a considerable time, at the “Azores,” for repairs and supplies.

Thus, for the first time in their lives, were the two fondly attached sisters, who had never before been apart, separated from each other; and the younger from her tender and affectionate mother. The pain of parting was increased by a fear of the tedious and dangerous voyage across the Atlantic. While the length of time was passing, before Mrs. and Miss Preble received any tidings of the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow in the United States, they were suffering the most painful forebodings of evil tidings. Their feelings of apprehension, then of joy at the safety of their friends, and sympathy for the dangers and sufferings on the ocean, are touchingly expressed in some of Miss Preble's letters from France, written in the first moments after hearing of her sister's safety from further perils. Then the mother and sister began to feel intensely the separation from such a child and sister. Every reader will peruse the following letters with natural and earnest sympathy with the mother and sister. Their feeling, at the time, was that of an irreparable loss, for the mother had not then formed any design of leaving France and of residing permanently in the United States, near her daughter and her interesting family.

A portion of Miss Preble's letters to her sister during the period in which Mrs. Preble and Miss Preble remained in France after Mr. and Mrs. B. left them, are so rich in thought, so beautiful in expression, and so full of natural, sweet, and ardent sensibility, that a selection, which could not be shortened, will here be given. The reader will find these letters, even in the English translation, interspersed with beautiful and radiant gems of thought and language. Her description in the letter of May, 1819, of a Panorama

of Jerusalem, then exhibiting in Paris, for its graphic power and beauty, cannot fail to attract the notice and delight of those who shall hereafter enjoy its perusal. After the finest efforts of the best minds to describe the genius and character of the poetry of Burns, Miss Preble's sketch will be (by many persons entirely qualified to judge) pronounced the most beautiful and the most just. Her letter describing "Morte Fontaine," the residence a few years previously of Joseph Bonaparte, is a sample of descriptive writing seldom equalled. Her criticisms upon the works of Madame de Staël are just and discriminating. The first two or three of the following selection were written after her sister, Mrs. B., had left Paris, but had not yet actually sailed from France.

"DRAVEIL, *August 8, 1817.*

"I must then begin my melancholy story. I intend to be very minute and garrulous, dearest sister. The distance that will exist between us, condemns to two separate and distinct existences; but even in spite of this wide *Atlantic*, our thoughts may meet, and mine will ever fly to thee. I have not yet dared to attempt to write. I tried to fancy this all a dream. I tried to think there was yet but fifteen miles between us! Ah! what a morning was that of the second of August to all of us here. Alas! had Mr. B—— witnessed our grief, he never could have found the courage to take thee away. But I must try to seek comfort, and not to renew grief, in writing to you; and I want to tell you, that the life that we lead here just now is really delightful, and the pleasures and occupations

of the day are the only ones that could, with us, have caused smiles to succeed to tears. Mr. —, dear sister, who came to Draveil a few days after you left it, is, I think, destined to be an ornament to the nineteenth century. His conversation is truly charming, it captivates, it secures attention; and he is the first man I ever met with who could, and who knew how to make *every hour* of the day profitable, (though with constant modesty), by a fund of information almost incredible in a young man of his age. To the sweetest cheerfulness, he adds the charm of a lively and enthusiastic mind. He is original in his tastes, and his opinions of women are as liberal, as they are rare and flattering. He is an admirable reader, and every evening he has delighted us for hours, by reading aloud some scenes from Shakespeare, or by passages from the sublime Milton. After dinner he takes long walks with Louisa and myself. They are about a match for each other in intellect; and as I have but little courage to talk, I take great delight in witnessing their *quarrels*, so full of wit and vivacity. I listen to them, judging of nations, books, and things; and the field is so well defended on both sides, that, as my Louisa says, 'It all ends in singing a *Te Deum* on both sides.' Sometimes, also, in the evenings, Louisa reads an act or two of our divine Racine. Our young American friend then seems lost between astonishment and delight, for *you* know that *none* can read poetry like Louisa. My pride is then gratified in various ways—for the poet's sake, for the French nation, and for my beloved friend herself."

“August 10, —.

“We went yesterday to visit Marshal Davoust’s wife at Tuvisy. We met her on the road, going to her little gem of a pavilion. She made us come in, and received us very kindly; she treated our dear mother, her old friend, with the most cordial affection. We walked a great deal. She took us as far as her old chateau, and we walked through all her vast domain, a perfect wilderness as yet. Marshal Davoust was gone a hunting, and this was a disappointment to our young American, who was with us, and who, in spite of all his virtues, had, like many others, a little share of curiosity. As we were driving home, he drew his favorite Shakespeare from his pocket, and read aloud to us all the way. He is a charming ‘*avare de tems*,’ as our dear little Ned calls him. After dinner we had a long discussion on the fine arts. Mr. T—— holds that ‘religion has given birth to them all;’ and what he advances, he demonstrates by a logic so pure and so brilliant, that one is quite carried along with him by admiration. Truly, he has imparted to our hearts the same enthusiasm that fills his noble soul—he is a rare and admirable man. We have found nothing in him yet to criticise; and did you know him, dear sister, you would have to acknowledge that *there is* a charm in perfection. He thinks that a *gentleman* can always avoid a duel; he is truly a religious man. How many striking points of resemblance with my dear Grandison. I must tell you that he drives us to despair, however, about our French literature. He says that ‘we always give the preference

to taste over genius,' and genius is all and all with him. He told us he read Milton every day of his life."

"August 14th.

"We have received this morning your melancholy *farewell*; these last lines written from the soil which we used *both* to inhabit. Now, however far my sight may reach, the horizon it embraces can never be thine! I can no longer say, 'Tis there she lives;' but my imagination must wander farther still—far beyond the seas. Those sad, but precious lines, dear sister, had all the anguish of a second departure for us. My poor mother wept all day. I have constantly before my eyes the picture of a ship sailing with the speed of lightning, and my heart trembles ever and anon with fear, as if it was going to dash against some unseen rock. And *three months* must elapse before we can hear news from you. Alas! I am trying to drown sorrow in occupation. I try reading, drawing, music, by turns, though not very effectually, I must confess. Do not neglect the cultivation of your talents, dear sister, for I daily feel, more and more, that there is for a woman no greater charm, no recommendation more certain."

"Wednesday, August 20.

"Mr. P—— has returned, and once more accompanied by Mr. ——. We have resumed our pleasant walks. Last evening we spent a long time in *dreaming* by the lake of 'Latone.' I could not describe the beauty and quiet

charm of the scene. I was looking towards the west. Oh! since you have left me, the *West* has become like another world to me. The day before yesterday, we had a visit from the Princess of Eckmühl. She staid two hours with us, and she was as amiable as she is beautiful. One forgets all things save the pleasure of listening to, and looking at her. She gave us some very curious and interesting details of the principal events that are transacting in our days. *Her husband is her hero.* She speaks of him with enthusiasm, and still with a charming modesty. How gracefully the praise of a husband falls from the lips of a devoted wife! The marshal's character is truly noble and consistent. His conduct is always the result of his *principles*; he is firm, heroic, virtuous; he knows of but one faction, and that is his *country*. I admire Madame Davoust extremely; she loves her duties, and she has always fulfilled them, which, in one of her rank, is as rare as it is praiseworthy. In the evening we went to see our 'Fairy,' (a cousin of Marshal Ney's wife); she was in one of her most amusing moods; told us many anecdotes about Napoleon and his court, so that I hope this has been quite a pleasant day for our young Bostonian."

"October 11, 1817.

"Time flies! *St. Remi's Day* is gone already, and I never saw it take its flight with more pleasure, since each day brings us nearer to the moment when we may hope to receive some news of our dear travellers. Yes, *St. Remi* has passed by; and we missed you in the morning ceremonies, in the evening dance, under the 'avenue,' and, in

short, in all the pleasures of the day. If you thought of us then, dear sister, our hearts met in spite of distance. I no longer fancied you painfully tossed on the seas, but in the midst of a friendly circle at KALORAMA, and I tried to find some consolation in the thought.

“This FETE DU VILLAGE used to be a great day for us in our early youth, and it must ever be a pleasant time to me from the charm of its youthful remembrances. It was rather a gloomy one out of doors this year, for the wind was blowing in the most pitiless manner, and we felt sorry for the disappointment of the peasantry, for whom it is certainly the greatest day in the year. But it was quite brilliant within the dear chateau, for we had a large company. General Lafayette was, as usual, of the number. We also had his Excellency Mr. B——, and his wife, and the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, and Mr. P——, and D——, from Boston, were also among our guests. There is an indescribable charm in the society of these young Americans, on account of the purity and noble reserve of their conduct towards women. Never does a trifling, silly, or unbecoming expression, escape them, to check confidence and ease. I must tell you, I perceive more and more the real merit and the true charm of Louisa's character. If it only met our *French ideas*, it would not be felt also by all strangers who meet with her. Your friend *Emma* was with us also, and she was all in a flutter to see the good general, because, she says, ‘he belongs to history.’ But you would have been amused at her great disappointment, when she found out that he wore a wig! She exclaimed, with evident sorrow: ‘*Un grand homme, porter perruque!*’”

"December 25th.

"We have no letters, as yet, dear sister, but our minds are at rest—we have heard the news of your arrival in America through the papers. Had not those papers come to put an end to our anxieties, *what* would they not have been now, that *five months* have elapsed since your departure. The strangest supposition could not have led us to suppose that you had been *three months* at sea. When I read aloud the date of *November 3d*, my poor mother burst into tears. What must you not have suffered during such a long passage."

"June 10th, 1819.

"I feel much more melancholy than usual of late; and I can only ascribe it to the loss of that country life, so sweet and so much prized, and ever for *me* the source of the purest happiness, and the most indispensable charm of my existence. Every morning my first thought on arising is, my happiest days have fled! and then those I spent at Draveil come back to memory with a charm, an attractiveness that are but too oppressing to my heart. I recall a thousand pleasures that I could scarcely describe, and that brought along with them a fluttering and mournful joy, worth more, a hundred times, than all that can be analysed. It was found in the balmy air of morning, in the changing aspects of the sun, in the various changes of the trees, and masses of foliage, so long and so often observed that it seemed as if they formed part of my life, of my hopes and remembrances; in the friendly morning meeting on that portico of dear old memories; in that library where I

enjoyed the delights of study, and felt a thirst for knowledge, *such* as it seems to me I never can feel elsewhere. Ah, my dear sister, where is one to stop when they are telling of what they have *loved*, and what they have lost? How can I express my feelings when, opening my windows in the morning, and perceiving a few dusty trees, I think of Draveil's shady bowers and exclaim: "This day must pass without my enjoying their solitary shades—there I dreamed so sweetly—there I was so happy and so seldom suffered! The recollection of your departure is the only bitter one that presents itself with much force in the midst of those years of sweet peace that were spent there. How should not my eyes fill with tears at such thoughts? I cannot weep, but my heart is strangely oppressed. Fortunately our friend's garden is a little Eden in the midst of the capital, and one may now and then go there, and try to fancy one's self in the country. I took my book, yesterday morning, and went there to read for two hours; it really did me more good than I could tell you—that fresh turf—that sweet whispering murmur of the leaves while gently moved by the wind—those effects of light and shade under those dark alleys—all such changes, so varied and so simple, and so often observed, are ever new, ever charming."

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CHAPTER IV.

Miss Preble's belief in woman's power of metaphysical analysis—Her praise of Dupaty's Letters on Italy—Her love of solitude in pursuit of wisdom—Rage for Ecarté in Paris—Plea for books and reading—Passive life—A morning with Louise—The Panorama of Jerusalem—Her notice of Burns, in French—Madame de Necker Saussure's Life of Madame de Staël—Prospective plans of study—Visit to the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise—Great agitation in Paris—Miss Preble meets Washington Irving—Her notice of Keratry's Moral and Philosophical Inductions.

IGNORANCE may be excused in an amiable woman; how can women have a serious and steady love for study? They are constantly absorbed and pre-occupied by some tender sentiment. It is in vain they try to fix their attention. The heart will whisper, and soon is alone listened to; it is an inexhaustible soliloquy of which they are never weary; and thus, when I hold this opinion, I do not say that they *ought* but that they *can* learn. They could certainly achieve in metaphysics, what they can in analyzing the workings of the soul's passions—and who has ever showed more penetration on the subject? Speaking of sentiment, I want to advise you to read Dupaty's Letters on Italy. Every thought there is full of feeling. One knows not which to admire most, his mind, his imagination, or his heart; or rather let us say, they all speak in concert, they throw light on each other, and their assem-

blage acts on his sensations as the prism would on his sight; he sees a thousand colors, a thousand shades, every one as delicate as the others. He secures all that escapes; one might say that he sees through the *soul's eye*—he feels that the beauty of a whole depends on that of the *details*, and his admiration is as much given to one as to the other. In short, he delights me because he has the spark of genius—the look of intuition, and the confiding pen. Read it, dear sister; I opened it with prejudice and shut it with regret:—

February 18th, —.

“When we begin to weep over the follies of mankind, alas, where can we stop! and thus the look I am compelled to cast on them, as I pass, ever oppresses my heart for the time, by the sad reflections it brings, and causes me to withdraw more and more into my shell, in the delight and ever-increasing wish for solitude. I never can be a *misanthrope*, because I know too many good and noble beings, to hate mankind. But I never can be *worldly*, because, as some philosopher said, ‘to find wisdom we must turn away from the multitude.’”

February 18—.

“Mrs. W—— had one of her ‘Soirées’ last evening. I was invited; and you will wonder, no doubt, when I tell you that the principal amusement was *Ecarté*, a game at cards, and for which there is a real *furor* in all the fashionable circles of Paris. A—— dreams but of *Ecarté*! and I can assure you that when I saw her sweet countenance cloud or

brighten with the loss or gain of those kings and valets—when I saw gold rolling over the table, and eight or ten persons interested, through their money, in the vicissitudes of these little figures, very sad thoughts came into my mind. I felt isolated, out of place, I wished I never might be rich, if I must purchase this advantage by becoming familiarized with all the follies of the gay-world. It is certain, dear sister, that the more we court solitude, the more we are in love with her; for it does seem as if men assembled merely to confess to each other, by their vain and frivolous amusements, how little true nobleness of mind there is in poor human nature. If I lived with those butterflyes, I should no doubt become a butterfly; but, in the meantime, I chose to be Florian's cricket, and exclaim:

‘Pour vivre heureux vivons caché.’

“It was said, long before I discovered it, that strength was needed to go against the current; but there needs more to follow it. I am enough of a *misanthrope* not to have much self-esteem, or dare to build on my own strength; but, in truth, one of my most ardent wishes would be, never to change my present view of things. Much to be pitied is he who has not a *few dear ones* on whom he can rely. But, these excepted, I would only seek for enjoyment in books.

“I forget what author once said, ‘with the first reading of a book I like, it seems as if I had found a new friend, and at a second reading as if I met again with an old one.’ I would even care little for my readings, if I were to forget to-day what I had read the day before. If I have passed a calm and delightful day without reproach, I have found

more true happiness than I could in the society of many people. I have injured no one; at the end of many conversations how seldom is it one can say as much, even if gifted with an excellent heart! We must allow that there are enjoyments much superior to these—those, for example, of an active and useful life. It is then that we bring into play the virtues of which the germ is in our hearts; I speak in the other case only of a *passive* life—in which the best that we can do, is to do no harm. No one is allowed in this world to lead exactly the same kind of life; but one ought to improve the times of rest, so as to put forth all the energies when it is time to awake.”

* * * * *

“February 25—.

“I went to breakfast last Tuesday with my friend Louisa. We fixed upon that day because she then has her Italian master, and then I could profit by his instructions. It is no longer the witty and brilliant Valetti, but the most weighty Piranesi, whom Louisa calls *her elephant*. His mind is not more aerial than his body. It seems, as she says, ‘that he keeps his footing on earth by a double system of gravitation,’ *ma basta, quanto a lei*. On Tuesday we spent the time in reading Paul and Virginia, an enchanting work, and which always claims the tribute of our tears. Then we took Milton and Byron; we went from one to another, reaping pleasures whose remembrance followed us through the rest of the week. There is so much happiness in this mutual enjoyment through the electricity of admira-

tion and tenderness, that we are one in soul and mind. I like controversy with people who are indifferent to me; but I like sympathy with those whom I love. It is better to enjoy together than to argue. The victory of opinion would no longer be victory for us—it would be the sad discovery of one point of contact the less. There is a sweetness in tears that are drawn from both at one and the same moment; were they indifferent, they would be regretted and fall back upon the heart. It seems as if one could blush for an unshared emotion.”

“*May 4, 1819.*

“To-day I went with Mr. Barbier Neuville and Louisa to see the Panorama of Jerusalem. My curiosity had been very much excited with regard to this Panorama; but it far surpasses my expectations. It is truly a rare invention that causes you thus to contemplate, as in a dream, those cities of ancient and illustrious memory; which enables you to meditate among their ruins, and to travel, as it were, without moving! As I gazed on the Holy Sepulchre—on the plains where the armies of the Crusaders encamped—on that caravan of tents, which, though stationary, imagination endowed with motion—on that Dead Sea, from whence issue strange traditions, and on that city whose aspect is comparable to nothing in the world—it seemed to me, while absorbed in the midst of all these objects, that I lost all recollection of the present, and was only animated by the spirit of past ages. I cannot give you any idea of that most interesting scene. I seemed to follow the warriors of

Tasso afar off on the plain, and to see Clorinda appearing on the brow of the hill, radiant in beauty and clad in white armor, causing Tancrede to forget, by her dazzling apparition, that Argante awaits him in the lists. But it was towards the romantic Convent of St. Sauveur that my eyes turned again and again—that sight will be to me a source of endless reveries. The solitary figures, or the groups of monks are so well brought out, that one almost seems to breathe the same quiet spirit of piety, satisfaction, and devotion which their attitudes depict—one seems to listen to their very silence. I can hardly describe with what feelings, mingled with respect and envy, my eye followed one of these old recluses who was disappearing amidst the ruined walls of the convent. Their verdant gardens form a great contrast with the surrounding arid plains, where grows only the grey mournful olive tree. The whole scene on that side speaks of peace and abundance; the hospitality which they exercise enhances, in no small degree, the pleasing thoughts which fill the mind of the beholder. I could fancy myself a pilgrim in those regions of strange memories. I looked on those minarets close to the tomb of Jesus Christ. I seemed to hear the voice of the Imaum calling ‘the faithful’ to evening prayer; and this combat between two powerful religions made me sigh over the weakness and intolerance of our enlightened age, and the uncertainty of our possessions. The Arabs succeeded the Jews and the Christians—the Turks have followed the Arabs—thus one race succeeds another and disappears. I should write forever if I attempted to tell you all I experienced during my imaginary pilgrimage. But surely never did two hours’

travel awaken so many new ideas and feelings. In spite of myself, my thoughts still hover around that extraordinary assemblage.”

Mai, 1820.

Qui n'a pas lu “ Burns ” à mon avis, n'a aucune idée de ce que le sentiment exprimé dans sa primitive simplicité, a de gracieux, d'harmonieux et de touchant. Tout dans la nature est pour lui source d'émotion et de rapprochement avec ce qu'il aime. Il donne aux oiseaux leur mélodie, leurs graces, leurs amours, leur légèreté—au printemps, ses douces influences—à l'air ses parfums, ses caresses de volupté—au murmure des eaux leur langage—à tout le monde muet et inanimé enfin, ses secrètes inspirations, qui troublent, qui calment, qui agitent, et tout cela avec ce charme de poésie qui berce le coeur et assoupit la raison. Il est à la fois le poète de l'amant qui sourit, et de l'amant qui pleure—c'est la nature et ses beautés qui l'ont rendu poète;—aussi, plaît-il, parcequ'il est simple, gracieux, touchant comme elle. Pendant l'hyver, au coin de mon feu, il me redonne l'illusion de tout ce que j'aime—des champs, des bois, du chant de l'alouette musique qui a toujours frappé mon coeur de sensations trop puissantes pour les définir; cet elan qu'elle prend vers le ciel, cette mélodie qui plane au dessus de nous, et qui semble nous peindre les joies du printemps, de l'amour, et du ciel! Tout cela confusément senti, m'enchanté et me désespère. Il n'est qu'un *seul son* du Rossignol qui se puisse comparer à ce chant délicieux—*un son* . . . qui dit toute l'histoire des

plaisirs de la vie;—leur attrait, leur douceur, puis dans sa mourante ondulation, leur rapide déclin !*

“September 27, 1819.

“I was twenty-four yesterday! Do you think this is alarming to me?—not the least in the world. I think with pleasure of the six years I have before me, until comes the respectable age of thirty. I intend to improve them to the utmost. It seems to me, whatever others may say, that it must be the best part of a woman’s life. At eighteen I used to look to the future with dread—now I enjoy the passing moment, quite certain that nothing can bring me more true or sweeter pleasures than the tastes and pursuits that fill up my days and satisfy my heart *now*.”

* * * * *

“December 19th, 1819.

“We had yesterday, at Parnassus, quite a choice company—General Lafayette, Dr. Bell, and Mr. C. These young gentlemen had a great wish to get acquainted with the ‘*Friend of Liberty*.’ Mr. C—— astonished us by his fluency. With him, when once the spring is wound up, it seems impossible to stop it. The very few moments he left to the General, however, were well filled up. He was very interesting, and at times eloquent. As he is in all the heat of political debates, his ideas dwell more than

* This passage has been translated by Dr. J. Bell, and will be found in his “Reminiscences.”

ever on this subject; and as to this is added the great interest of the present moment, it gives much life and value to his conversation. It seemed to me as if, all at once, I breathed in an atmosphere of patriotism, when thinking that we really had representatives, not merely *nominal*; and that they could have the right of standing out for Liberty without being ridiculed."

"January 2d, 1820.

"You must know that I am now at Soisy sous Etiole, attending our good Sophia's wedding; for they wanted it to take place in a spot so much endeared to them all. Yesterday I took a delightful walk in that park so rich in pleasant remembrances. I was alone, and enjoyed the solitude exceedingly. I loved that sad and sombre view; I could find there still the thousand charms that the country ever had for me. In the midst of this calm, I felt life more intensely; I listened, so to speak, to the throbbing of my heart, and addressed each one to a friend. It appeared to me that one might long live on the remembrance of joys that are past. I had often watched the sun set in summer; but its rich melancholy in the winter, and in the country, was a scene new to me. 'Cheerful alone among cheerless objects'—I could not feel *alone*! I watched it till it was quite gone; and believe me, sweet sister, as I took a last glance, the last thought was for *you*. He is our own bright messenger, you know! It was

'A bodiless thought, that would not speak, but weep.'

* * * * *

"We have read your President's message, and are *very well* satisfied with it; no stretch of rhetoric, to be sure, but a clear and useful statement of the affairs of the country, and exhibiting that spirit of moderation that ought to exist in every republic, if they could believe Montesquieu, who says that, 'They ought to aim only at perpetuity, not aggrandisement.' There is a good hint for your legislative friend, Mr. Baldwin.

* * * * *

"Truly have I found a good sister in Louisa; we have but one heart and mind—it seems as if one breath animated both; and what my heart has *felt*, she has always *expressed* with that charm, fascination, and glowing language, that I perhaps might envy, if I did not feel more enriched by what she possesses than by whatever may have fallen to my share."

"January, 1820.

"With the exception of absence and death, what can be more cruel than the loss of that spot where we have tasted life in all its purity and innocence; where the heart first tried its strength; where we enjoyed the smiles of a sister and of a friend; where each object retains some sweet illusion, *now vanished*; where it seems as if each tree and shrub had witnessed the confidence of some frustrated hope? I try to think of happier days still. But how faint and cold is that hope when compared with the joys I have lost. *O, joys forever past! Revered and sacred memories!*

Hope's treasures, even, are but poor in comparison with
you !

* * * * *

"It seems to me that there are persons we love with the *mind*, and others with the *heart*. I would class Mr. C—— among the first of these—one finds in him nothing to blame ; but we must stop short at esteem—it is virtue quite unadorned and robbed of its character. I prize much above *science* the treasures of a full and abundant heart. For such a one, each *idea* becomes a *sentiment* ; and this career is still less limited than the others. As long as persons remain strangers to each other, they may exert themselves to shine in conversation and display the powers of their minds ; but this will no longer do for a sweet and close intimacy."

"March 24th, 1820.

"I want to tell you how much I wish that you could see a work which has just appeared on the life and writings of Mad. de Staël, by her relative, Mad. Necker Saussure. It is only right that this ardent and extraordinary genius should receive from animated friendship the just tribute of praise that it deserves. Would you believe it, while glancing through these pages, there seems to glide into my soul some of the fire of emulation? One is apt to mistake the desire for the power ; but who would not feel animated with the hope, the wish to bequeath to friends some fragments of one's life ; some pleas to justify, if I may use the expression, the tender feeling that has been shown to you? With what pleasure Mad. de Saussure recognizes her friend

in all her works ! With what tender emotion she describes the chastened joy she experiences while thus reviewing the traces which impressions have left on a heart so rich, so fertile, so inexhaustible in thoughts, and in resources for delineating them. She praises her with a warmth that awakens the hope of a new pleasure in reading her works, even though one has already read and admired them. The details of her youth are both curious and interesting ; in those parts which relate to her attachment to her father and her love for him, I find reflected a portion of the life and soul of my Louisa. In a word, this work has afforded me, this morning, pleasures of every kind ; and while I enjoy those passages which express my own ideas of France, those tender sentiments replete with high enthusiasm and remembrances of the past, the chief regret that mingles with my pleasure is, that I cannot at once send you those portions which you would know so well how to appreciate.

“ May 13, 1820.

“ As Dr. B—— and my brother were free to-day, we thought we would put into execution our favorite project of going to visit the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. We made a pause at Notre Dame of pleasant memory, that we *so often* missed seeing with our cousin Amory and that amiable Mr. Prescott ; and how well I remember all his sayings about it ! We were a good deal like Peter Pindar’s young ladies in those days—

‘ So ! St. Paul won’t run away ;
We’ll see that another day.’

We had to go through this famous Notre Dame rather hastily this time. We saw some white-washed Gothic work, that had anything but a fine effect ; some paintings, and some children who were catechised in a pitiable way. I left that church without *one* touching or solemn thought. But it was not so at Père la Chaise, whose aspect affords one of the most touching spectacles that can well be imagined. It is situated on Mont Louis ; and the ground, so varied, broken, and gently undulating, seems well adapted to interrupt the monotony of the one thought that seems to meet you at every step. I have wandered at all seasons of the year through this abode of regret, but also of immortal hope ; and when on every other spot the earth seems to be stripped of its verdure, *there is no winter here*, and in spite of its snows, the wreath and the garland are still found gracefully entwined around the tomb. It seems as if Melancholy herself watered with her tears these ornaments of the grave, that are constantly renewed at epochs that some sad secret of the heart has consecrated. There is something symbolical in those flowers that seem to set winter and its blasts at defiance, and I have always been deeply touched at their sight. What more graceful and lovely image of an affection that outlives all!—even *time*, that terrible power that can sweep all things from the earth ! Strange mysteries of the heart ! how often in life you come to disturb our minds ! How can we reconcile this pious and faithful remembrance with the character of a nation generally thought so frivolous and inconstant ? Let this amiable, affectionate, but slandered people send the stranger and traveler to this place. These carefully

tended flowers, these tombs will speak their defence. There is an endless variety displayed in these silent offerings to the worship of the past, that testifies to the many shades of the human heart, and in how many ways one may love and regret. But the soul is oftentimes oppressed at the sight of this endless succession of tombs and monuments that seem to affect us like a crowd among men where we look in vain for a friend. We meet at every step with titles and eulogiums that seem to resemble too much a list of our *qualifications* for heaven. One word, many words, cannot express deep regrets. It is uselessly to lay bare our hearts to the cold and indifferent scrutiny of the passers by. One epitaph only struck me as truly beautiful; it was on a grave near Delille the poet—it was thus: ‘*Il était si bon; sa morale si douce! son amitié si consolante!*’ (He was so good; his morals so sweet and pure, and his friendship so consoling!) The heart of the stranger even might add a thousand things to these tender regrets!”

“June 6th, 1820.

“Our poor Paris is in a fever, everything threatens and looks like a revolution. I don’t know what will become of us. This fearful law of the elections will set our poor country in a flame. Last Saturday, some of the liberal deputies were insulted as they left the chambers. The *Gendarmerie* fell upon the assembled people, who were crying ‘*Vive la Charte!*’ Some of the Royal Guard, in disguise, compelled the people, with blows and stripes, to exclaim only ‘*Vive le Roi!*’ An unfortunate young man

who was trying to escape was killed by a bullet—*killed!* and that while trying to escape, and not provoking his death! Benjamin Constant escaped by being in his carriage, but his servant was covered with wounds. An old woman sent word to General Lafayette ‘*that he must beware;*’ another answered, ‘*we know well how to surround him!*’ Yesterday, Monday, when the sitting was renewed, they still expected more meetings, more disorders. We saw Louis E——, who told us that he fully intended to be there, armed with a stick, ‘very happy of a chance to encounter death.’ Yesterday, about eight in the evening, we saw him enter, with a countenance so changed, that we thought at first he was severely wounded. ‘No, no, nothing is the matter with me,’ he exclaimed; ‘I wish all were like me.’ ‘What have they done? what have you seen?’ ‘I saw what I hope never to see again—an armed force falling without any provocation on a defenceless people.’ And he told us that nearly six hundred people were assembled on the Quai, near the Pont de la Concorde; that they were applauding with the greatest enthusiasm all the liberal deputies as they passed, and exclaimed indifferently, *Vive le Roi!* and *Vive la Charte!* An order issued in the morning forbade expressly more than *three* to assemble together. But still the *Gendarmes* had been able to maintain order until then; when some dragoons arrived at full gallop, with naked swords, threatening and striking indiscriminately, in order to disperse the crowd. Louis, with the help of his cane, warded off an attack of a dragoon, and fled along the quays, pursued like many others who fell under their blows.

“You may judge from this beginning what threatens us,

if the king does not withdraw this law—a firebrand of discord among the parties. The people, on this occasion, would have the uppermost hand, for the government in their present case is, so to speak, but a *faction*. The truth is, that the elections were too popular, and that they wish, by changing the form, to bring it under the tyrannical influence of the ministry. I have not often wearied you with politics. But it seems necessary to give you an idea of this first bursting of the flames. Three or four thousand young men are to follow the funeral of young L'Allemand, the first and unfortunate victim.

* * * * *

“I must acknowledge that I am carried away by everything that reminds me of my favorites—the Greeks and Romans! M. Chauvelin, a liberal deputy, was taken back to his house, followed by the acclamations of the people. He had come, in spite of illness, to attend the sitting, because a single vote is of importance at this moment. These are doings that quite elate me. All the Ultras looked pale on the occasion.

* * * * *

“What a charm there is in conversation when it is enlivened by the idea that there are beings to whom we are indebted for our views of things, as to a second conscience. How sweet it is to examine and feel the great importance of all the duties of life, along with those who are destined to journey on with us; to find in them the same purity, the same love of virtue, the same impressions of society, and not to have to go beyond themselves to secure all pleasures;

happy in being ignorant of evil, or at least in merely suspecting it, so as to enjoy the satisfaction of avoiding it together. With an upright soul there is the inestimable advantage of solitude. When human life is reflected in a pure heart only as in a mirror, it long appears to us as a problem—all that is refined, generous, and delicate, seems quite easy, and we may thus preserve to advanced age the sweet emotions of youth, a simple admiration of what is truly beautiful, the tears shed by pity, and melancholy, and enthusiasm, that purest incense, says Madame De Stael, of earth towards heaven. This last evening seems now all like a dream—they had made me a partaker of their sweet joy and happiness.”

“June 18, 1820.

“The man who said that the best antidote to *ennui* was composition, was right; for one cannot fail to become interested in one’s own work; and even if we commit it afterwards to the flames, it is better than not to think at all. Really, I have almost a mind to write an essay or a treatise.”

“September 15, 1820.

“If you want to hear the most interesting piece of news at Parnassus, it is, that Mr. Washington Irving dines there to-morrow. Mr. R—— presented him to our friend, who is quite charmed with his appearance and manners. As for his *mind*, it has been *tried*. Such an acquaintance is a great piece of good fortune. To speak of him, is to think of Genius, with its appendages of wit and sentiment.”

"December, 1820.

"I had the pleasure of dining with our pretty Mrs. W. yesterday, and I there met with Washington Irving. We had quite a delightful conversation, for he is so truly *amiable*. As I had been talking with Adeline of translating 'The Pride of the Village,' she asked him to lend it to her. It led us on to speak of his works, and this was very interesting to me of course. He was sorry we selected that piece, because he does not like it himself. It is curious to hear an author pass judgment on his own works; he seems to be but little satisfied with anything he has written; he says he almost always wrote under a depressed state of mind. He said that if he could begin life anew, he never would engage in the field of authorship again; 'but,' added he, 'I am committed, and must go on.'"

"December 31, 1820.

"I have spent such a quiet and pleasant morning! I was reading a philosophical work lately published, by Mr. Keratry, that absolutely fascinated me; for I have a decided taste for everything that leads one to serious meditations. His 'Moral and Philosophical Inductions' are a review of the system of the universe; and one finds in it new views to be added to the opinions of Locke and Condillac. I am yet but on the threshold, but I am eager to proceed. This book is eminently calculated to interest me at this present moment, for it treats of things analogous to those that daily occupy me. I need not tell you, if at night, by the dying bedside of my poor aunt, and listening to that thick and feeble

breath, having the certainty that a few days must bring her total dissolution, I have not asked myself a thousand questions about the mysterious links that still sustain her existence, and that will perpetuate it: 'L'homme vient en tremblant, dit M. de Keratry hazarder quelques pas sur ce theatre d'illusions. Il y commence un rôle qu'il doit continuer ailleurs.' These lines will satisfy you that he is not one of the cold *materialists* of the day."

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"The richest legacy we can leave to those that we love is the remembrance of the virtues we practised while upon earth. It is like an incense, a perfumed breath that lulls and charms grief itself."

CHAPTER V.

DR. BELL'S REMINISCENCES OF MISS PREBLE—His intimacy with that lady and her mother—Miss P.'s conversational powers—Prominent political actors at the time—Louis XVIII. king—Chamber of Deputies—State of parties—Lafayette—Young France—Original remedy for the evil of centralization—Characteristics of Miss Preble's mind—The wide range and diversified nature of her reading and studies—Simplicity of her character—Miss P.'s partiality for the French drama—Talma—Mlle. Duchesnois—Mlle. Mars—Dramatic writers of the day—Casimir de la Vigne—Lamartine—His future not anticipated.

DOCTOR JOHN BELL, an early and greatly esteemed friend of Miss Preble, and another of "those young Americans" whose future career her quick and discriminating mind enabled her to foresee, has contributed the following "Reminiscences" of his friendship, and of his delightful intercourse with her. The reader will appreciate it as a delightful tribute of one friend of genius and taste to the memory of another, for whom truth and justice claimed it. In these reminiscences will be found striking and beautiful criticisms by Miss Preble on Burns, Byron, &c., translated by Dr. Bell.

DR. BELL'S REMINISCENCES.—If Friendship, borrowing from Memory, were as sure as it is a zealous guide, the writer's reminiscences of Miss Preble may perhaps find

some favor with the readers of the "Life" of this estimable and accomplished lady. On such an occasion it is difficult to refrain from terms of eulogy, which, to those who did not know the person, would seem to be extravagant; and especially is he liable to this imputation who feels himself bound to speak, in the language of simple truth, of that rare combination, in Miss Preble, of a strong and highly cultivated intellect with a craving after the ideal beauty and sublimity, to which were added sentiments of great purity, elevation, and kindness. It must be said, at the same time, that with her correct judgment and nice appreciation of character, she would, were she living, be the first to rebuke any exaggeration of coloring and tone in her own portrait.

The writer had the good fortune, soon after his arrival in Paris, in the summer of 1819, to be introduced to Miss Preble and to her mother, and to a young brother, through the kindness of Miss Consett, an early and beloved friend and connection—herself a lady of much cultivation and refinement. During more than a year's residence in the French capital, he was allowed the privilege of meeting the ladies twice a week, at the hospitable house of an aged friend of theirs, M. D — P——, and still oftener to be allowed to join them in the evening under the same roof. When he could snatch time from engrossing professional studies—and nowhere ought they to be so engrossing as in Paris—he used to visit the ladies in the morning at their own apartments.

Various were the topics of remark and conversation introduced at these times. In all of them Miss Preble

evinced not merely extensive reading, but accurate knowledge; while passing by gentle gradations from questions of international policy and domestic legislation to the late speeches and written essays of Constant and Chateaubriand—the glories and misfortunes of the Empire, and the baffled good intentions of some, at least, of the Bourbon princes. Louis XVIII was then king; the Duchess of Angoulême used to walk in the “*Fête Dieu*,” at the head of the procession in which figured apparently devout priests, polite officials, and half-sneering soldiers; and the sons of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, mere boys, were often seen crossing one of the bridges—more frequently the *Pont Royal*. General Lafayette, with his colleagues, General Foy, Dupont de l’Eure, Benjamin Constant, Chauvelin, Manuel, &c., in the Chamber of Deputies, were endeavoring to prevent the apprehended encroachments on the charter granted by Louis; or, if it were to be changed at all, to give it a more popular character by extended suffrage, greater freedom of the press, and ministerial responsibility. They were accused by their opponents of the extreme right, or the ultra-royalists in the Chamber, of democratic tendencies, and of being eager, not only to restrain royal prerogative within strict constitutional limits, but also to restrict it to the standard of an elective chief magistrate.

The writer had the honor of an introduction to the great apostle of Liberty, and of dining with him and Mrs. and Miss Preble at Mr. P——’s; but, beyond this, in the way of table-talk, reminiscences, revelations on present purposes, he was not favored. The General could not stay long, as he was obliged to be at the Chamber of Deputies early in

the evening; and probably his youthful fellow-guest had not the art or lacked the necessary forwardness to draw him out.

Decazes, then recently made a duke, was at the head of the ministry, which was a "*doctrinaire*" one, or that of the *juste milieu*; conservative it would now perhaps be called. A set of ninnies or zanies, was the complimentary language sometimes applied to them by the impatient leaders of the two extreme parties; nor are such appellations withheld from those who wish to steer a middle course in the storm of political or of theological strife, in other countries than France, and at other times than those of which we are now speaking. The doctrinaires were desirous, on the one hand, to preserve the charter against the extension of suffrage as claimed by the liberals, and, on the other, against its curtailment at the expense of the representative system by the absolutists, or ultra-royalists. The views of the new minister were of course distasteful to the extreme right, as well as to the extreme left; these terms designating the place which the ultras of the two parties, of royalists and liberals, occupied in the Chamber of Deputies, in reference to the President, whose office was similar to the *Speaker* in our representative assemblies in the United States, or of the House of Commons in England. Sometimes the two parties, forgetting for a brief period their bitter hatred of each other, would unite to defeat what they regarded as half-way measures, which were either inoperative and, in their minds, imbecile, or, if they had an application, were mischievous, either by stifling liberty or endangering the stability of the throne. On one occasion,

the writer had an opportunity of hearing a debate conducted in this spirit, and also the reply of Decazes, in which he denounced as factious both the language of those who pretended to be more royalist than the King himself, and of those others who, while professing their love for constitutional monarchy, were in heart solicitous for a republic, at the risk of anarchy itself. It is doubtful whether any minister holding moderate views could have maintained his position between those clashing forces; but his downfall was hastened this very winter (1819-20) by the assassination of the Duke of Berri, second son of Monsieur, afterwards Charles X.—a catastrophe which was made the pretext for clamor, and even outrageous and cruel accusations against Decazes, who soon after sent in his resignation.

Under different shades of opinion, and with some slight interruptions, royalist ministries were chosen by the King, down to the memorable one over which Polignac presided in 1830. It brought things to a crisis, and with results foretold at the time of which we are giving a brief notice. The writer heard more than once from the lips of his youthful associates in the lecture and operating rooms, while listening to conversational discussions of a singularly miscellaneous nature, which would sometimes precede the appearance of the professor or other teacher, such expressions as the following:—"We have now our Charles II. (Louis XVIII). We shall soon have our James II. (Charles X.), and then he will be sent about his business." It was merely a question of time in the minds of perhaps a ma-

jority of the people of France, who had no doubt of the event itself.

Lafayette retained nothing of the Marquis of the old regime in his deportment or sentiments, except his deferential politeness to the fair sex; and in this particular, the ladies, whatever might be their politics, could not forbear from drawing comparisons between the gentlemen of the old school, who were still in society, and the representatives of Young France—not at all in favor of the latter, whose *brusquerie* and, not seldom, neglect of *convenances*, were excused by themselves on the plea of their having now more important matters, involving great questions of personal and political rights and privileges, to engage their time and attention, than their fathers—and which certainly their grandsires were not allowed to discuss, still less to carry into practice.

Miss Preble received a full share of the esteem of the old general, as will be seen in his letters to her, some of which will be introduced into this volume. On her part she was feelingly alive to all that concerned his reputation not only for his own sake, but for the honor of France. She was strongly attached to that country, both by education, and early intimacies and friendships, and had a better appreciation of its political and literary eminence and social condition, than some of the publicists, and even members of the Chamber of Deputies, at that time. Cavillers may whisper that this is not very high praise, considering the mental endowments of some of these gentlemen. One writer, whose name escapes us at the moment, after showing the injurious effects of the centralization of so much of

the guidance and government of the country in Paris, which in fact gave law to France to the detriment of provincial and municipal rights and action, very gravely proposed, as an effectual, and to his mind the only remedy, that the Capital should be burned to the ground. Another argument in favor of this measure was that in time of war and in case of invasion, the mere occupation of the seat of government, if it were in a small town, would not be deemed of any great consequence, certainly would not enable the invaders to intimidate and dictate terms to the whole country.

Allusion has been made to the characteristic and contrasted features of the mind of Miss Preble; her great clearness of intellectual vision, and an almost exacting logic; with much sensibility, and a lively imagination. The study of Bacon and Locke and Helvetius did not abate the relish for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the revels in fairy land. Her reading and reflections took the double direction thus traced by the craving of her different faculties, and opened out to her views of human nature and the productions of genius of the most diversified character. The writer has more reason to dwell on the literary resources of Miss Preble, as it allows him the opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the benefits which he himself derived from her kind and judicious promptings and advice—appreciating at once, the circumstances under which he was placed, and his paramount obligations to give the greater part of his time and attention to attendance on lectures and hospitals, she put him in the way of filling up the hours which were left at his disposal by her kind and judicious

guidance in the wide field of French literature. Not content with placing in his hands the "*Cours*" of La Harpe, she culled in addition from her own stores, many of the finest passages, especially in poetry, and some of the best of the minor poems, as serving to exhibit both the peculiar talents of the authors and the beauty and sublimity of the sentiment conveyed. That these selections were intrinsically good and made in the best taste, may be inferred from the fact, that, the introduction of some of them, two or three years afterwards, in a sketchy defence of the French Drama and the Unities, published in the then leading newspaper in Philadelphia, procured for the writer, among some who passed for judges, the credit of an intimate acquaintance with French Literature, to which he never made the slightest pretensions.

Miss Preble, from her familiar knowledge of the literature of both France and England, could take a broad and comprehensive view of the distinctive merits of the writers of the two countries, especially in Ethical and Intellectual Philosophy, History, Poetry and Criticism; and hence she had probably a more correct perception of the excellencies of each, than either a Frenchman or an Englishman, respectively, could be supposed to possess of a production in the language of the other. She was ever ready, but never forward, to dispense from her accumulated treasures, truthful criticism, apposite quotations and analysis of style. With all the qualifications of shining in conversation, her habitual modesty, and, it may be added, a share of proper pride, made her shun the least appearance of exhibition, and, on this account there were, no doubt, many of her ac-

quaintances, and some even who ranked themselves among her friends, who, but for the fortuitous introduction of a particular theme, would have remained strangers to her literary merits. Her manner was so easy, quiet, and unpretending, and so far removed from pedantry and attempts to teach, that the most simple minded and unlearned, would not hesitate to receive her into their circle, quite unconscious the while, that they had among them an accomplished and an acutely observing lady who could paint them to the life.

It would be impossible to mix in French society without hearing discussions on the Drama, written and acted. On this fruitful theme, Miss Preble held opinions in unison with a large majority of the people of France; and she was, of course, an admirer of the tragedies of the great triumvirate—Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire—to the finest passages of which she would refer at the opportune moment, with a discerning sense of their true bearing and character. On the stage, Talma still reigned supreme, carrying with him the applause of the audiences at the *Théâtre Français*, as he had done for twenty years preceding. In this respect he was more fortunate than his early friend and subsequent patron, Napoleon, whose last appeal to the French people from the Imperial stage, was so coolly received. Associated with *Talma* in the personation of the characters brought out by the tragic Muse, were the female histrionic celebrities, Mesdemoiselles Duchesnois and Georges. The three had enjoyed the privilege of playing to a pitfull of kings at Erfurt, on the occasion of the meeting of Napoleon with Alexander of Russia, at which so many of the German

princes were present. It was only by the command of superior power, or on some rare exigency of the green room, that the rival queens of tragedy were seen together on the stage. The writer cannot say how Duchesnois, with her coarse features, sustained herself on these occasions, but he has seen her stand the trial of contrast with the beautiful Madame Bourgoing in *Marie Stuart*, the former personating the Queen of Scotland, and the latter, as if it were a play of cross purposes as well as a tragedy, taking the part of Queen Elizabeth. The spectators lost in admiration at the fine presence, penetrating voice, with its clear and musical tones, and the features softened by the tender and melancholy feeling, with which she was so evidently agitated, soon forgot the plain and indeed ugly French woman before them, and believed themselves to be listening to the complaints while sympathizing in the wrongs and sorrows of the still lovely Mary—and again in *Joan of Arc*, yielding to the illusion of the mimic scene, the charmed audience would listen to the warlike maid, as if they had been her fellow subjects of Charles VII. while she described in ingenuous spirit and simple tones, her early rustic life, and the inspiration under which, losing the timidity of her sex, and of her lowly station, she believed herself called to go to the rescue of France from entire subjugation, and to raise the fallen fortunes of the king.

Comedy and *Molière* continued to find in Mademoiselle *Mars*, an exponent of nearly all the sentiments and emotions, short of the mere vehement and vindictive ones, which agitate the human heart. The actress was soon forgotten in the woman, who at once identified herself with the charac-

ter whose name and station she bore for the evening, whether it were a fashionable lady, a blue stocking, a heartless coquette, or an ingenuous and confiding maiden, or patient wife, or an untamed shrew, all was expression, and true to nature, without grimace or the appearance of simulated passion.

Casimir de la Vigne, had just acquired some vogue by his tragedy of the "*Sicilian Vespers*," and his lyric odes 'The Messenians.' The writer had the pleasure to accompany the ladies to the Odeon to see this play, the chief personage in which was represented by Joanny, who was regarded by some of the more sanguine of his countrymen, as already a rival and eventually to be the successor of Talma. Lamartine had also begun to attract public notice, by his drama of "Saul," and his "*Meditations Poetiques*," and was taken up by the royalists, especially those of the Faubourg St. Germain, as one who could counterbalance whatever advantage might accrue to the liberal party and the family of the Palais Royal, by the productions of De la Vigne. Little could the friends and admirers of Lamartine, foresee the position he was to occupy in after years, as the historian of the Girondists, the eloquent apologist of one revolution, and the chief of the provisional government of another.

CHAPTER VI.

Reminiscences continued: Miss Preble's fondness for meditation — The proper range of this indulgence — Her daily interchange of thoughts and feelings with her friend Louisa — Their mutual friendship strengthened by some contrasts — French character often misunderstood — The portraits of the two ladies, each of the other — Their musical talents — The French grand opera — The comic opera — Incident at the Italian opera — Miss Preble's talent for drawing — Schools of painting — David — Sketch of his style and artist-life — Sometimes dictated to by Napoleon — Examples — School of David — Its merits and defects — It did not study nature enough.

MISS PREBLE was much pleased with some of the stanzas in the "Meditations," and was the first to draw the attention of the writer to this poem. Its strains were the more in harmony with her own feelings, and her frequent if not habitual frame of mind, the result in no small degree of her delicate health. This and her refined tastes would have led her, apart from other considerations, to prefer a life of comparative retirement, in which a full share would naturally be given to meditation. Hers was not, however, that kind which runs into revery and not seldom ends in entire vacuity of thought; but rather that mental state in which, the external world shut out, we indulge in self communion, while drawing on the stores of memory or picturing the imagined future in new and gay colors. New combinations are formed, new resolutions are entered into, and the

mind comes out from its temporary seclusions, fresher, stronger, and more independent than before. Meditation of this nature has something in it both genial and expansive—without it, there cannot be either depth of thought or of feeling, hardly conviction of right or deliberate choice of the true and the noble. It is more comprehensive in its workings than reflection, which is a purely intellectual process, divested of the embellishments of sentiment and fancy which are allowed to meditation,—as when the philosopher poet speaks of “maiden meditation fancy free.” But, delightful as are the hours of lonely musing, they must not be prolonged beyond limits, lest imagination should acquire undue sway, and the intellect lose its healthy habit of comparing, selecting, and arranging the facts and observations furnished by memory, and from them of drawing the conclusions for action, and the expression of opinion. Happy is the person, therefore, who can indulge the luxury of meditation, not only without fear, but without danger of its results,—when its vagaries can be subjected to the test of communicating them to a friend, and still more the privilege be possessed of thinking aloud in this friend’s ear. Miss Preble was one of the favored class, who, while giving utterance to the sentiments of beauty, fitness, and order, or to the nascent opinions of the intricate web of human schemes and actions in disproportion to assigned motives and apparent causes, as in the instances of revolutions without conspiracies, and of reform without object, was sure of having a ready and pleased listener in the person of her charming and beloved friend Louisa, daughter of Mr. Barbier de Neuville, the learned librarian. The

admiration and love of these two young ladies for each other would, of itself, have been conclusive of the rare merits of both, competent as they were not only by their own varied accomplishments, but also by their ready perception of character, to measure each the other by a high standard of intellectual and moral worth. Unlike the sudden and short-lived intimacies which spring up in a fit of capricious longing for sympathy and communion, and are attempted to be nourished by overstrained sentiment and gleams of feeling, the friendship of Harriet and Louisa was continually vivified and strengthened by a seasonable variety furnished by their readings, studies, and cultivated tastes. If not both "warbling in one song, both in one key," their notes were never so contrasted as to mar harmony. They were not "two lovely berries growing on one stem," but rather two flowers of the same natural family, embosomed in similar foliage, and radiant with the same beautiful colors, but with just so much difference in the tints and curvatures of petals, as to insure individuality, and to double the admiration of the interested gazing amateur. Louisa would watch the winged hours as they flew by, and sometimes give them mimic chase, while Harriet in return would gently try to detain some of them, and direct attention to their at times, seemingly slow gait, their fanciful and ever changing vesture, and the burdens which they bore; the two friends all the time sympathizing in each other's feelings, and each finding pleasure in the kaleidoscope held up by her sister. In the wide range of reading and study which they allowed themselves, this continual interchange of impressions and opinions must have procured

for them a full appreciation of each subject in succession, and a double pleasure, in their own examination of it and in the new light in which it was placed by each of the two friends to the other. Music might be cited as an example. Harriet played on the piano, with accuracy and precision of touch. Louisa both played and sang with a freedom and *abandon*, as if indifferent to rules, while at the same time she was quite observant of them. May not a similarly apparent carelessness of rules be pointed out in French character and social ethics, which are a mystery to many superficial observers, both English and Americans, some of whom have even mixed in French society? They see a vivacity and sprightliness, and an apparent frankness of manner and speech, which they look upon as evidences of unquestionable levity; but they are not aware of there being limits to all this, which are very well understood, if not always very clearly defined by the parties themselves, and which cannot be passed without compromising their reputation. Foreigners, in their blind and ignorant imitation of what seems to them agreeable license, fail to see the moral boundary, and find themselves paying the penalty, before they have become fully aware of the infraction, and when perhaps they only meant, at the most, to dally with the temptation.

That the impressions of the writer, at the time, of the characteristics of the two friends, were correct, and that their admiration of each other rested on the grounds now stated will be manifest from the following extracts of letters kindly sent to him by Mrs. B—— since he sketched these reminiscences. Something of the graceful turn of

expression, and other attractions of style, will unavoidably be lost in the translation. Louisa writing to Mrs. B—— respecting Harriet, says :—

“Need I depict to you the strength and clearness of her intellect, which is as ready and original as that of a man, and as diffident and hesitating as that of a woman—her acquirements are wonderful. In history and philosophy she is surpassed by few of her own sex; and while she understands every system, she is able, if need be, to refute them all. Vainly, my dear Anica, shall we look for her equal—evincing, as she does, so much that is beautiful, pure, and generous in feeling and elevated in intellect. She leaves durable remembrances of herself in all those with whom she discourses; and yet, great as is her power, she alone seems to be ignorant of it. Next to the happiness of being her sister, I prize the honor of being her friend; and I confess, with all sincerity of heart, that I think her superior to the beings whom she admires the most. You must be astonished at her style, so resonant to every tone, and glowing with every color in its flexible adaptation to every subject of which she treats. Her views are penetrating and profound, and her mode of expressing them is at once picturesque and poetical.”

Harriet's “Portrait” of her friend exhibits a beauty and delicacy of design and coloring which we cannot hope to retain in an English copy. The reader must be content, therefore, with a sketch in crayon, as it were, of the characteristic features, the lines of which will resemble as closely as possible those of the artist herself.

“*Louisa* could infuse gaiety and happiness into the most

apathetic, for none of us can be ignorant of that kind of electricity or joy, which is as broadly expressed as it is felt. In her mind there was a chain of lively and varied ideas, exhibiting sensibility and the sparks of nascent genius. Such was her extreme mobility of impressions, that the smile of gaiety would be diffused over her lips before the tears which had been flowing under the influence of tender melancholy were dried.

“With a single word uttered in a tone of mildness, yet of dignity, she could rebuke the presuming coxcomb, and shield modest merit from his impertinence. One might sometimes say that there was magic in her voice, but there must have been something more than mere sound to go directly to the heart. I feel that it would require a mind and heart like her own—elevated, penetrating, and delicate—to do justice to her merits, and to her impartiality of judgment, which places her above prejudices, and puts aside the attractive novelties of sophism.

“I cannot say what heart would not find in hers whatever would be held more dear—goodness, considerateness, mildness, an acute sensibility joined to a firmness of purpose which would endure self-sacrifice without an effort. She pleases without our knowing how, and those of her own sex would often meditate on her success, were not their own hearts subdued like those of others. Age is touched with her deference, childhood with her benevolent smile; such are the elements of character in the most attaching, the rarest, and the most seductive of women.”

In reverting to the subject of music, to which reference was made in connection with Miss Preble and her friend,

it may be added, that as far as memory serves, they preferred the musical drama, at "Feydeau," or "Opera Comique," to the grand opera or the "Academie Royale de Musique." The former was more natural, and a truer reflection of French feelings and manners as well as of French music. The writer accompanied Mrs. and Miss Preble to the Feydeau, to hear the then all popular opera of *Joconde*. One might say, at the risk of his taste being denounced as of a low standard, that they who wished to find amusement and to hear songs, snatches of which they and many others would be heard humming the next day, would go to the comic opera; and on the other hand, if persons were desirous of taking a position in the fashionable world, they would visit the grand opera, even at the price of being bored. In speaking of the latter, reference is made to sound, not to sights—to the opera proper, not to the ballet.

The wearying the court and the town at a great expense was the only admitted fruit at the time of Cardinal Mazarin's first attempt to introduce the opera into France. The comic opera, of lowly origin, dates from the time when Harlequin and Columbine were the principal characters. It soon won the regards of the people, who could thus gratify their love of wit and lively dialogue, and, at the same time, of music; and hence, in all the changes of fashion which all the other departments of the drama have undergone, this has always preserved its vogue, even amid the horrors of the Revolution and the daily, almost hourly, tragedies in real life, of which Paris was then the theatre. The early success of the comic opera excited the jealousy

of the Academy of Music and the theatre of the Palais Royal ; the first of which for a while succeeded in depriving it of songs, and the latter of speech, leaving it only the original pantomime and the orchestra. But no prohibition was ever effectual in preventing the French people, and above all, the Parisians, from amusing themselves. In the present instance, the favorite couplets, which were not of the most refined description, being coarsely seasoned for the taste of the populace, were written on scrolls suspended from the top of the centre box, and sung by the audience in the body of the house, while the orchestra played the air, and the actors went through the mimic part by appropriate gestures. This extemporaneous musical comedy was too much for the directors of the regular opera and theatre, and they were fain to allow their rivals once more the liberty of song and speech ; and at the same time they themselves descended from the lofty stand which they had first assumed by imitating in part those whom they could not silence.

The most zealous advocate of French dramatic music would be at a loss to adduce evidence of its influence equal to that which came under the notice of the writer, one evening, at the Italian opera, which then had its abode at the *Theatre Favart*. Near him, in the pit, sat a man in a most seedy garb ; his threadbare coat, the original color of which no one could tell, was buttoned up to the chin, as if to conceal the decay, if not the absence of a waistcoat. His face was of a pale or rather murky hue ; his cheeks were hollow, and his lack-lustre eyes seemed to have lost the power even of expressing suffering ; altogether he looked

the starveling whose visits to a *table d'hôte* or a restaurant were at very long and uncertain intervals. Pity for a being whose privations were evidently great, was blended with surprise on the part of the narrator, that he would thus voluntarily place himself in a situation in which he could not but be tantalized with the sight of the superior comfort, wealth, and even luxury enjoyed by those around, and at the same time, to hear the sound of melody and song, which must, one would think, be discordant and grating to his own worn and harassed feelings. That he could obtain entrance into the theatre might be explained on the very probable supposition of his having received from the manager, who was perhaps an old acquaintance, or from an actor friend, a free ticket for the evening. So soon, however, as the orchestra began the overture, a change as sudden as it was unexpected came over this man, and all at once the automaton was vivified, almost spiritualized. His air of listlessness was exchanged for marked attention, and when Mad. Mainville Fodor sent forth her syren strains, his wan countenance became animated with new life; his features acquired fulness and expansion, and his whole frame an almost electric mobility, as he every now and then exclaimed "*bella! bella!*" sometimes "*brava! bravissima!*" and half rose from his seat as if to join the chorus on the stage. Here, indeed, was a transformation, almost a new creation, under the plastic power of music; and they who at the beginning of the performance felt disposed to shun him as a subject for quarantine, would gladly have taken his place, or at least divided with him his pleasurable emotions, his almost ecstasy before it was ended.

To proficiency in music, Miss Preble added a still more decided talent for drawing in Indian ink, sepia, and water colors. Some of her productions in this line would compare advantageously with others by strictly professional hands, both in correctness and finish. The remark may be extended to all the departments in literature and philosophy to which she directed her attention; she was not content with mere glimpses of a subject, or to be able to talk of it "*en amateur*;" she persevered with ardor until she acquired a mature knowledge of its chief bearings and illustrative details; in fact, until she had made herself mistress of it. The writer, some years after this time, saw one of Miss Preble's drawings, quite unexpectedly, in the album of Charlotte, daughter of the Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), with a copy of some lines, which might pass for poetry, written by him on the occasion of Miss Preble's birth-day. The lady just mentioned was herself quite an artist, and still more, well read, and a sagacious observer; and was in consequence prepared to appreciate the merits of her friend "Preble," as she familiarly called her.

Miss Preble had not paid much attention to the different schools of painting, and up to this time her preferences were for the modern French; and hence she was more familiar with the works of David and his school on the Luxembourg, than with those of the old masters in the Louvre. On being invited, however, to institute a comparison of the respective merits of the two, she soon became aware of the superiority of the Flemish school in coloring, and of the Italian in most of the requisites of high art, composi-

tion, expression, graceful delineation, beauty in all her ap-positions, harmony of colors, and *clair-obscur*. When we speak of Italian, we are all aware of course of the different schools and their distinctive styles coming under this general head, and of the sub-division even of the particular school which were named after the cities most successful in fostering art. . . . Reference may be made to the leading traits in the art-life of David, the great reformer and master in the French school, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. In this way we may perhaps convey instruction to those who desire to attain distinction in painting, and also furnish pregnant hints to every one who is anxious to improve himself after the best standards in poetry and belles-lettres in general, to which the fine arts bear so close an affinity, if they do not actually form part of the same family. David, whose first knowledge of the art consisted in the study of such French works as met his eye in the churches and in the Academy in Paris, used to say : " Let us be French in painting." His opinions were, however, soon to undergo a change, for on his way to Rome, and while yet in Parma, he exclaimed, on seeing the cupola painted by Coreggio : " Let us endeavor to be Italian." The farther he travelled on the peninsula, and especially after being awhile in " the Eternal City," and studying ancient art, as met with in statues and bas-reliefs, the loftier were his conceptions of the beautiful, and the greater his dissatisfaction with his own former standard, and his course of studies. The conviction thus wrought was painful, but at the same time instructive; soon, it brought with it reform; and he deter-

mined, in consequence, at all hazards, to begin a second novitiate. Animated by love of the art, and thirsting for fame, he did not shrink from the trial, but persevered until he had accomplished his purpose. In the collections of the Vatican, and in those of palaces and villas in and near Rome, as also in the remains gathered from Herculaneum and Pompeii, at Naples, the young Frenchman found his subsequent models and his sources of inspiration. On returning from the city last named, where he had enjoyed intercourse with its antiquaries, he was fond of repeating: "They have cured me of my cataract." But although in the exercise of his clearer vision, he became thoroughly imbued with an appreciative love of the sculptured remains of Greece and Rome, and from a contemplation of them he derived his subsequent skill and fame in classic design and correct drawing; he did not study with equal ardor nor give corresponding time to the pictorial works of the great artists of later times; and hence he always remained inferior to them in coloring, *clair-obscur*, freedom of touch, and handling. He was like Michael Angelo, the sculptor-painter, but he was wanting in those sublime conceptions which make us almost forget the defects in the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

Many of David's figures were drawn with great accuracy and in appropriate and expressive attitudes, and, at times, were grouped with great effect, as in the "Sabines" and "Thermopylae." In the former, few things are finer in these respects than Romulus, Tatius, and Hersilia, and even the children, held out by their affrighted mothers, between the combatants; but we miss the expression of

sentiment and of lofty enthusiasm requisite to create the illusion of a scene of ancient story, and the animation that might have been imparted by richer coloring. It has been asked in extenuation of these deficiencies so common in the paintings of the French artist: "If Paul Veronese, Rubens, and others, are universally recognized as great painters in spite of their frequent poverty and inaccuracy of design, why should not he be received in the same rank, notwithstanding his defective coloring?" To this it may be replied, that the life and distinctive character of a painting is color, and that when animated by this we can sometimes forget the defects of figure and attitude. On the other hand, no matter how admirable the figures, design, and grouping, we can never for a moment forget or cease to deplore, even when looking at a Michael Angelo, the want of suitably enlivening colors.

The Thermopylæ is in a style marked by great freedom of handling, and a more harmonious coloring than is usual with the artist. The head of Leonidas is indeed a noble production; we read courage, firm resolve, and self devotion in the countenance and attitude of the hero, who is in the act of appealing to the gods for support, in the coming hour of the willing sacrifice of himself and his chosen band, not for Sparta alone, but for all Greece. David was proud, as well he might be, of his success in this instance. His last words, just before his death, on being shown by the engraver, the proof of the plate of Thermopylæ, were: "I alone was capable of the conception of the head of Leonidas."

The productions of David's pencil connect him with dif-

ferent and singularly contrasted periods of French history. "Belisarius begging alms," "The oath of the Horatii," "The death of Socrates," "Brutus," and "Paris and Helen," were painted under Louis XVI. "Brutus," for the king himself, and the last mentioned piece for his brother, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. "The oath of the Tennis Court," "The death of Maret," and the "Sabines," were painted in the time of the revolution in which David played a base and cruel part, as the eulogist of Marat, and the tool of Robespierre. "Leonidas or the Thermopylæ" "The distributing of the eagles," and "The coronation of Napoleon and Josephine," were executed during the period of the Empire. Napoleon took a great liking to David, as was his wont, in the case of those who were eminent in their profession or calling; but this did not prevent him from dictating to the artist, not only the general idea, but even the details in the painting in which he himself was represented as the principal personage, or actor in the scene. Thus, for example, the equestrian portrait, known as "Napoleon crossing the Alps," was after the design of the latter, who said: "I wish to be represented tranquil on a fiery horse, instead of in the battle with sword in hand, as David wanted to exhibit him;" for, said Napoleon, "It is not with the sword that battles are won." In the magnificent painting of the coronation, admirable for its numerous portraits 150 in 200 figures, and the dignified and graceful postures, and attitudes; the Pope, Pius VII., is represented with his right arm raised. In the original draft, both hands were resting on his knees, a much more appropriate and even impressive posture, and one, in its absence of all effort and

art, contrasting with the courtly attitudes and acting of the surrounding throng. The change was made at the command of the new Emperor, who said: "That he had not brought the pope all the way from Rome to do nothing."

The Thermopylæ, at the time when it was seen by Miss Preble and the writer, was in an imperfectly lighted room of the Sorbonne, where the artist had his studio before his exile as one of the regicides, after the second return of Louis XVIII. The king himself was quite willing to shut his eyes on the fact of David's remaining in France, notwithstanding the law for his expulsion; but the artist did not choose to owe his exemption to a special favor in which others could not participate; and he retired to Brussels, in the early part of the year 1816, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death, on the 29th of December, 1825, in the 78th year of his age. The period of his exile was not passed in unavailing regrets and despondency; on the contrary, it was signalized by continued devotion to his art, and even by improvement in one essential part of it, in which he was the most defective, we mean coloring. This was the result of a close and more prolonged acquaintance with the productions of the Flemish school, in which color was always a great element of success. The lesson thus given, is full of instruction not only to artists, but also to writers and teachers, by showing that age need not be an obstacle to the attainment of a better or modified philosophy and practice of style, whether in painting or written composition. David left a bright testimonial of this ever progressive spirit, in the "The quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles," painted in Brussels, in the

closing period of his long life. Following in this respect, as he had done in some others, the example of one of his great precursors, Michael Angelo, who, when nearly ninety years of age, made an allegorical sketch, with the inscription "*Ancora imparo.*" I am still learning.

To David has been awarded the credit of bringing back his countrymen to the study of nature, and that he did so to a certain extent cannot be denied; but they looked through a glass dimly. He certainly introduced a better style of drawing and more correctness in attitudes, thus evincing a knowledge of anatomy and of ancient art as met with in the remains of sculpture which have reached us. All this does not, however, bring the artist to the study of nature. It is but a copy, and somewhat of a conventional one, which is highly suggestive, without its serving for a model in its turn. Now, David's figures constantly remind us of statues, and his attitudes of those of the mimic heroes of the stage. His coloring is dry and cold and often harsh, and of course deficient in diminishing tints and *clair-obscur*. A classical but cold air pervades nearly all his paintings; and even when there are fine single figures, they look as if they represented persons in a procession or on a parade, rather than as beings under the influence of strong emotions, and intent on carrying out a special purpose. In the "Oath of the Horatii," for example, the extended arms and legs form angles almost as distinctly defined as if they had been measured by compasses. The composition of the "Death of Socrates" is good, but the effect is marred by the coldness of coloring and want of relief that pervades the whole scene. So, also, in his "Cupid and Psyche," the

former has the skin and common look of a young Indian. David's knowledge and introduction into his paintings of classical costume, contributed powerfully to bring about a revolution in costume and furniture of use and ornament, both in real life and on the stage, and thereby to establish in dramatic exhibitions a standard more in conformity with good taste and historical accuracy than had previously prevailed. Talma did not conceal his obligations to his friend David in this respect. On the occasion of this actor's performance of the part of Nero, in *Britannicus*, the artist paid him the somewhat equivocal though well meant compliment of saying "that he thought he saw Roman statues cross the stage."

The successors and scholars of David most distinguished at that time were the two Guérins, Girodet, Gros, and Horace Vernet. They had, together with some individual peculiarities, many of the defects and merits of their chief. In their studies and drawings from the antique, they plead the example of Guido Reni, who studied unceasingly the statues of Venus and Niobe, and who spent entire days before the column of Trajan, observing and sketching its numerous and expressive bas reliefs. But they failed to imitate him in making also the paintings of Raphael, Coreggio, Parmaggiato, and Paul Veronese, a school of pleasure and instruction. They remind us, indeed, of the sculpture painting of Michael Angelo, but not of the beautiful and the noble as found in Leonardo da Vinci; the broad, grand, and correct outline, freedom of expression and sublimity of style, with, at the same time, intellect and grace, fine disposition of drapery, and variety of con-

trasts, which distinguish a Raphael, and which make us almost forget his want of depth and richness of coloring. For this last quality they forgot to look to the school of Caracili, and to admire at the same time the beauty and dignity so eminently displayed in the works of Domenichino. Equally strangers did they remain to the glorious coloring and *clair-obscur* of Titian, and to the easy and undulating flow of drapery, the happy disposal of light and shade, not in artificial contrasts, but in broad masses imperceptibly mingled and full of impressive effect, as seen in Coreggio. Fortunate would it indeed be for the art, if the French school were to cease for a while from its heroics and straining after theatrical effect, and try to do what this great painter has done: exhibit the natural language of the softer feelings of the heart—tenderness, grace, and subdued grief, maternal sorrow and infantile smiles, which speak out from his canvas with a force and truth that, before his time, were thought to be beyond the reach of art. If the French artists had been disinclined to cross the Alps for glorious examples of that of which they stood in so much need, viz., distribution and effect of colors, they might have found in Rubens, “the painter of light,” a union of its full tone and a deep *clair-obscur* with general brilliancy. They could have learned from his works the coloring of the flesh, that glow of life which made Guido exclaim on beholding a picture by Rubens for the first time: “Does this artist mix blood with his colors?” If it be objected to the celebrated Fleming that he lacked correctness of drawing, and that his figures were too massive and were deficient in delicacy of expression, we may point to his pupil,

the great Vandyke, who exhibited men and women in the noblest forms and most appropriate attitudes without the loss of nature or of grace; and at the same time he cast over them all a rich coloring remarkable for the truth, beauty, and freshness of its tints.

If an artist be really intent to commune with nature, he must leave his studio, walk abroad and look on the sky and clouds, and over the earth on which he treads, and scan its woods and mountains, its dark masses of shade and reflected lights and gleams, and thus acquire a knowledge of aerial perspective and tone. Let him take for guide Salvator Rosa, wandering over the wooded heights and through the craggy defiles of the Apennines; or Claude Lorraine, slowly walking in the open fields, and watching the changing hues of the passing clouds, and the tinge acquired by different objects as they receive the light with more or less strength or directness, or were viewed through the clear air or watery vapor. That advice of this kind would not have been misplaced at the time appears from the significant fact that there were in the modern French school so few landscape painters above the merest mediocrity.

If the writer had kept a journal or taken notes at the time, he could have introduced in a dialogue form the opinions just expressed, to which, although not in the very identical language, he gave utterance during and immediately after the visits paid by Miss Preble and himself to the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and to the studio of David at the Sorbonne. The record of them in this place forms, therefore, part of the reminiscences of

Miss Preble's literary and student life. Writing to her sister, about this time, she alludes to these visits and conversations on the Fine Arts, and adds, playfully, and perhaps with a little touch of irony, "that thus inspired with such grand notions of architecture, she was in a state to criticize Michael Angelo himself." In this same connection she says: "There is no one thing more agreeable to me than to be able to admire with a knowledge of cause. It is a new pleasure which he has procured for me,"—thus good-naturedly attributing to her friend what was chiefly due to her own quick perception of the contrasts and harmonies in the works of art, to which her attention had been directed.

CHAPTER VII.

Reminiscences continued: Miss Preble's Italian reading — Tiraboschi's *Storia* — Her philosophical studies — Locke, Condillac, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, and Kératry — Her division of studies — Her fondness for metaphysical research — Is commended to female minds by its purity — Her true appreciation of Natural History — The division of her time — Ginguené's literary history of Italy — Her partiality for English poetry — Her beautiful sketch of Burns — Her analysis of Byron's mind and poetry — Her reflections and poetical quotations on Life — Her historical reading at this time — Raynal — St. Réal — Rulhiere's Poland — Traits of Polish bravery — Freshness and naturalness of Miss P.'s opinions of her authors — Memoirs of Las Casas — Physiological remarks of Dubois on Napoleon — Its fruitful application to the character and destiny of nations — Her undue admiration of Napoleon — Like him, she praises Ossian.

MISS PREBLE'S course of study included that of Italian literature, in which her mother was quite a proficient; no further proof of which need be given than the fondness of this lady for Dante and her apposite quotations from him. The daughter, during the time more especially embraced by these reminiscences, was reading Ginguené's attractive *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*; and in the language itself of Tasso's Petrarch—also an Italian translation of the *Eneid* by *Annibal Caro*. She took up Tiraboschi's learned and elaborate *Storia* at this time, but she confessed her want of courage to follow him in his wearisome, albeit useful,

bibliographical details. Becoming drowsy over the first volume, she made a leap from the age of the Etruscans to the fourteenth century of our era; but the effort did not awaken any interest in the work, and she laid it down; perhaps we might say rather, put it aside. "Of what avail is it to me," she observed on this occasion, "to know that such a man wrote such a thing. One's mind is not benefited in consequence. It is not like the history of nations, which interests by the attractive chain of causes and effects; one likes to see the Fates spin and unravel their threads. I no longer find pleasure except in that reading which, as Montesquieu says, 'makes us think, and not which makes us read.'" The writer has reason to fear that he would have reached the same conclusion that Miss P. did respecting Tiraboschi, but for the fact of his being restricted to a small number of books, during a six months' passage from Italy to China (Leghorn to Canton), and nearly the same period from China to Holland—added to the increased curiosity which he felt to become acquainted with the literature of a country in which, just before this long voyage, he had seen so much to remind him of its former greatness and the genius of its sons.

It would be a hasty and erroneous inference, at variance with the character of Miss Preble's mind, as it always appeared to the writer, and as he has endeavored to present it to the readers of these pages, to suppose that she was averse to a continuous as well as a laborious course of reading, and one even that demanded considerable research. In this very year of her Italian studies, in which she speaks in terms so little flattering to Tiraboschi, she was reading

Locke, Condillac, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, Kératry, St. Real, Bolingbroke, Raynal, Madame de Staël and Ossian. The names of some of these writers immediately remind us of their voluminous productions, such, for instance, as Voltaire, Rousseau, and that the reading of them alone would keep a person tolerably well occupied for a twelvemonth. In the present case no attempt of this kind was made. Some of their works were selected for more careful perusal. Some had doubtless been read before. In some, as in Voltaire's *Louis XIV.*, the writer of these observations was allowed to participate. But after making all these deductions, there still remained a large body of reading, and on subjects the most diversified, and, some of them, the most recondite nature ; and all of it to be gone through voluntarily and as a matter of real enjoyment by a woman, and she a Parisian. Some objector will say that, after all, a person may be a great reader and no thinker, and even hardly possess the property of a good mirror, which, although it retains neither the lights nor the objects presented to it, does still reflect both faithfully—sending back to the eye fixed on it a true image in form and color. That Miss Preble not only read, but entered fully and with a keen relish into the subject, and formed definite opinions of its scope and bearings, with an ample if not invariably correct appreciation of its real merits, was apparent, both in her conversations and her letters. In one of these to her sister, three years later than the present period of our reminiscences, she says: “Reverting to my plan of reading, I must tell you that I divide it in three classes. The works of *Imagination* will be on the same

line with those of *History* and *Philosophy*. But the two latter attract me so strongly that I know not which of them I ought to begin with. I am determined to pursue a long course of both. I believe that philosophy will gain the ascendant; for, just now, my mind is wonderfully inclined to metaphysics. What I have read of Locke, Condillac, Helvetius, and Kératry, the few notions that I have acquired of phrenology, have so much excited my curiosity on all the questions which relate to the phenomena of the human mind, that I would like to pass in review all the metaphysicians who have investigated the subject, which is in my opinion the one of higher interest; for the Deity, in the creation of the universe, has placed nothing within the range of our understanding more miraculous than the operations of thought. I would like, at the same time, to engage in the study of natural history and chemistry; for, while we penetrate into the mysterious laws of nature, we obtain also more enlarged ideas of the Divine Intelligence which has impressed on nature such fruitful and marvellous principles. We have a better acquaintance with ourselves; our pride is abased, at the same time that our feeling of adoration increases, and we acquire true knowledge, since that alone rests on a real foundation, which is the result of the observation of visible things. Be it understood, however, when I say that I would like to pass in review *all* the philosophers, I mean those of the *modern* school, who have taken nature as the basis of their hypothesis, and not like the ancients, who made their hypothesis pass for an appreciation of nature. Bolingbroke has inspired me with a sovereign contempt for all doting enthusiasts; and, after

having read him, one can never lose sight of the distinction between *attainable* and *unattainable knowledge*."

In the preceding extract, which ought to have been given in the original, the reader must be struck with the modest estimate by its writer of her own acquirements, which she seems to regard as a mere introduction to that full and prolonged course of study that she had marked out for herself. On another occasion she observed in reference to metaphysical inquiries: "I feel that I am only in the vestibule, but I am eager to advance." In the present instance every person of ordinary sensibility must feel a participation in the almost holy glow which pervades her when speaking of the ennobling and elevating influence of the study of the natural sciences. What a contrast between her natural religion, fervid and animating as it shows itself, with the old material and animalcular ideas of most of the naturalists of our own day, who seem to think that there is, and ever must be an impassable sea between the mere works, the products which they dissect and analyze and subject to microscopic inspection, and the fervid faith and imagination which lead us to the contemplation of the great first Framér and Architect of all; and of the harmonious adaptation of means to ends, in which not only utility, but beauty and pleasure have been thought for to gratify man, who was made in His likeness on earth.

Miss Preble was a great admirer of Kératry, of whose work, "*Inductions Morales et Physiologiques*," she gave a finely written analysis in a letter to her sister, and which for its style and sentiment, even although her too favorable opinions admit of considerable qualification, would merit

a place in these pages, if it could be introduced in the original French. Her first impressions of the work are given in Chapter IV.

In this year, 1823, writing from Versailles, where she and her mother were then living, she exhibits her characteristic fondness for tranquil study and mental analysis, and also a tinge of melancholy, which, but for the extreme activity of her intellect, would probably have cast its murky shadows over her path through life. The date of her letter, is the 5th of October, in which she says:

“How much I enjoy this air, so mild and so charged with the melancholic languor of autumn. ’Tis fit for spirits to breathe in. It is a great pity that I have no time to indulge in reveries. It seems to me that I should become a poet. As it is I work much and think little. But could you know how happy I am, when, returning to my *cell*, I install myself at my little table with my pen and some good book of *metaphysics* for company. I find this study of the human mind so noble and so *pure*, so well fitted for a woman! It is peaceful. It requires no external aid. It draws us within ourselves. I have only to revert to the operations of my own mind to make me a competent judge. With what delightful activity, I say to myself, I can animate this little precinct.”

There is part of a declaration of woman’s rights which, without alarming the other sex, is calculated to add to her dignity and to elevate her character by giving her higher mental rank. She becomes a wise counsellor, a true help-mate in need, and yet preserves the delicacy, and purity of mind, and softness of manner which must ever be regarded

as inherent in woman. For this there can be no exchange, no substitute, no vigorous elbowing in the crowd, no vociferation at the hustings, no angry declamation or even long speech and vehement gestures at public meetings, held under whatever show of reason and philanthropy.

Let us continue the picture of the lady, one of whose favorite studies has just been described ; and we shall find that she can bring into active exercise faculties of another order, and gather up not only the matured fruits of history, but also the flowers of imagination, and weave them into wreaths and garlands to crown and decorate the worthies on her list. Falling back to the period of these reminiscences, we will place before the reader her own description of the manner in which she spent her time. It is in a letter to her sister : “ I have not, for a long time, given you the details of one of my days such as I enjoy, and such as I often pass. The rising sun comes in at my window, and at six o’clock I have a large volume in my hand, “ *The literary History of Italy*,” the work of M. Ginguené, valuable alike to those who study or those who do not study this language, since it gives them a complete idea of a literature so rich and in general so imperfectly known. I read it until eleven o’clock, then I delve in the Dictionary until two o’clock, for it is a real labor to me to read their poetry, and what I have seen hitherto has not given me more than a tithe of the pleasure which certain pages of English poetry have imparted. I only admire the talent evinced in the one ; but the other has made me, a thousand times, sigh, weep, and tremble with emotion. Who, so well as the English, have painted melancholy, domestic happiness, and the thousand

and one reveries inspired by the beauties of nature? But we must stop here, or I should say too much on a subject with which my dearest, my most heartfelt pleasures are connected. Then my Louisa comes in and reads to me some passages from an Italian translation of the "Eneid," by Annibal Caro. Then comes a second visitor General D——, who is now a *peer of France*. He converses as admirably as ever, and whilst at my drawing, I listened to him and my friend; and their dissection of society that was, one might say, quite anatomical, and amused me exceedingly."

We are now to see the lady metaphysician become imbued with the very essence of poetry, and sensitively agitated by the emotions which it inspires. But we have to learn something more than her acknowledgement of these emotions. It is her nice perception, her critical knowledge of the distinctive merits of the poet, the truth or the error of his sentiments, and the peculiar coloring which he spreads over them. She is very decided in her preference for English poetry. The reader must, naturally, feel some curiosity to learn what are her opinions of English poets, as formed, not through a French medium, but certainly after an intimate acquaintance and critical study of French poetry, that, it may be said, of her own country, at any rate of her own language. Happily the writer has it in his power to gratify the friendly wish in this instance, by his being allowed to draw from her letters to her sister, which convey a clearer and more distinct view of her opinions than he dare venture to offer from his own reminiscences of conversation on the subject. Of Scotia's favorite

bard she discourses in the following strain, not indeed in the style of a critical reviewer, but with a fervid sympathy which Wilson would have appreciated, and Burns himself have flatteringly acknowledged.*

“They who have not read *Burns*, cannot form an idea of the grace, the harmony and tenderness which belong to the feelings when expressed in their primitive simplicity. Everything in nature, is to him a source of emotion and of comparison with what he loves. He gives to the birds their melody, their grace, their airy flight,—to spring its sweet influences, to the air its perfumes and its joyous caresses, to the murmur of the waters their language; and, in fine, to mute and inanimate creation its secret inspirations, which now calm, now agitate; and all this with the charm of poetry which sets the heart at ease, and lulls reason into forgetfulness. He is at once the poet of the lover in his smiling mood, and of the lover who bemoans his hard fate. Nature and her beauties have made him a poet; and hence he pleases, because like her he is simple, graceful, and touching. In the winter time, by my fireside, he brings back all my cherished illusions—the fields, the woods, the song of the lark, a music which always stirs my heart with indescribable sensations. That darting up to the sky, that melody which floats above us, and which seems to describe the joys of the spring of love and of heaven. All this confusedly felt throws me into a state of blended delight, and despondency. The strains of the nightingale alone can be compared to this enchanting song, which tells the history

* The original was introduced in a preceding page.

of the pleasures of life, their attractions, their sweets, then in its waning flow their rapid decay."

Well might the fair writer of passages like these say, in the language which has been repeated in a previous page; "It seems to me that I should become a poet," on the condition, as she had just stated, that she had had time to indulge in reveries. That which really prevented her from being a poet was the number of her mental faculties which were in full activity, and which were at the same time in such due equipoise to one another, that her imagination, rich and glowing, as it was, and her sensibility to all that was good and beautiful in nature, were kept in subordination, or, at any rate were not allowed more than their proportionate share in mental action. Herself the critic, all prepared to test her own performance by the highest standard of others' productions and her own refined taste, she was afraid to yield to the inspirations of the hour and write in the measured lines of verse; but still she could not help, at times, writing poetry in the language of prose. If we pass from her notice of the inspired ploughman to that of the misanthropic peer, from Burns to Byron, who resembled each other in the fervor of their passions, in their pride, and to a certain extent in their misfortunes, as they did in their early deaths, we shall find Miss Preble manifesting her accustomed critical acuteness when she tells us how the poetry of the latter derived much of its character and coloring from his intense personality and egotism, under the mask of a fictitious name, as she had told us before of the former drawing his inspirations from his deep sympathy for nature and mankind. In February, 1820, she

gave her impressions of the author of "Childe Harold," in a letter to her sister, the point and force of which must of course be weakened in the translation: "My warm partiality for France makes me continually repeat: 'Why have we not also our Byron?' Philosophy had made great progress; profound and decided views are taken in general politics; and in the sciences, analysis and inquiry become more vigorous and exact. But it would seem as if imagination loses in fruitfulness in proportion as reason gains in power and domain—and we are without any of those literary monuments, which tell in one age of the glory of another. Poetry diffuses but a little light like that of the milky way; in place of being a shining star, which by its lustre would induce undivided attention. Can it be said that all has been exhausted when we have the English muse uttering such new strains? Let all who are still unacquainted with English, that language so beautiful and so melancholy, if you indulge in those reveries which make you crave for a communion with nature and her secret harmonies, and attribute to her an intelligence and a language—learn to read Byron in his native tongue. You will find in his poetry enjoyments in unison with your own feelings; you will again and again, believe that you have been yourselves read through and unveiled, and you will yield him a homage such as you would to the friend who should ornament and embellish a thought only half expressed. One might say, it was an echo of beloved sound which in traversing the air had become the bearer of fresh sweetness and melody.

"It was, doubtless, to the desire of portraying himself

that we are indebted for the productions of this poet. He was delighted to revive in the delirium of poetry the passionate emotions which he had himself previously experienced. He himself is always the subject of his pictures; but still genius cannot be monotonous, for he is agitated by the most opposite and contrasted passions of love and hate in all their energy; and hence there is scarcely a being in whose heart he has not excited at least an emotion—none so cold but has felt himself renewed in some of his verses, and believes that he had made himself the depositary of some secret sentiment—a pain or a pleasure. But above all, he is the historian of morbidly excited and misanthropic hearts, and the picture to which he continually recurs is that of a sensitive and noble being disfigured by passion. ‘Roses and poignards covered with black crape,’ said Louisa, ‘will convey an idea of this genius, at once sombre and attractive.’ Withered, like him, casting a melancholy look on the past, we still take pleasure in that melancholy musing, the offspring of misfortune, which mourns for what is past and cannot be recalled, and which seems to have no colors to spread except on the unfading beauty of nature. Childe Harold is, of all the works of Lord Byron, the one which most undoubtedly secures for him a distinguished place among the poets of all lands; and he who can add to a reputation so well founded the innumerable beauties in the “Corsair,” “Lara,” “Manfred,” and the “Giaour,” need not be afraid of being kept out of the literary history of the age. We might rather say, that we find in his poetry the spirit of the age, the same sad and dreamy tendencies and eagerness for discoveries in the human heart.

Formerly, one used to tell what man had done. Now, interest is only secured by telling us what he thinks. The world has reached that degree of old age in which the caprices of Fate cease to astonish. The Greeks made a blind goddess of her; and it is because we admit the truth of an image, that wearied with seeing her spin and unravel her thread, we fall back on those sentiments which have an intelligent cause for the interest and the curiosity formerly attached to the events of life.

“The analysis of the life of the soul, and a great simplicity of plan, constitutes the general character of the works of Lord Byron; and hence the deep interest which they have excited. He only tells us in part what *he is*, but he confides to us all that he *feels*; and this touch of mystery spreads over his poetry a powerful charm for active imaginations, which love to go still further. There is no other plan in the poem of Childe Harold than the uncertain route of a traveller, who goes through the world with the object of snatching, amid ruins and the wild beauties of nature, some emotions which may fill up the terrible void left by his intercourse with the world. Under the veil which covers the past, we partly see a being who has tried ambition, love, pleasure, and who has embraced with frenzied eagerness the brilliant hopes of the early years of life, and has gathered nothing but satiety and remorse as the fruit of his vain chase. Agitated by passions too strong for his sphere, which could not lead to anything great; alternately seeking and disdaining fame; too greedy of life to endure rest, even the most active existence seemed cold and motionless to his unquiet soul. He has sought even

in the horrors of remorse the emotions which he craved ; and he impresses on our minds the terrific image of a being whose faculties are not in relation to his destiny. Notwithstanding, if his soul be tarnished, it is not utterly degraded. He is pursued and tormented by a desire for the pure and the sublime. He seems to seek relief from this moral uneasiness in the admiration of the works of God ; happy to find on earth something beyond his power to sully. But meditations like these cannot alone fill the void caused by the absence of all illusions. Irreparable misery, which leaves the heart destitute of courage and of virtue ; for the disposition to do good forsakes us so soon as we cease to believe in the softer affections. He had not found a true heart, and thenceforward he no longer had a country.

“In general it may be said that Lord Byron is more of a *thinker* than a *poet*. Not that he is wanting in poetical expression ; for often, with him, an epithet is equivalent to a history. While delineating a gesture he unveils the heart and makes a picture. But these beauties would seem to be the accidental touches of a fertile yet careless genius, who disdains to please by studied harmony. He never stops for the choice of a word which would have perfected a line in a stanza ; urged on by a crowd of emotions and ideas, his feelings going beyond what language can express, he chafes under his lack of power, and scorning a labor which would not compensate him for his trouble, he bends the language to his purpose. He does not select, he gathers the expressions as they present themselves at first to his rich and prolific imagination, and imparts to his poetry what one might call a primitive coloring. He is

able by a single word to produce a most powerful effect on an enthusiastic and meditative mind. It has the magic effect of the 'beckoning finger of a ghost.' He points out the regions of fancy to be traversed; and to the mind for which an attenuated line suffices, what secrets are to be discovered, what emotions to be exhausted!

"We must not, however, suppose that he is always wanting in harmonious numbers. If he is most frequently only the philosophic poet dealing in abstract ideas without coloring, he is often also as poetical and as full of imagery as nature herself. Nowhere shall we find richer descriptive poetry than in the stanzas on Lake Lemman, which I re-peruse always with a fresh feeling of pleasure and admiration. Were ever finer and truer colors found to paint those vague yet profound, one might even say *religious*, impressions, which are produced on the mind by certain hours, certain aspects of nature? Do not the verses create the illusion even of this solemn calm, those softened feelings, which replace pains, regrets, and almost vain hopes? Our outward life is suspended. He says so. We feel it. There only remains the thinking life, the thoughts of the infinite and of God. O you who have yielded to reveries at the close of day; you whom the mild and confused murmurs, odors half exhaled which betray the almost concealed flowers—you who have been at once moved, agitated, charmed by the mysterious beauties of this hour—sacred to inspiration—ah! read these verses in which genius has so well described what you have felt! Never did writer give more matter for my thoughts to work on. Why, then, is it that he, who seems to penetrate at each moment beyond

the limits of life, and to feel the barriers which are raised on all sides to our pleasures and affections, should, notwithstanding, be the most profligate of men? Ought not so energetic a mind to be an infallible guide? Puzzles of the heart! who can henceforth disclaim you? Sad incoherence! will it be always thus? Brilliant flowers of poetry! mysterious genius! why force us to distinguish in our worship the *idol* from its *benefits*? How is it that you degrade your own soul without your losing the power to elevate ours?"

The reading world has seen many longer and more elaborate criticisms of Byron and his poetry, but we will venture on the assertion that few of them have evinced a clearer perception and a more direct and searching analysis of the characteristics both of the man and the poet, as revealed in his works, than will be found in the preceding brief notice. It is so full of thought, and yet suggestive of still more than it gives; rich also in the graces of style, and shining with the lustre of pure ethics, while bringing before our mental vision the lightning flashes, the lurid glare of strong and madly directed passion. There is material enough in this notice for an extended article in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*, and staple enough, too, to allow for its being interwoven with a fair share of common-place and illustrative or enforcing quotations from the poems themselves. Subsequent knowledge of the author-craft of Byron would induce some modification of the opinion of his indifference to selection of phrases and words, although, in the main, it is undoubtedly correct.

By some of his certainly not very discriminating ad-

mirers, Lamartine was, for a while, called the French Byron. Miss Preble was very partial to the author of the *Meditations*, as has been already stated. But she did not participate in this paradox. On one occasion, in writing to her sister, she quotes, apropos of the fleeting nature of happiness, some lines from this poet, which, as she expresses it, are woven languidly, heavily, like life itself. "This monotonous repetition of words is a manner of imitative painting of the monotony of our existence which I find to be quite striking."

"Qu'est ce donc que les jours pour vouloir qu'on les pleure
 Un soleil—un soleil—une heure, et puis une heure.
 L'heure qui vient ressemble à celle qui s'enfuit,
 Ce qu'une nous apporte, une autre nous l'enlève,
 Travail, repos, douleur—et quelquefois un rêve
 Voilà le jour—puis vient la nuit!"—LAMARTINE.

"I endeavored some time ago to explain to myself," continued Miss P., "why I no longer experienced that internal happiness, that moral energy which made me look on all troubles as light, and life as a pleasant scene. The following verses give me a solution of the difficulty :

"L'âme, qui pense,
 Se retourne, et voit l'espérance.
 Qui l'abandonne en son chemin."

Then with Dedille, that charming poet, I exclaim :

"Âge heureux ! âge aimable, ton plus bel apanage,
 Ce n'est donc pas l'amour, la beauté, le courage . . .
 Et la gloire si belle ! et les plaisirs si doux . . .
 Non, tu sais espérer ; . . . ce trésor, les vaut tois !"

If there is a positive pleasure in the active exercise of the

faculties of the mind, Miss Preble must have had more than usual enjoyment, diversified in a measure, contrasted as they were, so as to insure for herself all imaginable variety of thought and sentiment. Ideality, with its aspirations after the beautiful and the sublime; causality tracing the relations of cause and effect; language aided by order, telling of the fitness and harmony of created things and the exponent of the affections; the inner and the outer world mingling their treasures of reflection and of the senses, of retrospection and of hope. Although not seated in a high-vaulted narrow Gothic chamber, we can readily suppose her indulging in the sentiment and using language as poetical as that to which Faust is supposed to give utterance when he exclaims while looking at the moon :

“ Oft have I watched to hail thy soothing beam,
Then, pensive friend, thou cam’st, my soul to cheer;
Shedding o’er books and scrolls thy silvery gleam.
O that I could in thy beloved light
Now wander freely on some Alpine height;
Could I round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild radiance o’er the meadows glide,
And purged from knowledge-fumes, my sense renew,
Bathing my spirit in thy healing dew.”

This would she say in no discontented and impeaching mood, but with a desire to enjoy for a while a spiritual holiday. She might, sighing, think :

“ That when on spirit wing we ride,
No wing material lifts our mortal clay.”

But content with yielding for a time to those aspirations, those longings which are part of the attributes given to us by our Creator, she could cheerfully fall back on the en-

joyment of others of a different but still noble order, imparted by the same mighty hand, and say, with Wagner, in the same dramatic poem.

“Nor woods, nor fields can long our thoughts engage.
Their wings I envy not the feathered kind.
For otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page !
Then winter nights grow cheerful, keen delight
Warms every limb, and ah ! when we enroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight,
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.”

Coming back from the ideal to the real, from communing with man in his imaginative moods, to observing him abroad and acting his part in the world : in fine, leaving the flowery fields of poetry for the somewhat beaten, but still variously adorned paths of history ; Miss Preble is still prepared to bring into active exercise faculties required for the occasion ; those of reflection and sentiment having perhaps an ascendancy over the more element-working and perceptive ones. Within the period of our reminiscences she read the “Abbé Raynal’s Philosophical History of the two Indies,” and what may be called the romantic histories of St. Real, viz., “The conspiracy of the Spaniards against Venice,” and “Don Carlos.” Pleased with the benevolent strain in which the first of these authors wrote, and the well wrought narratives of the second, she did not care to examine very critically by collateral reading and study into the accuracy of either of them—a task which with her habits of investigating and comparing would have been done well. But she contents herself with giving her first impressions in a letter to her sister respecting Raynal, of whom she says : “You will love him as a friend, for he is

a friend of mankind: over his pages, dictated by the purest philanthropy, one feels one's heart animated by a genial warmth. Why was he not successful in persuading those who govern nations, that to be a good man almost suffices to make an able minister? But, alas! if as he tells us, the predominance of physical good or evil, is more acutely felt in the countries which he describes than elsewhere, we must admit that evil is in all parts of the earth the presiding genius. O Ariman! if for a while there be some retired spot, unknown and forgotten, and hidden from your rule, time sooner or later will place it at your disposal, and the good genius flies before you, when once rapid march is begun. This work embraces knowledge of various subjects, and appeals at once to our memory, intellect, and feelings. With its author we traverse extensive regions, and with him we shed tears on man's perversity."

In giving closer attention to the few remarks on Raynal, we find that she must refer to his discourses on the use of history, rather than to the work just now mentioned. "It seems," she writes, "as if you were chatting with him about all the great characters of antiquity. I fancy myself at my fireside in the company of a good, well-informed and acute old man, while he is imparting to some, a reputation which had been withheld from them for want of due examination, and withdrawing from others a part of the celebrity with which they had been too heavily habited, and smiling at the little devices by which the most brilliant reputations were held. His historic novel of "Don Carlos" is a chef-d'œuvre for keeping up an interest in the subject."

Just now, when the iniquity and political blunder of the

partition of Poland are keenly felt by the Western powers, which at the time looked on with indifference, the history of that ever remarkable event by "Rulhières' *Histoire de l'anarchie de la Pologne*," is invested with renewed interest, and hence we must all feel disposed to coincide with Miss Preble in the following reflections, excited in her mind by a perusal of this work.

"I am reading a history of the partition of Poland by Rulhières, which is quite enchanting. It really possesses extraordinary interest. One experiences in perusing this work, those strong and profound emotions which occupy but a few short moments of life, and after which it seems in its common every-day course to be scarcely more than mere sleep. It occurs to me that I ought not to be in this frame of feeling, but I can see clearly that the cords of the instrument are not yet worn out; although it requires a skilful hand to make them vibrate. This history opened out to me quite a new scroll of great names and of great deeds, which were entirely unknown to me; and yet the recital of such sublime virtues ought to be familiar to all as household words. The destiny of this unfortunate republic, interests and captivates to such a degree, as to draw tears of admiration, of pity and of regret. We see a people proud, generous, and noble, and at the same time sensual and thoughtless, forgetting for a while in luxury and pleasure the interests of liberty and glory; then finding themselves on the point of losing these two cherished though somewhat neglected idols, recall all the energy of their republican virtues, fly to arms and brave all evils, only to find disaster in return for their devoted but tardy efforts. Noble and

unfortunate Poles! So many fine qualities displayed in the midst of reverses have only served to illustrate the annals of humanity. They have not prevented your country from being deprived of its place among nations; but so long as their admirable history lasts, the names of Braniski, Mokranoswki, Krasinski, Pulawski, will receive the tribute of admiration and respect which is the reward of great minds. This history is certainly one of the finest literary monuments of the last century."

Poland might have maintained herself entire and erect in all her once noble bearing, if her people would have displayed the same decision, firmness, and self-denial in prosperous circumstances, which they were accustomed to manifest in adverse times, and in sight of impending destruction. The following is only one of hundreds of similar instances of courage and devoted fortitude by Poles in defending themselves against tyrannical and hated invaders. We give it as narrated in Fletcher's History of Poland.

"In the latter part of August, 1770, Pulawski came down from the mountains and seized the fortified Abbey of Czenstokow, on the banks of the River Warta. Four thousand Russians laid siege to it in June, 1771. The garrison were so badly supplied with clothes, that even at this season of the year the sentinels were obliged to leave their dresses for those who relieved guard; and in case of an attack many were obliged to fight in their shirts. Every assault furnished them with a new supply of dress, and by the end of the siege, all the garrison was dressed in Russian uniform. The enemy were obliged to raise the siege, leaving 1,200 men dead."

Pulawski was the chief of the eight devoted patriots who formed the confederation of Bar in 1768. When told that his three sons had perished in skirmishes with the Russians, who on their march on Bar, marked their route by pillage, fire, and murders, his answer was: "I am sure they have done their duty." The name of this patriotic soldier of Poland is identified with the history of our own independence, to aid in procuring which he lost his life at the siege of Savannah, October 9, 1779.

In giving her sister an account of her successive readings, Miss Preble as has been already intimated, communicates her first impressions of the main features and spirit of the work which she has just perused, without always adding a critical opinion of its actual and comparative merits. These sketches made without effort and in the tone of easy and unaffected conversation, have a freshness and a naturalness which impart to them a new interest and one might say a charm far beyond what could be conveyed by the more elaborate and learned investigation, conducted according to the canons of criticism, and the conventional standard of taste. We make these remarks, not to depreciate the exercise of impartial judgment, on the part of the reader, of these reminiscences, of the literary views and conclusions of the lady who is the subject of them, but to give an opportunity of pointing out the difference between first uttered impressions to a friend, and a more detailed opinion resulting from careful study of the entire question, as well as of the book of which it is the staple.

The following brief notice of the "Memoirs of Las Casas," which made such a stir at the time of their appear-

ance, is introduced chiefly for the sake of the physiological observation of Dubois, one of the then medical celebrities of Paris, and who had given his professional services to the Empress Marie Louise, at the birth of the infant, who soon afterwards was hailed as King of Rome. The mental or rather cerebral organization is too commonly overlooked in forming an opinion of a man's probable career, as well as his conduct under circumstances of great trial, such as may be called tests of character. Habits of thought, manifestations of feeling and passion, and the general range of action are the results of the compound, sometimes opposing influences of original, or congenital organization and of education in its large sense, which includes example, intercourse with the world, with its smiles, or its checks and obstructions. But if we are to predicate of a man's antecedents his future course, the most powerful of these—that which may indeed be modified, somewhat colored and even dressed according to an adventitious standard, but which can never be long concealed or lose its original characteristics,—is his cerebral organization. The differences in this respect between one race of mankind and another, and between national branches of the same race, ought to be viewed as the basis on which to frame plans of education, and of social and political reform and amelioration. Oversight and neglect of this paramount condition has caused, and is still causing the melancholy and deplorable failures in the bringing up of youth, and in the attempts at regenerating the fortunes of a downcast and enslaved people. Blind enthusiasts may persuade themselves that a nation can be awakened to a perception of its right, and

fixed in its determination to preserve them by its becoming acquainted with a stereotype copy of the constitution and fundamental laws of another nation, which for ages had enjoyed liberty and freedom under those guarantees and sanctions. Copies of this precious gift may be multiplied until every inhabitant of the land has read it and conned its contents; but without fitting organization, and an education adapted to, or rather as the educt of this organization, the precious document will obtain scarcely more vitality or practical application than a myth, or a chapter of metaphysical disquisition. To those who were credulous enough to believe that even Napoleon's nature had been changed to such a degree as to have granted free institutions to the French people, and that the latter would have properly appreciated the boon and made it in every sense their own, Dubois might have exclaimed: "Imbeciles! how can you believe that the people will go contrary to their organization?"—But we are retaining the reader too long from the promised notes by Miss Preble, which run as follows:

"I am feasting at this time on a perusal of the "Memoirs of Las Casas." So great is the interest which they excite, that I scarcely breathe while reading them. Why did this great man (Napoleon) disappear so soon from the scene? The silent workings of his gigantic mind had apprized him during his brief rest that the *useful* must replace the *wonderful*. His second reign would have been productive of a new kind of renown. I am silly enough to believe he had become an altered man. I nurse my imagination with dreaming of the happiness which he intended to

impart to us. Baron Dubois might well address me in the words which he uttered to a person whom he did not know, but who, during the "Hundred Days," had advanced the same opinion. 'Imbecile,' he exclaimed, while putting his hand on the shoulder of the other, 'how believe that a person can go counter to his organization?' I recognize his frank good nature in this rather unceremonious sally.

"Since I have been permitted to participate in the thoughts of this great man, it seems to me as if he had a share of my private regards. What a book, sister mine! What a moral is in it! what a spectacle is offered in such a man raised to the throne. Noble, impassive as those statues of bronze which serve also for historical monuments, and which (like him uttering no complaint) excite in us a sacred enthusiasm—such as genius and misfortune must always insure. I did not believe that it was in human nature to exhibit such a colossus of renown. What combinations! what profound views! I can conceive, I own to you, that such a man may have felt himself entrusted with a mission to be the sole ruler of the earth."

We must attribute the utterance of such sentiments as these to the contagion of French enthusiasm, and not to the calm judgment of Miss Preble. It is easy after this, however, to believe in the strong and abiding hold which the name and memory of Napoleon must have on the affections of the people of France, notwithstanding his prodigal expenditure of its blood and treasure, when we find a lady of extensive reading, with an intimate knowledge of the true standard of greatness and a ready appreciation of character, who never herself or in her family connections

had gained by his elevation or lost by his fall, speak of him in terms of such extravagant eulogy.

Ideality was, if not a dominant, certainly a very active faculty in Miss Preble's mental organization, and hence her admiration for the grand and the vast as well as for the beautiful, and her continual longing for something beyond and above the dull realities of life and the scenes of the material world. In pluming her wings for flight into this remote ethereal space, she would persuade herself that she could procure company or guides such as Dante found in Virgil; and perhaps she sometimes gave a too ready credence to their implied promises, or one ought to say rather, their demonstrations of sympathetic feeling. Of this number was Ossian; a little of her enthusiasm for whom she wished to infuse into the mind of her sister. Her own admiration partook of the pleasure of a surprise. "I see well," she writes, "that I live in the land of chimeras and shadows, for it touches, charms, transports me! I love the language which is that almost of a separate sphere; the surprising and sublime revolutions of nature; those regions in which heroism, friendship, love, were the habitual tenants of the soul. I dream—I sigh—

'And turn to hate a world I had almost forgot.'"

Could Macpherson have read these lines, he would have found in them some consolation under the disdainful strictures of Johnson and the bitter and searching exposures of Lainy; and yet, Napoleon, certainly not given to much sentiment, was an enthusiastic admirer of the poems of Ossian, in an Italian dress, too, in which much of their

original features must have been lost, or tamed down to a common-place standard. It will doubtless be the pleasing task of her biographer to show in subsequent pages of this volume how Miss Preble reached the true sources of poetic grandeur and sublimity, and how the aching void which she felt at this time was filled up by holy aspirations and hopes beyond all that imagination can devise or poetry describe.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reminiscences concluded: Miss Preble's nice appreciation of Madame de Staël — Her remarks on "Germany," "Corinne," and the "Influence of Literature" — Her high opinion of the office of Teacher — Remarks on Rousseau's "Emile" — Visit to the "Garden of Plants" — Reflections — Dictionary of natural history — Her reading and study; a search after the true and the beautiful — Her hearty admiration of merit in others — An acute observer — She could have sketched lifelike a La Bruyère and a St. Simon — Her various qualifications for authorship — Causes suggested for her reticence — Forwardness of inferior minds to obtrude their crudities on the public — Her true position and the beautiful example she gives to her sex — Resembles Catherine Fanshawe — Miss Preble's own creed on this point — Her translation of "O'Neill, or the Rebel" — Julien's praises — A literary group described.

IF Miss Preble was an admirer of the grand, "*the colossal*," in the character of Napoleon, she was not less so of her who was almost his rival in the influence which she was fast acquiring, by the magic eloquence of her style and the warmth and vigor of her mind, over public opinion in Paris, if not throughout France. He who could brook no divided rule, whether as general, consul, or emperor, brought material force to settle the ethic—political questions on which he and the lady, Madame de Staël, were at issue — by banishing her at first from the capital, and afterwards from France. The lady, in her work,

“Ten Years of Exile,” manifested as little philosophic resignation as the fallen emperor himself when subsequently exiled in St. Helena. Your “*esprits forts*” are not remarkable for their patient endurance of adversity. It would seem, indeed, as if the strength of the virtues of patience and fortitude were exhausted in those who have most enlarged on their beauty and excellence. In their benevolent desire to arm others, they leave themselves unprotected and powerless. But if Madame de Staël was not a practical philosopher, she taught some of its precepts, threw a light over some of its mysteries, especially as related to the philosophy of the heart, with charming effect. It is more particularly under these aspects that Miss Preble yields to her the homage of admiration and respect. In doing this, however, she could not help feeling that she herself had congenial faculties and qualities with those of the great female writer of the early part of the nineteenth century; and that in a warmer local atmosphere and under a brighter sun, these would have produced fruits of superior flavor and excellence.

In the latter part of the year 1819, writing to her sister, she says: “I am reading at this present time Madame de Staël’s work on ‘Germany.’ So lively a pleasure do I experience on the occasion, that I am reminded of the words of Cowper—

‘And thought
The joy half lost because no sooner found.’

Besides the new ideas which it affords me on a literature which has been hitherto unknown to me, and which presents

such striking contrasts with our own, I enjoy a still greater pleasure than that of gratified curiosity in discovering in every page a thought, a sentiment in unison with my own, and embellished with a charm of language which is truly seductive. Hers is a mind at once acute, delicate, profound, and sensitive; subjecting to analysis all the great mysteries of the heart—Religion, Enthusiasm, and Love. This last word, it appears to me, is with her synonymous with a feeling of the beautiful, the poetical, and the infinite. Oh! these delightful meditations!"

Writing, three years afterwards, from Versailles, she tells her sister: "Louisa and I have just read 'Corinna' for the second time, and I am unable to express to you the pleasure which we enjoyed together over this fine production. The genius of Madame de Staël would seem to have exhausted all the combinations of feeling of which the heart is susceptible; so moving and truthful are her pictures of the most terrific of passions. Oh! what a painful look she forces us to cast over life, while portraying the love which flies from beauty, from genius, and still more, even from love itself! It only exists unchangeable and faithful in the reveries of a sensitive heart."

That Miss Preble was not given to indiscriminate praise of her favorite, we find proofs in her remarks on another work by the same pen. "I have lately read," she says, "the only production of Madame de Staël with which I was not familiar, and I have been no great loser by the delay. It is on the 'Influence of Literature on Social Relations.' Her leading idea is interesting, in which she shows the progressive improvement or perfectibility of man in every age

of the world, and then gives sketches of all the departments of literature. But never did she evince, it appears to me, less solidity of mind, or more of the subtle and conjectural. In fine, she never rests on *terra firma*; and in the midst of apparent prodigality, she furnishes no food for thought."

Miss Preble, in common with all well instructed and right-minded persons, had a high opinion of the office of teacher—little foreseeing when she made the following observations, that she would one day herself assume its delicate and responsible duties. In 1824 she writes: "I have just finished Madame Campan's work on education. I have been much affected by it; although she makes no appeal to one's sensibility. Her language is simple, almost stern. She says only what is necessary to be said, with point and even elegance; but I could not help thinking at every page of the happiness in *receiving* her wise precepts, in order to TRANSMIT them to others. I felt the dignity, the importance which a woman might give to her life by performing the noble task which the author points out, and all this overcame me in spite of myself."

Apropos of education, we are reminded of Rousseau and his "Emile," which Miss Preble in one of her letters, written in the period of these reminiscences, said she had reperused. Of the attractive character of this work and its author she speaks in the following terms: "When once your attention is fixed on it, there would seem to be no limits to its magical influence. One volume draws you on to a second, and this to a third, and so to the end. It will sound like a great paradox to say that Rousseau was the least paradoxical of writers, but this is my belief. Only he

surveyed nature so closely that I can conceive how people should take him to be a false reasoner. We may say of all mankind what an Athenian once said of his fellow-citizens of Athens—‘That if Truth were to appear among them she would be greatly surprised, for assuredly there is no people who, notwithstanding their wit, have travestied the poor lady in a more grotesque style.’ ‘Oh!’ replied Euclid, ‘she would quickly make her escape, for they would take her to be Error!’ I find this a most happy expression of a truth.”

The reader has been told, in a preceding page, of Miss Preble’s intention to engage in a systematic study of natural history and chemistry, and of her opinion of the benefits derived from a knowledge of these subjects. The initial idea was probably suggested by a visit to the “Garden of Plants,” a few years previously, and which she records in these terms:

“17th of June, 1820.—We spent three hours yesterday in the Museum of Natural History, with Dr. Bell, our young guide, who took a pleasure in enlightening us on the science. I may say that he has put me in the way of instructing myself on many subjects which had never before engaged my attention, and which I propose to study as opportunities offer. This quarter of the Garden of Plants pleases me much. Into what a train of meditation one is thrown in traversing these rooms, which contain such varied collections, and in looking at this *reticulation* of inanimate substances with beings scarcely endowed with the feeling of existence, rising by sensible gradations—which are those of order while appearing to be the result of caprice—up to

the last and fairest work of God. Why should we think ourselves degraded by this concatenation, when it is only a proof of the existence of the great Creator who has assigned us the first rank while saying to us: 'Admire all that I have made subordinate to your rule.'"

True to her purpose, the indefatigable student seems to have kept steadily in view this branch of knowledge; for we find her thus addressing her sister on the subject, in the year 1824:—"I have taken a great liking of late for the 'Dictionary of Natural History.' Without entering into details and minutiae, one may go through quite an instructive course, by reading the articles on general subjects, such as Minerals, Vegetables, Fossil substances, and the like. We then become possessed of the inward spring, the grand harmonies, and, at the present time, we appreciate above all things the exact sciences. Nature is subjected to analysis, and we must become acquainted with her. The rigor of investigation has yielded to that of reason, which insists on the positive, and we place little value on that which cannot be subjected to examination. History itself offers too much of the indefinite. 'It is only conventional fiction,' said Napoleon; and in our nineteenth century, in spite of the *obscurantism** with which we are threatened, people will not live on fiction."

The reader need hardly be told by this time that Miss Preble was not induced to engage in, and continue, the extensive course of reading and study of which notice has

* A term used at this period in France to designate an intellectual overshadowing or state of darkness which the court and priesthood and ultra-royalists were accused of being desirous to bring about, by suppressing free inquiry and liberal and scientific studies.

been taken in those pages, by any other consideration than the pleasure she derived from a search after the true and the beautiful in both nature and art, and the expansion which her mind underwent in consequence. Hers was not the pedantic spirit which prompts to the accumulation of literary treasures irrespective of any real enjoyment in their use or application; nor the small vanity which looks to mere display, as a silly woman would of her jewels, caring nothing for their intrinsic value and dazzling refulgence, but only thinking of the impression which the sight of them will produce on others less favored by fortune or less ostentatious of exhibiting their wealth.

“The sole object of my reading,” she used to say, “is to enlarge my mind, or, in stronger language still, to ameliorate my being. Reading on the most diversified subjects contributes to this end, if one knows how to gather suitable fruit from it. How the imagination expands, how the intellect is elevated by the contemplation of a noble idea or of a great action! Poetry exerts the most sublime influence over our faculties. I persuade myself that I have gained a good deal at the end of the day if I have been struck with a new idea in morals. It then only remains for me to make it germinate in my heart.”

A prominent trait in the character of Miss Preble was her hearty admiration for the good qualities and attainments of her friends, in forgetfulness of her own, at times, superior claims. Knowing the excellence of her judgment and her entire truthfulness, both intellectually and morally, one could not refrain from adopting her favorable opinions, and consequently esteeming those whom she esteemed.

Her praises of the peculiar merits of another were never introduced as a text, for the listening friend, from which to dilate upon her own; still less would she, as we sometimes see persons do, invite comparisons to her own advantage. It was delightful to witness the affectionate and admiring expression evinced in her countenance and voice when reading successive passages of the last letter received from her sister in Pittsburgh, as if she herself had no talent for epistolary composition, and was proud of its being possessed by at least one member of her family. Those pen-and-ink sketches of new scenes and new faces would have interested the most indifferent, marked as they were by both talent and good nature. The free touch ever stopping short of exaggerated outline or disparaging colors. A staid grand-mamma, at the present time, would smile, perhaps not without a sigh, at the *Di Vernon* character in which she was pictured at the period when those letters were written.

Great injustice would be done to Miss Preble if she were regarded as a lady remarkable for her attainments alone. Her learning was a garb worn only on suitable and yet rare occasions, which set off to advantage without encumbering the intellectual faculties. She was an acute observer, and soon obtained a clear insight into the character of those whom she had known for even a short period; sketching, when required, their mental lineaments with the firm hand of a *La Bruyère* himself. She would give us the life-like portraits of *St. Simon*, while avoiding the exaggerated features and almost over-dark shading of the author of the *Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.*, and the Regency.

In the endowments of abundant knowledge, critical

judgment, patience in research and analysis, united to a lively appreciation of all that was beautiful and noble in sentiment and action, and an entire command of language, Miss Preble possessed every needful qualification, for original composition in the highest walks of literature. As an essayist, blending the moral with the critical and descriptive, she might have acquired, had she so chosen, a lasting reputation in the republic of letters. As a regular contributor, she would have insured the success of any properly conducted magazine; and its editor might pay her the well merited compliment, without the pun, which Benjamin Constant, when presiding over the political literary periodical, "*La Minerva*," addressed to the daughter of M. Jouy, one of its chief coadjutors, who is better known to American and English readers as the author of the "Hermit of the *Chaussée d' Antin*," or the "Hermit of Paris:" "You are," said M. Constant to Mademoiselle J., "the Minerva of my Minerva."

Some explanation may be offered for Miss Preble's declining to occupy a niche in the temple of fame, in the circumstance of her delicate health, which would not, without drawing on her many infirmities, have allowed of the seclusion and confinement to the desk, and the continuous labor, or, at any rate, the oft repeated strain, required in the higher efforts of composition. Perhaps a share of her reserve was attributable to her well known modesty, blended with proper pride, which would render her fearful of being confounded with the crowd of literary pretenders, if she failed to take at once her place with the more select few. She may also have been afraid of being exposed to

the asperity of criticism which does not always exhibit an intimate knowledge of the subject discussed, nor atone for indulgence in one extreme by occasionally passing to its opposite, of indiscriminate eulogy of the work and adulation of its author.

We cannot help regretting the more that Miss Preble should have, in a great measure, concealed her mental treasures, when we see so many persons, of both sexes, who are quite content to trade on an exceedingly limited capital, and to peddle, with no little self-complacency, their small literary wares, as if their paste were real diamonds, and their current coin anything better than cracked bell-metal, marked with grotesque effigies. Taking another view of the question, it may, with much reason, be alleged, that the tasteful reserve thus manifested by one of undoubted resources, is an instructive example of economy to those of smaller means, which can ill afford an expenditure of brain work, that exhausts them without making others any richer. With more patient learners, the world would have fewer, but, at the same time, abler teachers, and be saved from an alarming flood of spurious sentiment and false philosophy, from proclamations of rights in ignorance of duties, and from the clamor for reform without a study of the abuses to be reformed. . . . How few are content with the calm pursuits of literature for the pleasures of the guest, and the gratification and nurture of their own mental faculties. On the contrary, how many, without waiting to measure their progress by established standards, but assuming their recent partial acquisitions to be to others as to themselves, mount the rostrum as teachers and

expositors of the most recondite questions, of which, in fact, they have not mastered the elementary principles. Others, again, (and they constitute a large and, unhappily for society, an increasing class,) unable, through want of capacity, or unwillingness, through indolence, to obtain a correct knowledge of the wisdom and experience of the past, endeavor to find compensation for their deficiencies by indulging in all kinds of absurd speculations respecting the future, as if the world were in its infancy and they the chosen prophets and lawgivers to foretell and guide its future destinies. On a crowded limb of vanity like this, Miss Preble would look with a pitying eye, but she would never, for a moment, think of wearing the garb, or adopting the badge, of motley.

The position which she actually occupied, is worthy of being widely imitated by her own sex, and in an especial manner by those who are eager to elevate it and to extend its influences and prerogatives. We readily defer to power which is neither obtrusive nor threatening, and men are ever the most inclined to yield the homage of their admiration to retiring beauty, and their deepest respect to wisdom in the garb of modesty, as they are, almost instinctively, to withhold both when attempts are made to extort them by clamor, vehement gesture and boldness of assertion. The opinion of Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," on the choice made by Catherine Fanshawe, is so applicable to Miss Preble, and the hearty praise given to the one is so well merited by the other, that we feel as if we were only discharging our duty by repeating, in this place, the words of that author :

“It has always seemed to me that one of the happiest positions—let me say the *very* happiest position—that a woman of great talent can occupy in our high civilization, is that of living a beloved and distinguished member of the best literary society ; enjoying, listening, admiring ; repaying all that she receives by a keen and willing sympathy ; cultivating, in perfection, the social faculty, but abstaining from the wider field of authorship, even while she throws out, here and there, such choice and chosen bits as prove that nothing but disinclination to enter the arena, debars her from winning the prize. How much better to belong to that portion of the audience which gives fame to the actor—that class of readers to whom the author looks for reputation—than to figure as actor or author himself ! Besides, the infinite wisdom of resting in such a position, seated midway on the hill of fame enjoying all the beauties of the prospect, and shielded from the storms of the summit, and the perils of the steep and rocky way ; besides its security, its happiness, and its wisdom, such a choice has always appeared to me indicative of the very finest qualities, mental and moral ; feminine, modest, genuine, pure. I look up to a woman, who, with powers to command the most brilliant literary success, contents herself with a warm and unenvying sympathy in the success of others—with a mixture of reverence and admiration greater than I can accord to mere genius, however high. Rare are such women, beyond all rareness ; but that they do exist, my friend, Miss Goldsmid, is a living instance ; and that there was one such, most eminent, in the last generation, was felt by all who had the happiness, and the privilege, of

knowing Catherine Fanshawe." To these two names, Miss Mitford would, we are sure, with a knowledge of the individuals, have cheerfully added those of Harriet Preble and, if we mistake not, of her friend, Louisa Barbier de Neuville. They, especially Miss Preble, were associated with as large and brilliant a circle in Paris, as it was the good fortune of Miss Fanshawe to be in London; but in many essential particulars, there was a strong resemblance between the two ladies. Of the English woman, Miss Mitford says: "Besides her remarkable talents, her graceful and polished pleasantry, whether in prose or verse, Miss Catherine Fanshawe was admirable as a letter writer, as a reader of Shakspeare, and as a designer in almost every style." Music, in the case of Miss Preble, supplied the place of original poetry in Miss Fanshawe. In the following extract, still on the same theme, by the same pen, the writer of the reminiscences cannot but note, still farther, the points of resemblance.

"Of course, the secret of this variety, and of this excellence, lay in her power and her habit of observation. 'She saw everything,' says that excellent friend of hers and of mine, to whom I owe the account of her drawings; 'she saw everything—the *whole of it*,' and was only restrained from turning it into the most finished comedy by the feelings of a gentlewoman and a Christian, (how nearly these words are synonymous!) which prevented her from running the risk of giving a moment's pain to any human being. I have a theory, that the very highest talent commonly keeps good company, and no better illustration of its truth could

be found than this admirable person, whose Christian graces were quite on a par with her mental endowments."

We have anticipated, by giving our commentaries on the probable reasons for Miss Preble's declining to become a regular author, before we presented her own creed on the subject. That was given on the occasion of her first literary contribution, which appeared in a periodical, in Paris, in form of an article called "French Pretensions." It was in reply to one, in which stricture had been indulged in, on French literature and science. A friend brought her word of its having been sent to the press, adding, in English, "It was read in our committee, and declared to be extremely well written; it was thought better than the attack, and it has the full approbation of the editor." On this Miss Preble remarked, in the same language: "Here was enough to make me blush deeply, but I do not think I did. A few pages written in favor of a nation I love, do not deserve much praise, for they did not require much talent. But, indeed, the present age is too easily pleased. The press is inundated by people who think it is sufficient to be well informed, and have a fluent pen, to be able to give information in their turn." Resuming her favorite French—we again become translators—when she continues: "For my own part, when I become elated by my silly vanity, I call to mind the saying of Voltaire, 'One ought to write something, both *new* and *true*—this is the only excuse for sending out a book.' What a number of pens this sentence would doom to inaction. He also remarks, in another place, 'The *more* enlightened the age becomes, the *less* ought we to write.' In fact, with the lights which we

possess at present, it is too easy to write something in a style of mediocrity, and too difficult to create anything of a superior nature, all the routes having been explored. Mr. G. told me yesterday : ‘ You have a talent that you ought not to neglect.’ I was flattered by the remark, and I will some time make use of it to amuse my leisure hours and enliven my solitude, but without any other intention. There is still *one* field in which we may gather some flowers, it is that of imagination, that ornament of life, but, even here, it is not easy to avoid imitation.”

The nearest approach to authorship, associated with publication, made by Miss Preble, was in a French translation of Bulwer’s poem, “ O’Neill, or the Rebel.” Although rendered in prose, the poetical spirit and imagery are admirably preserved, the lines having all the smooth flow, and harmonious cadence of rythm itself. By a good reader, they might easily be repeated so as to impress the ear with the semblance and the effect of the metre of blank verse. The translator has given a well written introduction, in which she describes the anomalous condition in which Ireland had been placed, from the reign of Henry II. to that of its union with England.

Our readers will be gratified, we know, by her account of the manner in which her translation was received in the little circle in which she read it, before its publication, and of the opinions of some of her friends, and the then Aristarchus of female literature, M. Julien, editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. Writing to her sister, from Versailles, where she and her mother then resided, she says, (Nov. 23d, 1827) : “ I have made two very delightful trips to

Paris, within ten days. I went there in order to correct my poem, 'The Rebel,' with the aid of Mr. Froussard, a friend of Malsy, who volunteers to bring me out in the literary world. He has been so very kind, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, as to compare the translation with the original, line for line. As I believe, that you wish, above all, to have the *guaranty* of my success, I will, waiving all modesty, give you his opinion. His first words were these: 'I have read many translations, both from ancient and modern languages, and never did I meet with one more faithful, and more elegant, than yours. Madame Belloc has not done better. Bear in mind that I am a mountaineer, and a republican, and that I say only what I think.' And, in truth, if you had seen his frank and open countenance, full, as it was, of animation and feeling, you would say that it was very difficult to doubt his sincerity. We had heard of each other for a long time, so that we soon became intimate. The mornings were given to study, and Malsy and I were even as happy as two queens."

"On the following day I breakfasted with Madame H., and *Jacquot*, her parrot! She took me to M. Julien's, who asked for a day on which I could read my translation. Madame H. arranged it for Saturday last, so that we should have an evening in the fashion of Madame Geoffriu. Louis and Malsy accompanied me. Picture to yourself the small saloon of *Victoire*—a round table before the piano—the glass of *sweetened water*, which you know is *indispensable*—the lamp—and your sister in an arm-chair, with manuscript in hand, surrounded by M. Julien and his son—Mrs. Wheeler, (the mother-in-law of Mr. L. Bulwer, a handsome

and noble-looking English-woman,) her niece, also English ; Madame Kreutza, another very literary lady, and young Massard. This was my auditory. I was at first a good deal embarrassed, but soon gained confidence by the favorable opinions expressed by the company ; and never was success more complete. Madame H. told me that she had not slept any the night before, which is a proof of her regard for me and her goodness—for the thing had little effect on myself. The first few minutes of agitation over, I felt as if I were contributing to another's triumph ; and this had to me such an air of comedy about it that I dare not look at Malsy for fear of laughing outright. Those kind souls were delighted. I feared greatly, I must own, the criticisms of M. Julien, *the man of three adjectives*, as Achille called him. He is so much a man of method, and so little poetical, that I had expected to be stopped at every sentence ; but, so far from this, his remarks were few and his encouragement of the most flattering value. He told Madame H. that I wrote like an angel ! and he soon lost the patronizing air which he had hitherto displayed towards me. Mrs. Wheeler said the most flattering things, and assured me that Mr. Bulwer would be too happy to confide for the future his works to so skilful a pen. This assurance is what I most desired ; for, if his genius maintains its elevation, it will be a good mine to explore. Every one is struck with the wonderful resemblance between the 'Rebel' and the works of Lord Byron—sentiments of tenderness, forcible and profound thoughts, abound ; and his heart is not so steeped in misanthropy. Here is a fine episode in my life. I wish I could be prouder of it ; but what I *am able* to do seems

to me to be so easy that I am bewildered with their praises."

In this little sketch the writer shows a readiness in describing persons and things by which the whole scene, with its accessories, is placed before us, and we feel how easy it would have been for her if she had yielded to her sense of the ludicrous to have made, at any time, an amusing comedy by the introduction of fictitious characters, or to have diversified grave narrative and description by delicate touches of humor. In the present instance, we see evidently that while her own modesty and proper pride—quite a common union, by the way—would have made her reject or decline to repeat the following remarks on her performance, she yielded to the stronger feeling of sisterly love in communicating details, which she knew would gladden her dear sister's heart, which always beat responsive to her own. Some persons may object to so much importance being attached to a translation; but they forget that there are fewer good translators than there are authors, and that to perform this seemingly humble task in conformity with the right standard, required not only an intimate acquaintance with the idioms of the two languages, but still more, a thorough knowledge of the subject of the original work and an ability to enter into the spirit of the author, or, at least, to wear his colors easily and gracefully. Miss Preble possessed all these requirements, and hence her entire success in the task which she had imposed on herself.

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Preble's letters to her sister — The story of Napers — Political gossip — Fêtes — Visit to Morte Fontaine, once the residence of Joseph Bonaparte — Description of the chateau and grounds — How the day was divided — Solitude invites to become author — Reference to the death of Napoleon — Reflections on her birthday — Miss P. and her mother at Versailles — Notice of the Great Park — Natural Religion almost hymned — Her diversified occupations and literary resources — Evening in the Park — Military music and listening groups — Jouy's tragedy of Sylla — Talma, his resemblance to Napoleon — Letters from Lafayette and Mr. Prescott.

AFTER reading the "Reminiscences," by Dr. Bell, who has done such justice to the genius and acquirements of Miss Preble, in a manner so interesting, the reader is invited to return to the course of the narrative of her life. The rich and varied colors which these reminiscences throw on the character of the subject of this memoir, will give an interest and zest to the rest of it in a degree far beyond anything original by its author, independent of the writings of Miss Preble herself.

"February, 1821.

"We dined yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. H——, to celebrate the anniversary of dear little Maria's birthday; she was as sweet as a little angel—she sings, she talks, she says her prayers, and tells little stories with inimitable grace.

‘I am *two* years old,’ said she to every one by turns; and meanwhile taking hold of her two little ears with both hands—which proves, better than all the philosophers have endeavored to show, whether we have any *innate ideas* about time and its duration.

* * * * *

“Have you heard the story of Napers, that wonderful man who was so distressed because he inherited four hundred thousand pounds sterling, of a cousin who died in the West Indies. He was living on Lake Champlain, on the Island of *Hero*, upon a hundred pounds a year, and when he received the message, he said, ‘he was sorry for the disturbance.’ He went to New York, quite at his leisure, to receive the papers. He said he would not be encumbered with the real estate, which he begged Mr. D—— to accept. It amounted to £200,000. After securing to him a hundred pounds a year, his banker asked him what sum he would draw for immediately, upon which he took five hundred dollars only, and returned, so the story goes, to his cottage, to his old woman, and to his cows. The hero of Island Hero has not yet quitted the spot, where it would seem as if happiness had taken refuge, so as to be independent of fortune—a rare fact, and one to be noted in the annals of the world.

* * * * *

“I have some political views for you, that must, after all, find a place. Do you know that they wanted to *blow up* our good king! and there was actually a *whole* discharge

of five pounds of powder near his cabinet. They say this is a trick of the ultras, in order to have a few more liberals scolded or imprisoned. Conspirators are ever *invisible* in our days. The king caused the Duke d'Angoulême to be certified that he was not the one who caused the keg to be fired—he foresaw that people might think so. Do you not think that all this rather resembles the frolic of cat and mouse? one has a great mind to jump upon the other. The Liberals, and that is to say the nation, stand *for mousy*, and what they are watching, and want to take from her, is her slender portion of *liberty*. I must stop, for I have said enough to *hang me!*”

“*March, 1821.*

“You are not aware, perhaps, that we have just passed through three extra-splendid *fêtes*, in honor of the Duc de Bordeaux, during which all Paris turned out, I believe, excepting ourselves. But I may still be able to give you an idea of the generosity and munificence of our good king, by a recapitulation of the diversions. First day, then—a grand review of 25,000 men! He went in *propria persona* to the Champ de Mars, and passed the review in the most warlike manner possible, comfortably seated in an open carriage, and attended by the duchesses. Edward says, ‘that he looked like a perfect chaos.’ Second day—the christening cortege, illumination, and fire-works. Third day—a distribution of provisions and sweetmeats throughout the Champs Elysées, and a second display of fireworks, theatrical plays of all kinds, and a ball for the blacksmiths, carpenters, and joiners, and the ladies of the Hall, on the

fourth day. All this was for 'Henry, Le Dieu donné !' The quays were lined with tripods, to light their majesties on coming out of the Bal de la Ville—of course, everything there was genuine gold and silver. Our friends, the Messieurs, were *four hours* getting there, and they live at ten steps' distance from the Hotel de Ville."

"MORTE FONTAINE, *June 18, 1821.*

"I have been here for several days, dear sister, in this beautiful retreat, so *loved* of Joseph Bonaparte, and where his two charming nieces, Madame Tascher and Amable Clary, our former school mates at Madame Campan's, received me with a kindness and affection that have deeply touched me. They are still *school girls* at heart, and grandeur has not changed them—a very rare occurrence in this world ! They are almost worshipped here by all the old servants, many of whom have remained in this old chateau, so full of remembrances, and so *old*, it seems only not to fall. Madame Tascher, is one of the most agreeable women I have ever met with ; she has mind, feeling, and grace, and a frankness that, joined to the most elegant manners, give her an *abandon* which is quite fascinating. The great beauty, Madame Paulin, her husband, Amable, and her cousin Etliane, and General L. J., are the charming visitors that give life to this ruinous and pillaged chateau. But here it is the hand of man that has wrought the change that time causes elsewhere. The large hall seems to be crumbling, the windows are everywhere broken ; you meet, at every step, with the traces of the sword and firebrand, and, with

the exception of a few rooms, that Madame Tascher has had repaired in the best way she could, one would think they were in a mansion that had been deserted for more than a century. I never could tell you with what emotions I wandered through those immense apartments, and that fine library, nearly empty, but of which the whole appearance breathes of calmness, and meditation, and peace, as if still the abode of study. We have enjoyed those sweet pleasures together, dear sister ; and that immense table, those chairs ranged all around, as if awaiting their studious occupants, recalled forcibly to memory a narrower sphere it is true, but very similar—all the *past* and its emotions fell heavily on my heart. The inside of the theatre remains perfect, and this monument of past revelries, in the midst of this wreck, has a singular effect. As we passed through the different apartments, Marcella gave me the most interesting account of the life that they used to lead *here* ; the contrast, so striking to the imagination, almost made one a believer in fairy legends, in which pleasures came and departed by the magic of the wand ; and I can easily excuse and understand Amable for being a prey to melancholy when she comes here. How is it possible to dream over *such a dream* with calmness and indifference ? It ought to be that the one generation retraces the history of the generation that precedes it ; but to be at once the *actor* and the *historian* is too much. If you want to know the order of the day, here it is :—Every one breakfasts in their own room, with tea, or coffee, or milk, as they may prefer ; from twelve to one there is a *déjeuner à la fourchette* taken in common, and then we all set off on an expedition

that lasts six or seven hours. But it is true that we often go by water, and then we take long rests, in many enchanting spots, that one feels loth to leave. My friends were quite impatient to enjoy my surprise at the entrance of the Grand Park. The most delightful and smiling prospect is unfolded quite unexpectedly before your eyes, and there is here a moment's enchantment that is often renewed as you proceed. Just imagine my delight to sail from lake to lake, now keeping near the shore which is edged by the most magnificent trees, or fine meadows—to discover on a height a tower in the midst of a pine wood—to have on both sides the most lovely islets, that seem to appear and disappear, ever changing their aspect, now clustering, now dividing, so as to make the landscape an ever varying scene. The richest ferns, the eglantines, and flowers of a thousand hues, seem to be resting at the foot of those fine trees, and to fringe these lovely shores, so as to add to their beauty, while mirrored in the waters below, the sun meanwhile reflecting the whole scene with its magical changes. And can you not easily believe, dear sister, that it seemed in the midst of such beauties, as if my heart overflowed with love and admiration. All the pleasures that I so often owed to my favorite poets seem to rush to memory, and to find a reality. Such scenes ought to be visited at various hours—in the silence of night—at the rising of the sun—and at the decline of day; and then, and there, one ought to enjoy them with those we hold dearest in this world! For the first time in my life, I have enjoyed the long wished for pleasure of climbing rocks, and I never could tell you how romantic these are. We pass gradually from the

mosses to the ferns—then to a fine sand, as white as snow, and that fills all the crevices of the rocks; when you reach the top, the most magnificent and varied prospect is spread before you, and as far as the eye can reach, all belongs to the domain of Morte Fontaine. There spreads a lake of a hundred acres—here a small hamlet—the most glorious woods—an ever undulating country, and from the midst of this rich verdure arise those rocky mountains, those piles of white sand, that make us admire the endless variety of the beauties of nature. On the top of ‘La Roche Pauvre,’ is a tower nearly in ruins, that overlooks the whole country. You may imagine how many dreamy hours one might spend here, when on all sides is spread the most enchanting landscape and some lovely spots, which one cannot help selecting as the abode of peace and happiness. After a day of such rare treats, our pleasures are far from being exhausted. Marcella promises for each day, some new enjoyment—no difficult matter in a domain of nearly twenty miles in extent; where nature has done so much, and art so well assisted her,—without its aid being detected, however, for it ought not to be, in the midst of rural scenes. King Joseph Napoleon had the most exquisite taste, and he was a passionate admirer of this place.

* * * * *

“I think that should destiny place me in some deep solitude, I could not resist the temptation of turning author, and that writing would prove the most delightful of all resources. Motion seems to scatter my thoughts, but repose fixes them, and I could find in *sentiment* a theme that every

feeling and enthusiastic mind likes to believe inexhaustible. The human heart has been painted in many changes and colors. But in all ages it will offer some new secrets to explore, and some new shades to depict.

* * * * *

“That generous affection which makes us live for another, is what is most rare and most pure in this world. There is nothing really worthy of our admiration, but what is free from all selfishness.

“July 24th, 1821.

“I have just been reading some political pamphlets on the death of our great man, Napoleon. For my part, I am thankful to destiny for having thus abridged his sad and mournful captivity. Some say, that we may thank *man* for this—what do they say with you? Do they hint at *poison*? It would have been wonderful indeed, if it had not been thought of *here*. The French physician at St. Helena would not sign the paper that testified to a cancer. This seems to be the only ground for suspicions. But it is not sufficient. A few partisans have put on mourning. M. Barbier is in utter consternation. As for me, I exclaimed, with Madame Bertrand, ‘*Il seroit donc mort ainsi, un milieu de sa gloire!*’ (He would then have died thus, in the midst of his glory.) One sees everywhere engravings, pamphlets, and books in his praise. The police can do nothing to prevent it—they actually overflow.”

“September 26th, 1821.

“Your sister is twenty-six years old this day—my Anica! Sweet are those returning epochs. I think that they tell us that by a spontaneous effort, the remembrance of all those who truly love us, comes to seek us and to bless us. As for me, on this day, I take in one fold of my heart all those with whom I have contracted the *friendship of the soul*, and methinks they can hear me thanking them for all the happiness I owe, and still expect to owe, to them. The sky is pure and dazzling, and the air is filled with the balmy influence of a fine autumnal day, that inclines us to think over *the past*, and to seek for solitude, and to indulge in sweet reveries in the quiet woods or on the margin of the waters, where they are sometimes strewed with floating and wandering leaves, that go, like us, to meet a slow destruction, in that ocean, ‘*Où tout s’abyme sans retour.*’ Alas! dear sister! for me, no more woods, no more reveries! The city and its monotonous walks, are not very well calculated to strengthen or nourish thought, and thus my heart seldom follows me there. Formerly, when I used to steal away from the Chateau at sun-down, alone, or with Louisa, life was felt with an overpowering force by me. I worshipped God, at every step of my hurried walk, because amidst the silence of nature, he alone was heard—he alone spoke in the falling leaf, the trembling foliage, the dying notes of the sweet and sad vesper songs of the birds. I heard a voice that filled my heart with innocent and heavenly emotions—I saw the shadows lengthening on the extended lawns—the woods becoming gradually obscured—and whether the air happened to be soft and ca-

ressing, or the wind would mourn through the trees, and chase away the clouds—the aspect of that moment would always present new beauties to my eye. If I left the house *sad*, I returned cheered and comforted.”

It will be seen that Miss Preble and her mother had taken up their residence at Versailles.

“VERSAILLES, 19th February, 1822.

“We have been here, my sister, three days, and everything in our retreat corresponds so exactly to the dream of my childhood, that I feel as if I had been established here for centuries. There are places, as there are countenances, which are familiar to us at once, because they assimilate with our tastes, and this certainly constitutes a part of the comfort of life. In spite of this, if I were not fond of study, I know not what would become of me, for we shall be very lonely. But by devoting several hours to reading, and several hours to drawing, part of the day will be filled up. I now feel what value the resource of drawing will be to me, for my poor head is not strong enough to admit of my reading incessantly. By the bye, I must tell you that I mean to profit by my present leisure, to become quite an adept in *working*. If circumstances should make me one day an inmate of your cottage, I think the accomplishment may become a useful one. This morning a superb sun tempted us to visit the Grand Park. We are in ecstasy over the *grandeur* of the plans, the magnificence of the execution. Everything that is noble exerts a power over the mind, of whatever kind it be; and I assure you that when these places are not visited with the haste of a traveller,

they possess a majesty and a solemnity that gratify the senses. *Art* has her perfections as well as Nature, and Versailles is one of her *chef d'œuvres*."

"VERSAILLES, 21st March, 1822.

"How I love this life, at once active and calm. How far was I from anticipating all the charm our retreat would have for me. Were it not, my sister, for the cruel fate that separates me from you, how little should I have to desire! There are blessings that I might ask of Providence, if I aspired after perfect happiness; but I know only too well that they belong to the realm of dreams. But your absence, sister, is a *real, positive* evil, which I would give everything in the world to remove. Believe me, it is the shade in the picture, the sorrow that mingles in all my enjoyments. I should live absorbed in the sweetness of the present moment, were it not for the necessity of seeing you again, and of embracing your dear children. If you would know wherein my pleasures consist, I must describe to you a constant succession of delightful occupations, so varied that the day always seems to me too short to go through them all. This makes me live for the morrow. I rise in the morning with projects, with wishes, and this is enough to give an impetus to life. I have many favorite authors, who would like to engross all my time, and with whom I could hold endless conversations. But some hours must be devoted to drawing, because it is a charming talent, that often comes to the aid of memory, and memory pertains to the dominion of the heart, which we always love to enrich.

My pen, my dear pen, too, is it not all engrossing? Does it not make me forget the flight of time? whether I am writing to my Anica, or giving myself up, *incognita*, to all the fine inspirations of my brain. Sometimes a fever of ideas seizes me, and it *does me good* to let them flow; it renders them more vivid and distinct—it is a resource that comes to help our weakness. But how much more do I covet that *beautiful gift of language*, which animates and vivifies the existence of those whom we love, and which meets at once with its delightful reward in the answering look of love, causing, as Buffon has it, the scintillations of

‘The light of thought and the warmth of sentiment.’

But to each are given their feeble talents, and if ever I make proselytes, it will be through the medium of my pen. Under the head of *pen* come also all those copies of verses and of thoughts, historical and philosophical notes; it is a pleasure scattered here and there, but which is not without its value. Music also engages me a little; in the twilight I sit down to the piano, and beguile the hour which seems the most appropriate for yielding to the sweet emotions which music inspires. The evening must be given to needle-work, and as but little can be done in two or three hours, every day must have its task in order to accomplish anything. We breakfast at ten, dine at half-past four, and retire at nine. In the course of the morning we take a walk or a drive; you must not imagine it is such as one takes in the midst of an immense crowd. But in these days of retirement there is nothing more peaceful and delightful. It is a magnificent solitude, in which the mind

revels in a thousand reveries ; an enchanted garden, a fairy palace, where one is delighted in turn by the wonders of art, and the simplicity of nature ; for here, as elsewhere, we meet with the charms of verdure, flowers, shade, fresh lawns, and the melody of all the songsters of the air. We congratulate ourselves every day more and more on our choice of a retreat, where my mother adorns everything by her spirit of order, and her correct taste.”

“VERSAILLES, 21st *April*, 1822.

“When my mother and I wander in this beautiful Park of Versailles, we nearly always direct our steps towards the ‘Pond of the Cross,’ or the Canal, as it is also called. Woods skirt it on either side, and the alleys in these woods are all carpeted with verdure. Nothing can be fresher and more lovely ! The canal is so long that I have not yet reached the end of it. The day was declining, the air was calm, the dark reflections of the woods formed superb contrasts of light and shade on these peaceful waters, whose shores were lost to sight in the mysterious dimness ; all was wrapt in an enchanting vagueness. We seated ourselves on the water’s brink, to listen to all the evening sounds of the country, which seem to redouble for an instant before they are hushed in silence. The movement of the birds, as they crossed each other in their flight, showed that each was regaining its nest. The wild cry of the pheasant and of the partridge, contrasted with the notes so sweet and clear of the thrush, the linnet, and the nightingale, that great magician of the woods. From time to time a fish,

raising itself in the air and falling back with a gentle splash agitated the deathlike stillness of the water. All was sweet, calm, entrancing, and in the rapture with which this scene inspired me, I said to myself, 'How little is needed to complete the happiness of an innocent heart! But take away peace of mind, and the whole harmony of the picture is gone.'

"What a series of changes there are in the human heart from infancy to death."

"15th June 1822.

"I have often intended to ask you, how it is you have never described to me a storm in your country, where they are said to be so terrible. For my part, *I love them*. They are to me the source of the most lively emotions. They inspire me with pity for mankind, whom they threaten, and with an exalted idea of that Providence which always brings order out of the confusion of the elements. What perfect equilibrium exists in these laws by which matter is governed!

"Yesterday morning, Louis was reading to us in the library, the description of the Falls of the Oronoco, by Humboldt. The rain was falling in torrents, and through that silvery veil, my imagination sought those brilliant scenes, which, by his rich coloring, seemed to pass before my eyes. I was in a land of magic and enchantment."

"He will not admit that *existence* is a *gift* which necessarily claims the tribute of our gratitude. Oh! I shall always maintain that it is a *glorious gift*, in spite of all that can be said of life; and that it is impossible not to love those from

whom it is derived. We are not making a proper use of our reason when we do not recognize all its value. How many sweet emotions, how many pure enjoyments, counter-balance the ills that accompany existence !”

“ *August 8th, 1822.*

“ It is only at Versailles, that one can enjoy, every week, a delightful concert in the open air. I think of you, my sister, all the time that this delicious military music lasts. It would please you so much. I have already told you where it takes place ; there is an amphitheatre of variegated columns, between which are basins, throwing up jets on the days when the waters play ; in the centre is the band of musicians, and the children play and run about in the space between them and the gay society of Versailles, who seat themselves in a circle at the foot of the columns. I never saw a prettier sight. This scene possesses a charm for me that is very great. While the music lulls my senses, I lift my eyes to the heavens, which form, as it were, a dome to this enclosure, and I feel that it is really a gift from heaven, the pleasure that is yielded to us by harmony. Man ennobled himself when he discovered it, for it was beyond the sphere of his actual wants. Fine trees and rich foliage form a kind of curtain behind this colonnade. When the music ceases for an instant, all those pretty children resume their sports. They are there of all ages, and when I see a little face very modest in its expression, a pretty figure very carefully dressed, my eyes follow the sweet little creature, and if my heart cannot metamorphose her,

it longs to do so : I wish I could press your hand in mine, and say, 'Look at our little loves.' "

" July 27th, 1822.

" Yesterday, we went to the Theatre Français, to see a tragedy which has a great run in Paris. It is Sylla, by M. de Jouy. It is truly a fine and superb composition ; it is the *chef d'œuvre* of modern times. Talma, who had enjoyed more than one opportunity to study the demeanor and bearing of a hero and a tyrant, had so well succeeded, that truly he chills the soul with terror by his natural and composed ferocity. It is full of deep and sublime thoughts. The last act is in the English style—the abdication is the denouement, and very fortunately, is not sanguinary ; for one seems to have seen the axes of the lictors suspended over all their heads, during the whole piece. The abdication takes place in the Forum, in the midst of the Roman people.

* " J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans crainte."

There is throughout this scene a magnificent pomp. There is true genius in this use of history. The scene of "the dream" is very bold and very remarkable. Silence reigns in the palace. Not the slightest sound is heard among the audience. Sylla sleeps. A troubled conscience causes him to see a thousand swords drawn against him. Talma dreams in truly a tragic manner. One could imagine that M. de Jouy is giving this great actor a new character, endowing him also with new power to show forth his sublime talent. One cannot refrain from remarking in this charac-

ter, how striking is his resemblance to the '*illustrious and unhappy exile!*' "

During the greater part of the period, from the departure of her sister from France, and the removal of Mrs. and Miss Preble to the United States, which extended from 1817 to 1830, Miss Preble enjoyed the social and literary pleasures alternately of the capital and the beautiful Draveil. We have just read with pleasure, Miss Preble's graphic account of the occurrences of her life during the earlier part, particularly, of the period spoken of. Among the many pleasing incidents of Miss Preble's sojourn in France, during the period mentioned, her correspondence with distinguished persons often brought her letters of great interest from them. Of these, we shall introduce here, one from the great and good General La Fayette, giving a very pleasing account of his public and private life; and one from Mr. Prescott, the American historian, with whom she had formed an intimate friendship in France, and who was one of those "young Americans" whose future fame she early predicted.

LETTER FROM GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

"LA GRANGE, *May 7th*, 1823.

"I have a right to complain of your silence, my dear friend,—nor am I under obligations to you for the little intelligence I have obtained, respecting a friend who cannot question my tender concern on her behalf.

“My political situation in France, has changed from the almost solitary, and, of course, ineffectual opposition to imperial despotism, which you have witnessed, to a better supported contest against the counter-revolutionary encroachments of an unwelcome restoration. This is a European quarrel between right and privilege. The success of our cause I hope to be ensured. What intermediary *causes* may befall things and men, is not quite so clear. But a definite triumph of liberty is the main point.

“Whenever public duties allow me to inhabit La Grange, I lead the same life, follow the same pursuits, and am surrounded by the same family as in your times. My eldest grand-daughter is going, for the second time, to make me a *great-grandfather*. She lives with her husband, either in Flanders or Paris. I have still eight unmarried grand-daughters and three grandsons. They all, grown up or small, prefer this place and our family retirement to the pleasures of the city; so that here I am very comfortable—but much less pleased with general affairs and personal public avocations. The Spanish war is almost universally deprecated, and by none more detested than by me. Mr. Gallatin and family are going to the United States. I wish I might accompany them. Let me hear from you, my dear friend, and think sometimes of my affectionate attachment.

LA FAYETTE.”

“Boston, *August 25th*, 1823.

“You will be somewhat surprised, my dear Miss Preble, to see a name at the bottom of this letter which, if you have not wholly forgotten, you can recall only through the vista

of half a dozen years ; you will hardly, however, be more surprised than I am myself, for, with the exception of an anniversary epistle to your Prince Incog, who passed, together with me, so many pleasant days in your society at Paris, I have not written more than two or three times since my return to America. One of these letters, I must do myself the justice to say, was to Mr. Parker, but which, as I received no answer to it, I think must have miscarried. Indolent as I may be, however, I would not pass a whole summer so near to your sister, as I have had the good fortune to pass this, and not give you some account of it, knowing how intimately your happiness is connected with hers. In writing to you I feel much the same sort of pleasure that I experience in laughing and talking with her ; the retrospect of six years does not in the least diminish the vividness of the scene, and Draveil, and the pleasant hours I passed there, come before my eye as fresh as if it were a thing of yesterday. The recollections of those good times have, indeed, never faded in my mind ; one forgets palaces and ruins, antiquities and novelties, with which he has been surfeited, but the few friends he has met with, the traveller cannot so easily forget, and when he has returned to his own fireside, the places which these friends have made dear to him, will appear to him the only bright spots in his pilgrimage. At least, so it is with me, and I think of Draveil a hundred times where I think of Rome once. It was extremely good fortune for me to have passed this summer so near to your sister ; I am staying with my mother-in-law—for you must know that I am a grave married man of some three years standing—in a cottage at the foot of Mr. N. Amory's

country house, a *château*, as you would call it in France;—indeed the cottage belongs to Mr. A., who happens to be my wife's uncle.

“Your sister looks charmingly, that is to say, just as she did at Draveil, a little thinner only; her spirits are excellent, with a little touch of melancholy when Draveil is brought upon the carpet, and this, I must confess, has been pretty frequent, for we have laughed over all the same jokes, danced by the same tunes, and talked over all our manifold adventures at Draveil, Paris, and Versailles; what has given me the greatest pleasure is the intimacy between her and my wife, who have passed more or less of each day together. The two families mix together at all hours, and I have chaperoned your sister, through the little wood that separates us, as late as midnight, (ghosts and goblins notwithstanding,) and more than once at a still more remarkable hour for a lady—at sunrise. The other morning I found her sitting under some old trees on the highest part of the grounds, bravely facing the rising sun, (and I had much rather face the blackest goblins of darkness, to which, you will recollect, I used to be partial,) and sketching the landscape before her. The country around is delicious, and the prospect is as extensive as it is beautiful, and worthy of her best efforts. By the bye, I must acknowledge my obligations to you for your charming sketch of Draveil, and for several other of your drawings which were not meant, indeed, for my eye, but which I have had the good fortune to see in your sister's portefeuille.

“Mrs. A. has altered so much for the better that you would hardly recognize her; I think that she has at last

fairly conquered her disorder ; Mr. A. is the same benevolent, social man that he always was, and always will be. I am sincerely rejoiced to learn that Mr. P.'s old enemy, the gout, has become less troublesome to him ; pray give my sincere regards to him—I hope yet, some time or other, to take another *prise de tabac* out of his hospitable snuff-box. I understand that your friend, Miss Neuville, is married. I never think of her without bringing to mind my unlucky waltzing ; if she has not forgotten it, pray tell her that although I have not learned that mysterious art since, I have learnt what is next best, *viz.*—not to attempt it, at least, not upon a waxed floor, for I can't afford to impute all the reproach of two successive tumbles to my own awkwardness.

“This letter, I presume, will find you at Versailles ; your home must be a delightful one, to judge from the views you have taken of it for your sister ; the water-works can hardly be as great a novelty to you as they were ‘*lang syne*,’ (as your ‘Prince Incog.’ would say,) when we visited them together for the first time. Pray give my warmest regards to Mr. Parker, to your mother and to Edward, who, I suppose, by this time is a *preaux chevalier* of some eighteen years, or more ; and believe me, my dear Miss Preble,

Yours, with affection and respect,

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER X.

Miss Preble's visit to the widow of Marshal Ney — Memoirs of Madame Campan — Their lack of impartiality — Expulsion of Manuel from the Chamber of Deputies — A soirée at M. de Jouy's — Lacretelle, Scribe and Béranger — Philosophy and songs — The negligent style of speech of young girls — Miss Preble renounces the idea of becoming an author — Criticism of two of her friends — Her remarks on the ovation to La Fayette in the United States — She visits Paris — Sameness of society in apparent variety.

IN returning to Miss Preble's own letters to her sister, we begin with that dated Feb. 1st, 1823, in which she tells her :

“My friends went yesterday evening to visit the wife of Marshal Ney, and, in compliance with their wish, I accompanied them. Her cousins, Madame Gamot and Madame Lambert, and herself, each receive on one evening in the week, and the whole family assembles; they sing, they dance, they converse. The sons of Marshal Ney and Charles Gamot are good musicians. The wife of the Marshal is a *virtuoso*. Clemence accompanies them at sight; you may conceive how delightful it is to hear all these family talents united in one concert? There were a great many young people, and, among others, Amadée Beupland, who sang to us several of his *unpublished* songs in perfect taste. It is a great favor to listen to a song from

him, who has not yet *groaned under the press*. I was received and welcomed with the greatest possible cordiality. My Louisa and her husband are very much beloved in this society. The wife of the Marshal is exceedingly gracious towards them; she is very agreeable, very fascinating, *a little* of a coquette, and, in looking at her, one cannot imagine the part *she took in the* tragedy of 1815."

"February 12th, 1823.

"We are just finishing a work of an entirely opposite character, the *Memoirs of Madame Campan*. 'Who would believe it? . . . they are as white as snow!' exclaimed my friend in her astonishment at a continuous panegyric of Marie Antoinette. The manuscript has been sold for 12,000 francs to an ultra bookseller, who has arranged it after his own views. Its evident want of impartiality will rob it of a part of the confidence which it certainly ought to inspire. Being thus admitted to the intimacy of these unhappy princes, the heart bleeds for their long and painful martyrdom; but the mind revolts every instant at their want of foresight, judgment, firmness and decision, and, above all, at their crooked and insincere policy. It appears that the idea entertained that Madame Campan betrayed the Queen, on the flight to Varennes, was entirely untrue; for she enjoyed a dangerous degree of favor from her, up to the time of her imprisonment in the Temple. In this work the mind is not relieved from its sad emotions of pity by one feeling of admiration. All this is openly discussed in society."

“*March 14th, 1823.*

“The war in Spain is revolting to every soul of the least nobility of sentiment. Strange things are taking place in our Chamber of Deputies; Manuel has been expelled from it for a phrase, which they did not allow him to finish, on the subject of regicide. He conducted himself with admirable energy and dignity. He would only yield to force. The National Guard and some veterans were called in. The Guard refused to attack the liberty of a representative of the nation. They dared not after this appeal to the veterans, for fear of a similar refusal, and they called in the *gens d’armes*, who, you know, are never backward. It is thus our poor minority is treated. Every one says, “this will end badly.” General Dubreton has positively refused to serve; this conduct is very extraordinary, and very noble. I am sure my nieces will love me, and I trust I shall be permitted one day to mould them into accomplished young ladies. I am especially anxious that they should possess the *fascinating gift of language*. It is the ready money of society, and in my dreams of education, I make them deliver *flowing orations*. When will these dear scholars come to me?”

“*April 30th, 1824.*

“We have been spending a delightful evening, Louisa and I, at the house of your amiable friend, Emma. They have a reception every Thursday, and M. de Jouy, the *worldly* hermit of the Chausée d’Antin, ‘remains at home.’ As fate would have it, there were not many persons present, and we thus had the pleasure of hearing M. de Jouy con-

verse all the evening with *M. Scribe*, *Lacretelle*, and several other men of distinction, on the most deep and interesting subjects. He expresses himself with a most singular ardor, simplicity and facility. He was really fascinating. They discussed the immortality of the soul, the metempsychosis, and dwelt especially on the subject, 'why we have our our being?' But no one could explain this great mystery. *M. de Jouy* insisted on the Divine essence which animates us, and rejected all the systems of materialism, with more wit than truth. *M. Lacretelle* said, in a very emphatic and solemn tone of voice, 'It is a fine hypothesis! one must believe in it,' (in immortality.) Your friend Emma is the soul, the attraction, and the ornament of these evenings. It is impossible to have wit more pointed, more original, and more charming than hers. Benjamin Constant admires her exceedingly, and often consults her about his articles for '*La Minerve*,' which causes him often to style her, in a prettily turned phrase, '*La Minerve de sa Minerve*.' This compliment is very French, is it not? Their *Thursdays* are very select. All the men of genius meet there. My Louisa shines there very much. She is enchanted when she meets *Béranger*, and when he is willing to sing some verses of his ballads, which are absolutely the rage now—his allusions are so pointed, that they cost him some months of imprisonment."

"September 30th, 1824.

"What strikes me more than anything else in the education of girls, is the incorrect manner in which they are allowed to express themselves. On that chapter, my sister,

you cannot commence too soon with your children, nor give it too much attention. The most charming of all gifts is that of being able to express one's thoughts with elegance ; it will often supply the place of wit even for those who have none, and as one may have wit, and yet express one's self very ill, these two cases make one feel the necessity of taking care of children's language. Accustom them to relate to you what they are doing ; make them feel that they must put some order into their little ideas, and that they must give themselves time to choose their words ; and endeavor adroitly to find the means to make them repeat the same thing, that they may express it in better words. Try to enrich their vocabulary ; it is for that reason it is necessary to make them learn by heart, taking care to explain to them clearly the value of words. I often think of the importance of this study, which gives us *such power* over the heart and mind, and I am persuaded by commencing early, *speech* is an art that can be improved at will."

" *March, 1825.*

" In your last letter, my sister, you speak of my pages on education, you recommend me to write upon morality. But you must know, that in good faith, I have renounced all idea of becoming an author. I take pity on poor humanity, which is threatened with an inundation of literature, and will not add one drop to the deluge. In the present age, every one would be classical, every one would be romantic ; in the midst of this crowd of men of genius, it requires an enormous stock of ideas, if one would be listened

to. It is worse for a woman than for a man to be brought forward unnecessarily, and as I am far from feeling myself to be a *genius*, I wish to remain very peaceably vegetating, as do many others, and not take flight on the *wings of Icarus*. This sage manner of looking at the subject, is owing to the advice that Louisa and Emma gave me, with regard to a novel that I had commenced in my moments of ennui, not so much from vanity and the hope of success, as the desire to give an interest to my life. It wanted *incident*, my dear—*nothing* but incident! *According to Emma*, the portraiture of the passions was too feeble: I excelled in details and in reflections. *According to Louisa*, my *forte* lay in sentiment. In fine, they made, in my presence, so droll a criticism, that I renounced, without the least difficulty, the idea of taking the public as an arbiter, who, infallibly, would be far less indulgent than they were. I shall continue, then, merely adding to my stock of knowledge, in the hope of its being one day of use to your children.”

“ May 5th, 1825.

“ I am now reading ‘ *Les Lettres d’Euler à une Princesse d’Allemagne*,’—it is an elementary work on natural philosophy. I cannot express to you how much this science pleases me. I love to penetrate into the secrets of nature. History is full of uncertainty—and speculative philosophy *has done me harm*, in depriving me of many hopes which are necessary to such weak creatures as we are. Poetry is but a pastime, a recreation. I needed such readings as would afford food for thought. Natural philosophy accomplishes that end, and I seize with avidity every work on the subject that

I can borrow, which is not too difficult for me; to fathom it would require a knowledge of mathematics.”

“June 8th, 1825.

“What dreadful news I have to announce to you, my sister! . . . Our poor *Fanny is no more!* . . . She has found rest, but for us there remain but regrets. . . . Ah! who would not weep for so sweet and perfect a creature. . . . this loss cuts me to the heart. Charming companion of the best years of our youth, I have shed many sincere tears as a tribute to thy worth, so modest and *so true!* . . . can I, indeed, believe that your place will remain vacant for the future, in that little circle of intimate friends, where you were so much admired, so much loved, so respected. . . . What! *so young*, must we be parted from each other forever? . . . I gaze on the sky, *pure as thy soul.* . . . these flowers which spring up so gaily at my feet—these birds that fly around me, they seem to say . . . What? will she never more look on the face of nature? . . . those eyes so sweet, so melting, will never rest on us again—they are closed . . . now all is said. Ah! my God! can one love, be disquieted, and suffer, when the term of life is so near us! . . . If death does not come to interrupt our joys, does not old age hasten on, to blunt all our tastes and all our perceptions. The heart contracts and feels chilled as life advances—first, hope escapes, and leaves a frightful void: we again implore her aid, but *confidence in the future*—security in present good . . . all has flown. Man en-

joys all things in trembling ; as soon as he is sufficiently undeceived as no longer to hope ; with difficulty he drags out the end of an existence, whose opening was so beautiful."

" July 18th, 1825.

" Conceive our joy, my beloved sister ; your charming description of the visit of the *Gallic hero*, (General La Fayette,) has just reached us, and I need hardly tell you with what eagerness it was read. . . . I scarcely know where to commence my reply to it, my mind is so excited from the lively interest I took in its recital—I can so well picture our Anica in the midst of it all ! . . . I feel so agitated in anticipation of the idea that I shall hear you spoken of by some one who has actually *seen you* and *listened to your voice*, that I seem at once to bring that happy moment before me. The *hero*, when he has once set foot on our shore, will soon awake from that intoxicating dream which appears *to me* the most wearisome *nightmare of glory* which grateful men could impose on a poor mortal. The simple details of his salutations, and of his hat, which he touched, *even* in his sleep, is almost worthy of a place in history. It is such traits that a Shakespeare would not overlook in describing those toilsome pleasures of an adoration which must be received at each step. He has, no doubt, passed many happy moments, but I think he will be glad to return to our shores, and lose himself again among the multitude. I must tell you I much feared that the fancy would take him not to appear at that large ball which was given him at Pittsburgh. I should have been incon-

solable if I had not had the description of it. What diverted us so much was the apparition of the great *historian*, Miss Wright, and her suite! . . . I can hardly conceive of a woman making herself so conspicuous—how I pity him! Ever since his departure from France it is my constant exclamation—after all, I think, it is far better to render honors only to the dead. I think I see you, dearest, sister—you, your flowers, your children, as you appeared during his visit. I seem to see the General entering your modest dwelling with that *hesitating* step, which was so peculiar to him at Draveil; seating himself slowly, then rising quickly to salute all whom you introduced to him; truly they ought to have allowed you to enjoy alone this grand visit, but the opportunity of a near view of him was too good to be lost. But I am grieved that so many strangers should have prevented the General from taking much notice of your pretty children, for he would have given me his opinion with regard to their manners and their beauty. The idea of the departing procession putting you in mind of a funeral struck me forcibly; it is a bold thought, and brings up many others! I have written to Emma and sent her your description of the ‘La Fayette fever,’ as you may well call it; she replies thus: ‘I received, a few days ago, a letter from M. de La Fayette, who tells me that he has delivered my daughters to your sister—glory and honor to my country, which gave birth to this great man, and glory and honor to America, who honors herself in honoring him. Never has history presented us with a finer character, or a more *enthusiastic display of gratitude*, [ni une plus belle reconnoissance.]

If no man was more virtuous, truly no man was better recompensed ! The man is worthy of the nation ; these words comprise everything ; you may tell your sister that here one hardly thinks of him ; *so great* is our appreciation of the good and the beautiful ! . . . She would hardly *believe* what divers changes have taken place in Paris from 1817 to 1825 !' ”

“ January 25th, 1826.

“ I have been spending some days in Paris ; I have enjoyed the charming circle that meets, every Thursday, at ‘the *salon de l’hermite*,’ and listened to the inexhaustible conversation of my friend, but, after all, I have brought back with me, from this beautiful Paris, the conviction that the world is not made for me, or that I am not made *for it*. Ideas and sentiments are only glanced at ; the same things are repeated over and over ; people see each other with no feelings of love ; they speak without thinking ; they express themselves on subjects that they care nothing about, and endeavor to dissemble their true feelings. All this is very wearisome to one who has tasted the serious joys of solitude, true friendship, and the sweet ties of domestic affection. Add to this a thousand petty trials which we cannot avoid in society, where indulgence is so rare ! See how strength is expended—strength which is so much required to bear us up against deep afflictions which must come upon us some time in the course of our existence.”

CHAPTER XI.

Death of Miss Preble's brother — Letter of condolence from La Fayette — Her own feelings on the occasion — Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barlow — Miss P.'s intimate acquaintance with English poetry — Her translation of Bulwer's poem of "The Rebel" — Her introduction to the French version — Translates Cooper's Travels in France — Her letters on the occasion — Miss P. and her mother decide on going to the United States — Her deep regret at leaving France — Her letters on the occasion — Farewell letter from Havre — One at sea to her sister.

A DEEPLY afflicting incident, in the year 1826, happened in Mrs. Preble's family. Her youngest child was a son, who has been already mentioned in the letters of Miss Preble, and in one of her friend's letters from Italy, in which he desires to be remembered to "Edward," of whom he says, "He is the finest youth I ever saw." From all that we can learn of this youth, he was well calculated, by the charms of his person and manners, by the warmth of his affections, and by his tender devotion to his mother and sisters, to produce the fondest affection in them, and to attract the general esteem and regard of his friends. This interesting youth grew up nearly to manhood, fulfilling the promise of his early life. But, alas! in the year 1826, he sickened and died. Never were grief and anguish more poignant and deep, caused by a similar domestic event.

Indeed, the mother and sisters could never refer to him without tears. The following letter of condolence, upon this occasion, from General La Fayette, speaks, in touching words, the feelings of his kind and tender heart. Though an intimate friend of the family, who enjoyed, from his proximity to them, frequent opportunities of seeing the mother and sisters, he thus presents his sympathy on this sad event :

“ With equal surprise and grief, my dear friend, I have heard the melancholy event for which I most deeply sympathize with you. Far was I from thinking this fine and justly beloved young man was doomed to such an untimely fate, and you to the calamity of mourning for him. Be pleased to mention me very affectionately on the lamentable occasion, to the unhappy mother and sister. My son and family join in those feelings, the expression of which I offer to you all with a sorrowing heart.

LA FAYETTE.”

LA GRANGE, *July 19, 1826.*

Some idea may be formed of Miss Preble's own feelings on the occasion, by the following letter to her sister :

“ *August 9th, 1826.*

“ I sent you, on the 25th of last month, a letter which must have struck grief to your heart, my beloved sister. I had concealed from you the illness of our *Edward*, because my heart was filled with confidence in his strength, and in his youth. I little thought of the necessity of preparing you for the dreadful loss that we have sustained. Fate has

deceived our hopes, and we have the agony of weeping for one who, in the course of nature, should have survived us all! Ah! my poor sister, what must you not have felt at such unexpected tidings? Could you have believed that only two months of sickness would have carried off our young protector! the joy of our family. Time, instead of reconciling me to the thought, only makes it more bitter and more insupportable. I try to hide from my mother what is passing in the bottom of my heart, but nothing can console me for the thought that she is deprived of that dear child, who could be so useful to her, who knew how to charm and embellish her life, whilst a feeble creature like me, sad and discouraged, without physical strength or spring of moral energy, *I remain to her!* . . . Deprived of all power, except that of feeling with her the whole extent of our misfortune, I cannot describe to you how terrible is my awaking, and how much I feel that I am not fitted for the world; when I compare myself with what Edward was, the grief that I experience is doubly bitter. Ah, my sister! . . . he was so worthy to live! Could you but have known his strong and elevated mind—what energy there was in that young soul—his intellect was of such a superior order that he could have succeeded in anything; he possessed such firmness, and the purity of his principles was extreme. ‘He was so much the man,’ (as Louisa says in her letter to me;) he was so constituted to run a noble career, his principles were so pure, his understanding so vigorous. He had such a well balanced mind, and such good health, that everything in him gave promise of a long life.’ . . . And, in all this, we have been deceived!

And we are lost to each other forever ! I cannot tell you how forcibly each gesticulation, his words, his appearance, will present themselves before me. I could not repress a smile at all his drolleries and amusing ways. . . No one seemed more full of life than he did ; he seemed, indeed, to have a superabundance of animal spirits ; his gaiety was ever ready to peep out whenever there was a truce to serious studies, unless he was in the vein to converse *like a philosopher*, for no one could have clearer ideas, and an easier flow of words ; it was just these opposite qualities which gave such a piquancy and originality to his disposition. . . . I cannot deny myself the melancholy pleasure of describing to you this charming character. Alas ! the remembrance of his *spotless* life is all that is left to console us. * * * I can say, with truth, that we have no other joys than those which your precious correspondence procures us. *You and your children* are the dearest objects of our solicitude, around whom all our future projects hang. A propitious fate should have permitted us to hasten the moment of our reunion, by rendering it *possible* for you to undertake the *voyage to France*."

The melancholy loss which Miss Preble and her mother had been called, in the providence of God, to endure, in the early death of the son and brother, was, in some degree, mitigated by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, elicited by the touching appeal in her last letter. From this fondly loved daughter and sister they had been separated since the year 1817. It can easily be felt how much this incident served to assuage their grief, and to revive and cheer them. During 'this visit, Mrs. Preble made up her

mind to leave France and reside, for the rest of her life, in the United States, in the immediate neighborhood of her daughter, whose young and interesting children had awakened the natural modification of maternal love, which becomes equally, if not, perhaps, more tender and inextinguishable in the bosom of a grandmother.

A large portion of Miss Preble's time, from the eighteenth year of her age, was systematically devoted to study. It appears from all her writings, at this period of her life, that literary subjects alone did not claim her entire attention. She still continued to cultivate her fine taste for painting and music. But she now gave increased attention and study to graver subjects—to languages—history—politics, as developed in the standard treatises on the structure and tendencies of ancient and modern states. She studied the English language thoroughly, in its grammar, and its rhetoric—in all its classical authors, in prose and poetry. No female could be found, even in England, in her earlier life, who was more acquainted with the philosophy of the English tongue, or who had read its classics with more discrimination and taste. Particularly, may this be said of its poetry. She had read all the English poets, from Chaucer down to her day, with a genius, fancy, and imagination so congenial with theirs, that her mind was enriched and adorned, and stored with the most striking beauties and finest passages of each author. The writer of this feeble attempt to perpetuate the talents and virtues of this extraordinary lady, speaks from personal knowledge and experience, having had, in his intimate and delightful intercourse with her, constant and surprising proofs of her unusual ac-

quaintance with the poetic treasures of the English language. Although she was brought up in France from infancy, and the French language was, therefore, her native tongue, she studied it as she did English, grammatically and philosophically. She was distinguished even in Paris, in the highest literary circles, as a brilliant talker as well as writer in pure and elegant French. She had acquired a considerable literary reputation before she left France. One of the public evidences of it occurred in the latter part of her residence there.

Among the first works of Bulwer's genius and pen, was a work called "THE REBEL." The story is taken from Irish history. This poem was very favorably received in England, so much so as to attract the notice of a leading French publisher, who applied to Miss Preble, as one equally skilled in French and English, and possessed of historic knowledge and literary qualifications to prepare an introduction, in French, to the poem, and to translate the poem for the gratification of the French reading public. This would offer a test of her talent and literary reputation. Diffident as she was of herself, and shrinking from public notoriety, her friends prevailed upon her to undertake the task. She executed both parts with complete success. The introduction and translation were received with lively gratification by the French public. They were honored by strong commendatory and flattering criticisms. The work had an active and extensive circulation. A criticism appeared in the leading political and literary journal at that time in France, the "Gazette de France," in which, after a critique on the

poem and an extract from it, the writer thus concludes his notice of the author and the translation :—

“ We wished by giving this extract, to indicate the spirit in which the poem is written, rather than to give an idea of the talent of the author. But we fear not to persuade our readers to procure a book, that will offer the interest of a novel powerfully written, to such as would seek for something besides the merit of a style and poetry, that recommend it, however, to a very high degree.

“ In this respect, it has lost nothing by the spirited translation that has just been given by Miss Harriet Preble. It is difficult to unite more fidelity and elegance, and we know, perhaps, of no translation from the English, in which will so generally be found the qualities that distinguish the translation we announce.”

The introduction is a remarkable production. The most striking circumstances, historical and political, in the history of Ireland, are admirably selected and skilfully condensed ; neither too long to weary the desire of the reader to reach the poem, nor too short to give him a knowledge of the events of Irish history, and the first and present condition of Ireland and its inhabitants, sufficient to understand the plot, the character of the hero, and the details of the story. The language and general style are elegant and spirited—well calculated to excite and prepare the reader to enjoy the incidents and beauties of the poem. For the gratification of French literati, who, in this country, and France, may read this memoir, this valuable and fine composition is given in Appendix, No. 1. Its conclusion is particularly striking and beautiful.

The popularity of this introduction and translation very much increased and extended the literary reputation of Miss Preble, and it reached Bulwer in England. This occasioned a very flattering letter from him to Miss Preble, in which he invites and urges her to become the translator of all his works then written, and to be written. It is regretted, that the autograph is not within reach in time for the publication of this memoir. Miss Preble gave it, with many other interesting ones, to her eldest nephew, who has taken them with him, in a long and distant travel. This flattering compliment, did not elate Miss Preble; she modestly declined the request of Bulwer. She afterwards explained her reason for declining his invitation, which she stated to be, the injurious tendencies of his works.

About this time, Miss Preble was induced by a French publisher and her friends, to translate the largest work of our great American novelist, Cooper. This work consists of his observations and reflections, during a tour through England, France, &c., &c. She accomplished her task as translator, with great success, and the French edition had an extended circulation.

Some details in these matters, and the picture of her feeling and literary intentions, grouped round her love of independence and quiet study, will be found in the following letters to her sister, between December 12th, 1827, and January 22d, 1829.

“December, 12th, 1827.

“Captain F. has arrived, and *no letter!* . . . the 1st September, you were still at sea: your passage must be long! God grant that he may bring us news of the ark that contains all our treasures! How sad it would be to think that you had been six weeks at sea! I have almost finished my translation, and yesterday evening, Malsy asked me to bring her *my Rebel*, (O'Neill, or the Rebel, by Lytton Bulwer.) She was as pleased with my translation as Louisa was; they predict for me much success. I could not have believed that I should have succeeded so well in the translation of poetry: this work gives me great pleasure. It is delightful to be the interpreter of beautiful thoughts. After all the corrections were made, Mr. F. told me it was necessary I should manufacture a preface, so here I was turning over my books of history, to be able to speak of Ireland as a lady well versed on the subject. As soon as it was finished, I went to Paris—my judges met at Malsy's; *they were satisfied*, and it passed into the hands of the printer. Then commenced a new affair, and the most wearisome of all—the correction of proof sheets. You may easily imagine, if the mornings are so given to business, the evenings are devoted to recreation. We spend them all together in a charming manner—Sophie, Horace, Mr. Charles Tessière, M. Froussard, Achille C——, Louisa and Malsy—this is truly an *enchanted circle!* . . . very animated conversations are started upon the deepest and most interesting subjects. The most serious topics are freely discussed—in a word, this society, this choice circle of friends is, in my eyes, the perfection of *sociability*—altogether, it is

full of charms. I have never met with beings more uniformly animated, devoted, gentle, affectionate, noble and useful ; a light or malicious expression is never so much as heard among them. This society has no tribunal, or its jury is so indulgent, that there is nothing to fear from it."

"January 1st, 1828.

"1828! . . . A new year! . . . My heart fails me as I think of it. I try to lose myself, dearest sister, in pondering on the solemn realities of life, for I no longer foresee happiness in the future. I have thus endeavored all day, to forget that I am leaving behind a year full of sadness, to press forward towards events that perhaps will be no less painful ; but this evening, in taking up my pen to write to you, thought tolled the alarm bell . . . and my heart throbbed in spite of myself. All is calm and tranquil in our present life. Comforts surround us . . . then I ought not to despair . . . but I feel too deeply, that the past has marred all the future. I believe, after all, that *monotony* is the best thing for a heart sick and unhinged for everything ; it is a moral slumber that assuages grief."

"March 24th, 1828.

"I must tell you, that I have received *three letters* from General La Fayette, relating to Mr. Cooper's work, that I am about to translate, (*Notions of a Traveler.*) He wishes to read it, as soon as I receive it ; there his love for America peeps out ! He has been dangerously ill, but is now recovered.

"I am in a very fine philosophical vein. At least I do not feel, at this moment, in the least disposed to translate Mr. Cooper's work. I am reading *Dugald Stewart*, and my heart beats with the same pleasure as in reading a romance. There is nothing in this world more delicious than the contemplation of, and the meditation upon great truths. This kind of study has an indescribable attraction for me; it alone gives some interest to my life, for society appears a thousand times more trifling than I can express to you. You will laugh, when I tell you, that I am meditating a moral treatise, on a plan of my own; it shall be appended to my *Essay on Education*."

"August 19th, 1828.

"Do you know, that I tremble at the thought that the 'Lettres sur les Etats Unis' will fall into everybody's hands. I feel like a poor isolated creature cast upon this wicked world. Mr. Cooper's work is miserably written; he has spoilt, by a thousand errors, his rich, exceedingly rich materials. I have thus had to combat with the difficulties of a very bad original; as his reputation is already established, the fault of the work will just be laid on the *translator*. I feel, sister, that women are not made to brave criticism. Mr. C. is in the right, when he says: 'Women may write if they please, but to make it pardonable, it is exacted, that all they write must be perfect.'"

"October 27th, 1828.

"Since my recovery, dear sister, I have regained so much courage and peace of mind that life is become pleasant to me. A work occupying three months, during which my mind was *riveted*, drew me away, in spite of myself from my habitual train of reflections, and assisted me to shake off the weight that oppressed my heart. The image of my poor brother Edward no longer presents itself before me in that painfully vivid manner which was so unbearable. I no longer feel the iron hand of destiny imprinted on my heart, whose every pulsation was so distressing. I shall never forget it. . . . Oh, never! For it is with true grief, as with affection; each day confirms it by showing how deeply it was founded. But despair changes to melancholy, as the power to banish the most grievous thoughts returns; we finish by living as if we had dreamed what we have but too really felt. I believe the cure for a mind diseased is to force upon one's self a task; one must drive away thought, enchain it, prevent it from returning incessantly to the contemplation of the same image. I have tested and experienced its happy effects. To-day it appears to me as if I commenced a new life. . . . I feel that if I were to pause, and look upon the past, a beloved and too much lamented form would be at my side . . . but I avoid dwelling on these remembrances, which formerly returned with such sad constancy. After all, I cannot yet speak of *him*, without my voice choking with tears, because I feel a pity for his fate that I cannot describe. He was so noble, so good, so young, so worthy to live! . . . He commenced life as he began

each of his days, full of pure and generous resolves. The dawn of good was in his soul. We seemed to be all in all to him ; our domestic circle was his world. He was happy there, and our joy was in him . . . but I must stop . . . once under the sway of recollections, my heart is torn . . .”

“ January 22d, 1829.

“. . . Alas ! since 1814 what memories can I bring before me without seeing in them a cause for grief ! Every year has brought with it some sad and new trial. After the dreadful losses that we have experienced, life can only offer *very serious* enjoyments ; those of *study* and *friendship*, two great supports, which ultimately succeed in beguiling us, when grief has lost its first poignancy. But how often regrets regain possession of our hearts with the same intensity experienced in the first hour of trial ! The other day, I said to Lady Warrender, how I longed for spring to be here. ‘ Oh, beware !’ she answered, ‘ of expressing such a wish ! who knows what you may lose when spring comes ?’ These words made me *tremble*. When the illusions of the world are gone, we must attach ourselves to *Nature* ; it is the only resource of the aged and unhappy.”

Mr. and Mrs. Barlow returned in 1827 from their visit to France, after a stay of three months, and Mrs. Preble arranged her affairs in that country, so as to be able to re-join her daughter in the United States. In the month of March, 1830, Mrs. and Miss Preble left Paris for the port from whence they were to sail. This separation from their

friends in France, was a severe trial to the warm sensibilities and affectionate hearts of these amiable ladies. The following extracts from the letters of Miss Preble to her sister, announcing her intended departure for the United States, and to other friends, after she left Paris, and before she sailed, will give some idea of the anguish she felt in separating from them, and her deep regrets at leaving France, the country in which she had been brought up from infancy, and to the society and literary enjoyments of which she was ardently attached. These extracts are touching and beautiful. They will give those who never saw Miss Preble some impression of the natural, glowing and eloquent outpourings of her mind and heart, by which, in living discourse, she attracted and delighted all who knew her.

" June 24th, 1829.

"I wrote to you, dear sister, on the tenth of this month, to tell you our decision was made, and that we should soon come to join you in America. I hope this letter will not suffer shipwreck, for I can conceive the joy it will give to you and our dear little girls. Emma will bound away like a young fawn, and she will run to put some finishing touches to her garden, as if we were coming to see it directly. Our sweet Minna, on the contrary, will nestle up to your side, and will ask you many times 'if we are already at sea, and if we shall arrive very, very soon,' . . . and her loving eyes will seem to say that she shall rejoice to have some more beings to cherish. The letter which you wrote to us in the month of April, and in which you

speaking with so much warmth of your wish to see us settled near you, touched my mother so much, that she does nothing but long for the happiness of sharing your retreat. I think we shall lead a very sweet life together, and I am enchanted with the idea of finding you established in the country. Your black town of Pittsburgh would have made a sad impression upon me, after leaving Paris and Versailles. We have, however, given up the idea of setting out this autumn, and we shall not embark until next April. I shall spend the winter in the midst of all my *assembled* friends at Paris, and that will give me more courage to endure the separation."

"December 15th, 1829.

"We have received your letter of the 1st of November, my good sister, and we have read with much interest all the details you give us about your little dwelling. We laughed very much over this sentence, 'They are building our house in town, and in three weeks it will be completed.' This made us open great eyes, and we cannot form a conception of buildings of this kind. But we must suppose they are comfortable, since you say so, and if you are satisfied why should we be more hard to please? Your mode of life is entirely in accordance with our tastes; we love quiet, study, nature; and as for affection, it will be in our hearts, in all that we feel towards each other. This is surely sufficient to enable us to end our days in peace. As for *happiness*, that is impossible anywhere; these few months spent in Paris will have well convinced me that I

cannot, at least, find it here . . . and I shall owe to this last trial the advantage of fully enjoying all the sweetness of my being with you."

"January 10th, 1830.

"We received your letter last evening, dear sister, with those of our dear little girls. I cannot tell you how much we longed for news of you. The disagreeable north winds, which have been freezing us for the last month, retarded all the arrivals. You were very solitary, poor sister, in your little Hermitage; but future years will be very different, will they not? When we are together when we have each her pleasant occupations, we will brave *neglect* and *storms*. Our retreat shall be a real sanctuary for study, and our *old experiences* will be gratified in seeing expand around us the young and brilliant existence of our children. Yes, sister, a few months of patience, and many dreams will be realized."

"March 6th, 1830.

"Yesterday evening, all our friends were assembled at our house, as usual on Thursday. Mr. H. was drawn to the subject of Greece, and he interested us all with some very curious details. As for A., he is inexhaustible. His mind, strong, elevated and refined, adapts itself to, and throws fresh light on every subject. Louisa is captivated. Her intellect and his are certainly the most remarkable in the circle! Ah, my sister! how sad was my heart yesterday evening, as my eyes rested on that circle of friends by

whom I was surrounded . . . what a circle! and how painful to renounce the sight of objects so familiar and so dear! . . . It is not that I fail to appreciate the future, and the enjoyments that await me. But you must allow that few beings have suffered more than I have from divided affections. Amidst these friends, it is you I regret, with you I shall sigh for having bade a *long farewell* to all the affections of my youth. *One letter more*, my sister, and we shall assure you, *viva voce*, of all the tenderness we bear you! It appears to me like a dream! I cannot realize such a dream in our existence.”

The following was addressed to a beloved cousin :—

“Havre, *March 7th*, 1830.

“* * * * * *That poor friend is gone!*—

you know it—you are weeping for me now, and forgetting perhaps that *last* farewell that she so carefully avoided and shrunk from. See, in this, Malsy, a proof of the *deepest* tenderness. I could not face at once *thy grief and mine!* I have spared thee the anguish of a last embrace. You will always think that the friend you loved so faithfully is coming back. ‘*I will return to thee!*’ said I, and I *intended* to see you once more. But I felt that I could not deceive you a second time, and that the sight of your grief would rob me of the little strength I had left. I thus deceived myself, and I must try to construe as a happy omen, those last words, ‘*I will return!*’ All my friends breathed them in my ears, and whilst on my route, those accents seemed

to be re-echoed as a distant harmony. I hope your health and that of your little Mathilde will not have suffered too severely from this trial. Alas! there cannot be many more painful in this life, for I know that your friendship and that of Louisa for me is not a common one. I must have felt so, since I *could not* make you share the poignant grief of counting the last *few hours* as they passed by. No words could paint the mortal anguish I felt on Tuesday night, after your departure and that of Louisa, and knowing that another moment was to separate me also from all that remained of those dear ones. Can you fancy the agony of those ebbing sands, and what courage was needed to preserve any degree of calmness in the midst of this *last* reunion of dearest friends? Oh, friends! friends! *tell me that I shall be missed!* It is through burning tears that I entreat you to let me live in your memory. Send your blessings afar, as you poured them when near to her, who has loved you so well! I know that you will long miss me in the daily and familiar habits of life! Think of me without grief; but with that unchanging tenderness that you ever showed from the first day of our friendship. Tell A—— and H—— how grateful I felt for all the tender cares they surrounded me with during the winter. Nothing can be dearer than such remembrances. A—— told me that he trusted in my strength and my reason. I will endeavor to show that he had judged me rightly. It seems to me that among the friendly groups that surrounded us I did not press our good L——'s hand. He wanted to conceal his tears—for I know *that he wept*. I was told so. He did well to respect my courage. I showed a great

deal, for I did not wish to be once more the weak creature I had shown myself the day before. It seemed as if I for a while had succeeded by dint of strong effort, in stifling every emotion. I threw a mournful glance at all those beloved countenances, and when once more alone, then did tears come to my relief, and I exclaimed, '*To be so loved, and to have to leave them all!* is it possible that destiny can be so stern?'

* * * * *

"The first night was one of suffering, but with returning day came some pleasurable ideas. We were going across a delightful country. The Seine was on our left, and to the right some high hills thickly wooded, with here and there some perpendicular rocks, where man had managed to dig some habitations. The air was fresh and balmy, and I could not realize that each turn of the wheels took me further from you. In the evening, when I watched the sun setting behind a beautiful hill, I could not tell you what sweet and mournful reflections took possession of my heart. To him confide your thoughts, my friends, when you see him disappear from the horizon, he will come to that friend for whom *remembrance* has become as the most precious part of her existence. A solitary and brilliant star appeared at first in the heavens—after a while I discovered the constellation of the Eagle—those three lovely stars that have always had a touching language for my heart. Alas! I have loved *three* in my life, *much more* than we ought to love here below!——Yesterday, I visited our ship, and I do wish you could have a glance at it, dear M——, for you

would feel tranquilized at once. I never felt a stronger, a more lively hope of my return, and this thought was so present with me, that I forgot for a few moments that this *beautiful wonder* was to bear me away from you and happiness. Everything there seems so convenient, that it does not seem to be much of an enterprise to cross this wide sea. We have each a separate room, at which I am much pleased, because I may moan and sigh there, without being overheard. Solitude has become one of my first blessings, since I am far from you. A small window is just above my head and while reposing my poor aching limbs, I can read and look at the sky; thus thinking of you and of my hopes for the future, my heart will gather new strength. I will verify A——'s prophecy; I will recall the sweet smile that accompanied it, and I will *feed* on the *souvenir* of those last few months spent near you, and surrounded by that *magic circle*. I must ever thank my dearest mother for having granted them to me, all impatient as she was to depart—for her life cannot be very long, and it was so much taken from life. Nothing could be more touching, more *penetrating* than the remembrance of this reunion, "*le cortège d'amis*," who followed us to the last. Tell Adèle that I can never forget the proofs she gave me of a truly sisterly love. Tell A—— that I wept very sweet tears over his letter. Renew my farewell to Mr. P—— and Mr. F——. I needed courage too much to trust to the wish I felt of testifying my affectionate gratitude. I seemed insensible, because I felt too much to venture to express it. I must at last say farewell! I cannot believe it. I cannot resolve to

do it. May heaven pour down his choicest blessings on Louisa, Malsy, and Mathilde."

"LAT. 40° 27', LONG. 68° 16', 11th April, 1830.

"THEY tell us, that in two days, dearest sister, we shall be in the port of New York. At least there is every reason to hope so, and I wish to prepare a few lines for you, that I may dispatch them as soon as we set foot on land. With what astonishment, with what glad surprise you will receive the news of our quick and pleasant voyage. Never was there a finer one. If we arrive to-morrow evening, we shall have been but *twenty-two days* at sea! You may imagine how much we congratulate ourselves on having embarked on board the *Charlemagne*, spite of all the terrors of the equinox. Even in midsummer one could not have a more tranquil passage, and never a more rapid one. We have some Osage Indians on board. They dance and sing from time to time, to invoke Wacanda, who is the *god of the winds*, as far as we can understand; and certainly they are convinced that it is to them we owe the prosperity of our voyage.

"God bless thee, *dearest*. . . . May we soon reach the land where thy faithful heart awaits us, and beats impatiently for our arrival."

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival of Mrs. and Miss Preble in the United States — They land at Philadelphia — Reunion of the family at Pittsburgh — Miss P's letter detailing her first impressions, and inland journey — Her view of the American character — Her sister's children — Feels the difference between Parisian and Pittsburgh society — Causes — She forms, however, valuable friendships — Her remarks on the French Revolution of 1830, and on the Republic of 1848 — Allusion to American Republicanism — Prefers a constitutional monarchy — Letter from La Fayette.

MRS. PREBLE and her daughter sailed from France in the latter part of March, 1830, and arrived without accident in the United States, early in May. They landed at Philadelphia. In this city they remained some time, where they were received with great kindness and hospitality, by the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, and by some American friends with whom they had become acquainted in France. Their eager desire to reach Mrs. Barlow, the cherished daughter and sister, forbade more than a short delay to prosecute their journey. Miss Preble's account of this journey, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, is very graphic and interesting. It enables us to compare the facilities, and as many think, the comforts of travelling with those now within our choice. The slowness of stage travelling in those days, enabled the traveller to enjoy the scenery of a

country through which he passed. Miss Preble was all alive to the "sublime and beautiful" both in the natural and moral world, and the far-famed Alleghanies gratified her taste for natural scenery, especially in its richness and grandeur.

After a safe journey of several days, the travellers arrived at the residence of Mrs. Barlow, a beautiful cottage on the banks of the Ohio, two miles below Pittsburgh. Thus, after so many years of separation, those two sisters and their aged mother were once more together—once more under the same roof—and that meeting in the cottage on the beautiful Ohio, was a happy one indeed.

Miss Preble became at once the instructress and dearest friend of her two nieces; and from the very first she seemed to adopt her little nephew, especially as her own. Her affection for that child was peculiar, and there was already in the little boy's heart that which even then appeared to understand such affection. He clung to her, and seemed to take a perfect delight in the lessons she gave him. Miss Preble, to whom everything in this country was entirely new, and who had not been accustomed to such scenery as the neighborhood of Pittsburgh offers, was delighted in the highest degree, when contemplating the romantic hills that rise in lofty ridges and peaks of varying heights, from the opposite side of the intervening bold and broad river. It must have been noticed from her letters what an ardent worshipper she was of the beauties of nature, for she looked on nature with a poet's eye, and it is not to be wondered at, if a large portion of her time was then spent in silent admiration of the scenes that surrounded her. It is much

to be regretted, that the lively and graphic descriptions she sent to her friends in France, of her first impressions of this country, and its natural beauties, had not been preserved along with the beautiful drawings she made of the lovely scenery on the shores of the Ohio. But, unfortunately, nearly all her correspondence of this time—which contained a great deal of a private nature—was destroyed at her earnest request. The loss is irreparable, and only a few extracts can be given, from a few of her papers which have been preserved, relating to that period.

The following letter was among the first she addressed to a friend in France, giving her a lively and very pleasant account of her arrival in the United States; of her journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh; and of her sister's family.

“MIGNIONETTE, *May 31, 1830.*

“At last, my dearest M——, I am permitted to date my letters from my sister's cottage; and you will hear with joy, I know, that we reached that peaceful retreat in safety; crossed the Aleghanies, as well as the ocean, without meeting with any accidents, and found all the dear inhabitants of the cottage in as good health as we could wish, although my sister is rather weak at present. But she looks well, and I only wish she would take a little more rest. But she thinks her *flowers* cannot and must not be neglected, and insists in helping us in unpacking, and arranging our apartments. Everything arrived in good order; and I cannot tell you with what delight, my dear little

nieces, E. and A., find a place for all the pretty treasures we have brought with us. They are all activity—*de vraies petites ménagères*—always in motion—seeing to everything—guessing at all our wants, and in the midst of these occupations, they seem to me still more beautiful than ever. My sister must feel very happy; for although they are not so far advanced in their studies as some children might be, this is well compensated by their good and industrious habits, and their very lovely dispositions. F. is a little white-haired fellow, with fine black eyes, and has the sweetest way of speaking. He is a little savage that I cannot succeed in *taming*; but as I am so anxious to do so, I hope I may succeed. He often comes to me with a bunch of roses; he makes me kiss them, and then he remains as motionless as a statue whilst I kiss *him* also. This is not an unpromising beginning, I think.

You see, my friend, that I begin as usual by the *history of the heart*. It seems to me that you will be much more desirous of knowing how my sister and her children looked, than to read the notes of a traveller, even across the far-famed *Alleghanies*! But now that you know us all in safety in that dear cottage, I must go back to Philadelphia and to Clermont, Mrs. ——'s country house, where we were staying, when I wrote to you last. We found ourselves surrounded by Philadelphia friends. It was, indeed, a charming day; for as I have already mentioned, it was impossible to imagine a circle composed of more distinguished minds or more agreeable people. In no part of the world could one find a more remarkable woman than ——, her manners are as elegant as her mind is refined and well

cultivated. On the 17th, after breakfast, she took us to Philadelphia, to return our visits—‘a matter of necessity,’ said A. to the very tired and *unwilling* travellers. Judge B—— was so kind as to make all arrangements for our departure. The stage was to leave at two o’clock in the morning. We tried to take a little rest, but could not close our eyes. Judge B—— came for us to take us to the stage office. Old friends could not have acted with more kindness and attention, than they did. I can assure you that if I must speak of Americans *from what I have seen*, I must say that they possess what I call *true politeness*—that which is shown much more by *actions* than *words*. We have met with nothing but the kindest treatment from the first day that we landed here. The Judge introduced us to two of his friends who were going to Pittsburgh with us, Mr. L—— and Mr. B——. We set out in what they call here ‘an accommodation stage,’ but it proved but a poor accommodation to me! and the ride of a hundred miles to Harrisburgh was entirely too much for one as weak as I am. When we reached there, I was so unwell, that we had to stop for twenty-four hours. The gentlemen, although they had been so very polite, had to abandon us to our fate, for their business compelled them to go on. We could not leave before the 20th, so that we had a chance of visiting the capitol, that overlooks a splendid prospect of the Susquehannah and the neighboring country. The building would be in very good taste if it was not *red and white*. The main building is of brick and the columns of stone, and this offers the most disagreeable contrast. It is strangely deprived of all shade, being built

on a hill that is not sheltered by a single tree—rather an amusing destitution, in a country where trees are so numerous, that they appear to be the most common enemy that has to be overcome. Really, dear M——, you would soon get reconciled here to see their proud heads felled down, as forests seem everywhere to stand as a barrier and stop the progress of industry ; and they cover such a vast portion of this country that it gives it a very monotonous aspect. As for me, I got completely wearied by it. From Harrisburgh to Chambersburgh, fifty miles, we travelled quite alone. We were crossing a wild, woody country, and so rough that really it seemed as if half the time we were springing from rock to rock, and it was not altogether pleasant to reflect that if the stage broke, we would remain without shelter. But our lucky stars did not desert us. Judge B——, had been kind enough to give us letters to all the best tavern-keepers on the road, and the one at Chambersburgh introduced us to Mr. Finley, the son of the Governor of Pennsylvania, who was going to Pittsburgh. From that time we were relieved from all trouble and had not the shadow of an adventure. Our third day's route was from Chambersburgh to Bedford, fifty miles, entirely across the Alleghanies. From Bedford to Mount Pleasant, and thence to Pittsburgh. The weather kept uncommonly fine, and I was in constant ecstasies whilst traversing the different ridges of the Alleghanies. From their summits the prospect is truly magnificent. But in general their constant verdure is not sufficiently diversified by rocks or any romantic object. Here and there, man is in possession of these heights ; a few felled trees, their

stumps, some little fields sowed with wheat or oats, and a miserable little log cabin, give proof that necessity teaches man to cultivate the wildest and most unpromising spots. A few miles from Pittsburgh we met Mr. B——, who came to meet us with a carriage, and was rejoiced indeed to pick us up so near home. We crossed the smoky city of Pittsburgh, which is truly Vulcan's cave, and we took the dear inmates of the cottage by surprise, as they did not expect us so soon. Deep joy has naught but tears—you know this my friend. But they were quickly dried up. My sister soon made us go all over her little *domain*, and nothing could be more charming; the situation is extremely beautiful and realizes my sweetest dreams. But you shall have plans and drawings and a full description when I have more time. . . . Well, it seems to me that so far my American story is but a panegyric from one end to the other. But I presume that I saw the brightest side first. We have already had several visitors. The young girls appear to me to be lively, unaffected, and amiable; and the few gentlemen we have seen are remarkably intelligent. I was especially pleased with Dr. A—— and Mr. Mc C——, who both speak French perfectly—no small advantage in my eyes, of course! I have so much to tell you, that I hardly know what to select. Our days are passed, however, between *unpacking* and *arranging*, and that fatigues me much. Luckily the very warm weather has not yet commenced. But it must be trying to a stranger; for although I suffer from it already, every one around me is saying 'How cool and pleasant it is! We have to live with all the blinds closed, and I do not

know what is to become of *busy me* in the midst of this obscurity. It seems that flies are here one of the worst enemies one has to encounter; and I was quite amused with seeing them clean the wainscot with *soap and water*! I wish you could just see our dear little girls cleaning and fixing and working like little women already; gathering vegetables, pickling them, making cakes, taking care of baby F.; and leaving all, at a word's warning, to to come and take their lessons, with the greatest good will. E—— seems to take admirably to the *Méthode Jacotot*. She is full of intelligence and vivacity. The thing is to *captivate* her attention—no easy matter. But I hope to make *study* a *pleasure* to them. I think, however, that F—— is to be my pet, though I have a formidable rival in his nurse, who is one of the best of women. Nothing can exceed her devotion to that little '*villain* of the world,' as she *tenderly* called him. Her Irish accent and Irish phrases amuse me not a little. But here is the little darling, and it seems as if he was guessing at my thoughts, for he says in the sweetest voice, 'Aunty, don't you know me?' and is quite amazed at my silence. He is a little *enchanter*, and I leave you to go to him.

"HARRIET PREBLE."

It will be perceived from her letters and other writings shortly after her arrival in this country, that Miss Preble felt keenly the difference, indeed it might be said contrast, between the manners and customs of society here and in France. She felt the loss of the charms of literary society,

and of the leisure, which so many in older countries can command, and devote to mere mental cultivation and social intercourse embellished by intellectual display. But her strong, well instructed mind quickly discovered the causes of the difference. She saw how absurd it would be to expect the same condition in the society of a young, free and enterprising people, and that of old countries, where everything was matured, where there was accumulation of wealth in multitudes of families, which enabled its possessors to indulge themselves in the pleasures of literature and the fine arts. Here almost every one is to be the architect of his own fortune ; and here are opportunities and every possible inducement to active business, personal labor, and individual enterprise. Few have leisure to acquire more than the elements of a liberal education, or to spend much time in mere literary and social enjoyments. This condition of things, she soon discerned and philosophically reflected on. Her candid and discriminating mind fully comprehended this state of American society on her arrival in the United States, and clearly foresaw the sure results of the freedom and freshness of everything here, and the rapid progress of national power, individual wealth, in social manners, and in literary refinement and intellectual acquisitions. She never dwells on what she felt as defects or wants in our society, without painting the brighter colors of the picture. She never fails to bring into view the substantial virtues, the patient industry, the energy and enterprise of our people, and the many estimable, intelligent and sincere individuals, whose friendship, genius and refinements gradually filled up in her heart, what she seemed at

first to fear would be a perpetual void. How striking is the fine contrast she exhibits, in this respect, to many prejudiced and shallow observers from abroad! On her first contact with a society of much colder forms than she had been accustomed to, she, of course, had to meet with many painful disappointments. But she found a solace in the charms of a cherished fondness for solitude, in quiet scenes; and she knew how to embellish it, by her meditations and her studies. The young beings who surrounded her in her sister's residence, who had loved her from the first moment they had known her, gave a value and aim to her researches and the acquisitions with which she still endeavored to adorn a mind already so well cultivated. She labored assiduously all the morning, and brought, like the bee, her evening hoard to the hive. She delighted to see their youthful hearts gradually opening to noble sentiments, their dawning intelligences rising to great and important truths. Amidst the society in which she now moved, though more cold and reserved than that she had been used to, she found, nevertheless, tender and loving hearts, lively and powerful minds, who understood hers, and answered to her appeals. Here, too, she found hearts to love her, not perhaps, as her friends in France loved her, but enough to sweeten and adorn her existence, to give it a moral aim and enrich it with individual friendships and social enjoyments. Possessing herself so many endearing qualities, much elevation of mind, and such mental treasures, she everywhere found hearts devoted to her. Every intelligent person found in her, for their love and admiration, whatever gives a charm and value to life.

The following interesting extracts from some of her letters to her friend Louisa, were written soon after she had arrived in this country. In one of these extracts will be found some just and wise reflections on the Revolution in France, in 1830, by which the Bourbons were expelled and Louis Philippe was placed on the throne, as a "Citizen and Constitutional King." A manuscript was found among her papers, on the reverse which befell Louis Philippe, which also contains reflections that afford pleasing proofs of Miss Preble's vigorous and well cultivated mind, in discussing the grave and complicated events of the political world. She alludes to the present Emperor, who previously had been chosen President under the republican constitution adopted on the flight of Louis Philippe and his family. It is evident, that Miss Preble knew well the character of the French nation, and had the sagacity to foresee that the people were not fit for a republican government. It is but just to say here, that the opinions of Miss Preble in regard to our American republicanism and the workings of our political systems underwent a change; and she was subsequently convinced, that when a people became prepared for such institutions, these, being adapted to their character, would be best calculated to develop their energies and advance them in all the blessings of individual, social, and national prosperity. The following letter gives us her first impressions of this country, its scenery, and society, and her thoughts on the Revolutions in France in 1830-33.

"How my heart did beat when I heard the news of that *glorious* French Revolution! Had I dared to turn prophet,

it is thus that I would have prophesied. I was nowise astonished at the manner in which it was conducted, because I was fully convinced that nothing could be more noble than the spirit with which the best part of the nation was animated. Liberty is *there* understood and respected as it ought to be. In 1789, the French hailed her as a *novelty*—in 1830, it was proclaimed as satisfying the first need of existence. It had become a subject of meditation with all, and each one was disposed to sacrifice individualities for the general good. Enthusiasm, patriotism, both ardent and generous,—the more noble aspirations of the soul, *all* were ready to be manifested in all ranks. I was then not wrong in constantly repeating that the French of *to-day*, resembled in nothing the French of former times. We must acknowledge however, that this Revolution was aided by a concurrence of the most fortunate circumstances. All the elements of order were found united from the very first. A Chamber elected by the voice of the people, ready to kindle or extinguish the rising conflagration; a *regent* who could most conveniently be turned into a *king*, and who has just ambition enough to be a constitutional sovereign. On the other side, so large and copious a dose of absurdity on the side of the *Legitimists*, that this excess of folly may have lead minds to a sudden crisis; and this might lead one to think that the very faults and mistakes of kings, enter into the views of Providence.

“Mr. F—— no doubt says, ‘that they have not done enough.’ ‘*Revolution manquée!*’—‘a total failure!’ he exclaims. Ask him, for me, to let *centuries* work, and not to expect to obtain everything in one day. Would we find

fault with Luther for having worked but half a Reformation? Time's steps are very slow when he has to perfect his work. The moral education of mankind is like the formation of stalactites. The result is sure, but almost imperceptible in its progress.

* * * * *

"How deeply I feel my exile from France, and the need of those noble and elevated thoughts that are fermenting there. Thought seems to slumber here. There are no literary cities—no political ferments—no one dares to breathe a new theory. Everything seems circumscribed in the narrow circle of *pecuniary* and *domestic* concerns. To live here is merely to *exist*, and not to *meditate*. However, we must not blame the Americans for this, as cities are not built on hypothesis, or forests cleared either; and in seeing their roads, their canals, etc., one might be tempted to think that the men of this country have a hundred arms, if they have but one head."

DEPOSITION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—THE REPUBLIC.

"I confess that I consider Louis Philippe more to blame than the republicans. Can one thus desert his post like a coward when the cause of his children and grandchildren is at stake? And how was it possible, with his knowledge and experience, that he did not understand the interests of humanity better than to wish to impose the despotism of the past on a people emancipated by the power of thought.

It has always appeared to me that the *fortifications* ought to be the mausoleum of his family. The most absurd idea possible for the age in which we live. He should first have been certain that he enclosed the *heart* of his subjects within those walls, which were in fact nothing else than a great cage for the eagle and her eaglets.

“I have despised his policy ever since. A people of thirty millions, did they need such defences under a paternal government? But it was not paternal, and that was the misfortune. ‘Provoke not your children to wrath,’ is a precept of the Bible. All the last kings have forgotten this wise advice. And it must be confessed that they have been very inexcusable, for it was easy to understand the wants of the age, and to satisfy them; yes, easy my dear friend, but then selfishness must be conquered, and *power* renders the even otherwise disinterested selfish.

“All that you tell me about the state of affairs in your country (France) interests me deeply. I was anxious to know what you thought of this great movement; and I am highly gratified to see that I had formed the same judgment on it as yourself. My friends here were much astonished that I was not enthusiastic on the subject. They could not understand that what is suited to their phlegmatic temperament, and to a really moral and religious people like themselves, would not do at all for a people made of quicksilver. Here they began well, and exactly at the *favorable moment*, but if such a question had now to be decided in America, the south and the north would fight and separate. Besides, what is a republic that has been in existence only seventy years. Await the end of the century and we shall see.

“The present result of republican institutions is to render parental authority almost nugatory, and the independence of servants intolerable. Young people do almost exactly what they please. There are *no family gatherings*, for there is not the slightest tie between the old and the young, a tie which results naturally from the sweet feeling of dependence. Here benefits are received, but they are not appreciated. There are honorable exceptions, but an exaggerated spirit of independence is the *characteristic* of the two classes that I have mentioned. But it must be owned that these unruly children nearly always change into wise, sober, and virtuous men. These young girls carried away with pleasure, who partake with such eagerness of all the enjoyments of the world, become the most devoted of women. Their trials come almost too early, for they are almost always the *slaves* to domestic duties. Once married, and there is not one of them who is not forced to spend part of her time in cooking, sweeping, sewing, or even washing. For nothing is more uncertain than the help one can obtain, however well it is paid for.

“In short, republicanism seems to me to be a constant vying with each other; no one knows his place. The hierarchy of power is lost, nothing is stable; it is a great hour-glass which must be continually turned over and over. During the brief space while it lasts, those who are in possession of power try to make their systems prevail, thus it happens that either they can do much harm, or the good they may do is never firmly established. For example, these poor United States, are they not buffeted about between tariff and no tariff. Manufactories have scarcely

begun to enjoy prosperity, when there springs up a new *political breeze* and blows it all away. Besides, this election of a president, incessantly renewed, is nothing more than the expression of an opinion. The one happening at the moment to be afloat among the majority has the ascendancy, and the people are often at a loss what man to choose to represent it; it is nothing but an affair of the newspapers. They build up and destroy reputations; and the people, who cannot judge for themselves individuals whom they do not know, are like overgrown children, who are *made to act* without being conscious of it.

“After I have once begun to converse with you, I do not know where to stop. It is not easy for me at present to transmit my ideas. My physical weakness is so great, that it affects me in every way, and sometimes I imagine I can neither feel nor think.”

H. P.

“The great crisis is past, I hope, but it is but a faint hope. Who knows what plots may be formed against the president, whoever he may be? How is it possible to satisfy a whole nation? Since my arrival in this country I have always thought that a constitutional monarchy is preferable to any other, and the best fitted to silence all those boundless ambitions. That perpetual fluctuation among all office-holders, all ranks, seems to me to be the destruction of order, and the foe to an administration wise, prompt, and intelligent, an active, vigilant and discriminating policy. Here, once in four years, every government officer can be changed. Favor is bestowed on a partisan, not on a man of talent; and scarcely has he become familiar with the

duties it involves, than he must cede his place to another. Fathers of families often quit for a post which offers temporary emolument, a business whose profits come in more slowly ; habits of luxury are acquired, that cannot be given up, and thus it happens that vanity reigns and tyrannizes over all ranks of society. There is my political creed."

H.

Miss Preble received shortly after reaching this country, the following affectionate and agreeable letter from General La Fayette.

"LA GRANGE, *June 26, 183—.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have received with affectionate gratitude, the drawing which you had the kindness to leave for me on your departure from France. This likeness of dear *Kalorama*, from your own hand, is to me a source of the most precious appreciations. The so very friendly attention, at a moment when your feelings were so deeply and sadly engaged, has been acknowledged from the bottom of my heart. Let me hear from you, my dear madam, and be assured that a particular account of your situation, family and prospects can nowhere be received with a more sincere and lively interest.

"The papers from Europe give you the public news. You hear no doubt from your friends in this country, that the political state of France wears a more critical aspect than when you left it. Liberty will prevail ; but the way is not so clear to me as we might wish. I have been lately re-

ferring to your excellent translation of Mr. Cooper's book. Had Mr. Killian been more alive to his own interest, he should have printed several editions. He has suffered Mr. Gosselin to announce a complete collection of Cooper's works, from which this capital performance is excluded. Be pleased to remember me to Mrs. Preble, and Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, our dear Kalorama friends.

“Most cordially, dear Madam,

“Your affectionate friend,

“LA FAYETTE.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“Hours of Melancholy,” by Miss Preble—Melancholy in a foreign land—Sympathy among the French is expansive—The Americans neither give nor invite it—Reminiscences of the ocean—A stray bird—Comparison—Nature’s harmonies the assuagers of grief—Long calm succeeded by storms—Pleasure at the sight—Peculiar sound of the beating waves—Enchanting situation of Pittsburgh—The city is the workshop of the Cyclops—Cottage retreat on the banks of the Ohio—Bemoans the loss of her brother—Letter—Describes the scene on the Ohio—It invites to contemplation—Absence from early companions and friends—Brunot’s Island—An Indian Mound—Reflections—The Log Cabin contrasted with the Swiss *Chalet*—A fourth of July.

A MANUSCRIPT was found among Miss Preble’s papers, which she had endorsed “Melancholy Hours;” the first part of which was written in the years 1830–1, and the latter part in 1834. They will richly repay repeated perusals. The first part will be given here, and the second will be found in Appendix No. 2.

I.—HOURS OF MELANCHOLY.

“SILVIO PELICO, while in prison, wrote his memoirs. Is there, then, some consolation in committing one’s thoughts to this cold paper; is there some sweetness in the reflection that in the future a friend will be touched with what has caused our tears to flow? My prison is America; the

sphere is vast, nature here is beautiful, the sky is brilliant, but to one who is forced to live far from her country, every place is a land of exile, every kind of life is a penalty. With less genius than Silvio Pelico possessed, I too would leave some traces of my hours of melancholy, hours when the heart beats so feebly and thought flies so fast.

“In France sympathy is expansive, its happy effects are appreciated, but in this country the burdened soul does not seek relief by confiding its griefs to another. No one tries to analyze his feelings; the heart bleeds as elsewhere, but it hides its wounds. Americans are practical Stoics, and they are so accustomed to suppress their emotions, that one almost doubts the sincerity of those which they display. Resignation is an every-day virtue, and submission to the will of Providence seems to be planted in every heart; the admirable results of Christian faith, which, when it is deep, guides those whom it enlightens.

“I have crossed the ocean; I have watched its magnificent changes of aspect. I have seen the march of the sun and of the winds vary the monotonous infinitude of its vastness. I then felt myself to be in the presence of my Creator, alone with my sorrows, my faults, my frailties. In the midst of this immensity man is nothing, except in his adoration of the Being who has created this moving wonder.

“One day a bird took shelter in the rigging. No one could conjecture whence it came, for we seemed to be between two infinitudes of sky and water, and this bird struck me as an apt similitude of our soul on the earth. The ages past, and the ages to come,—these are our two infinitudes; we are nothing in comparison, nothing more than the bird,

which the wind makes its sport, carries away and destroys.

“I love to retrace in my memory that voyage across the Atlantic, for it has left me with the conviction that nature and her harmonies can soften the most poignant mental anguish. I thought I was leaving everything, losing everything in quitting France. I can truly say that my heart was paralyzed; an effect always experienced by those who suffer too much to wish for consolation, and yet feel that the suffering will not bring death. The excess of sorrow then changes to apathy. It was thus that I saw the coasts of our France disappear, without a tear, without a sigh. I resigned myself to be a mere spectator of the drama of life, without taking part in it; I asked for nothing but a tomb, and grief refused to spread over me her shroud. Tranquilly we performed the voyage. A storm, some violent physical emotion, would no doubt have quickly roused me to a more healthy frame of mind, but God saw fit to lead me back to a sense of duty by gentler means.

“All the sails were set; the captain had scarcely an order to give; we hardly deviated from one parallel of latitude; and our route, as traced upon the map, presented a straight line. In short, the sea seemed to bear us on with such eagerness towards those foreign shores, that sometimes I figured to myself that I was going under full sail towards happiness. My heart awakened to such sensations as one awakes from the first sleep that calms the nerves after protracted suffering. Vague hopes, mysterious presentiments floated into my mind, and changed the current of my thoughts.

“I was beginning to weary of these scarcely undulating waves, when one day they came towards us in imposing

fury from two opposite points of the horizon. We were between two storms, in a vale of waters, and still our friendly breeze did not forsake us. Then it was that I felt myself in the element that our poets had described to me. It would be impossible to paint my delight, my ecstasy. These immense upheavings in the midst of the waters seem to follow no rule. The waves dash against and cross each other, mingle their foam, and breathe a spirit of defiance. Their fury suddenly breaks out at the most unexpected spot; there a wave swells, increases, and breaks over the valley in which our ship is tracing her furrow. But she ascends triumphantly to the crest of the next wave, to glide down it with equal grace and majesty, while nothing remains of it but a light and dazzling foam, that is flung hither and thither till it is gone. The influence of light and shade also contribute their magical effects to those of the waves, and it is difficult to tear myself from this ravishing sight.

“I remained whole hours seated on the deck, listening to the sound of the waves, that opened before our ship, and after a long struggle closed again behind her. This nameless sound, which it is impossible to describe, lulls the senses, by its constant repetition, into a voluptuous calm. It is a dull murmur which speaks to you the language most needed by the unhappy—that of a strong nature obeying fixed laws. It is thus that in the moral world the apparent caprices of fortune, the shock of events, all conduct us toward an aim, which is, the accomplishment of our destiny. There is always a hidden good which flows from present evil.

“ We have arrived at the end of our voyage. The situation of Pittsburg is enchanting. The junction of two rivers, the richly-clothed mountains that skirt them and surmount the town, all say to man, ‘Fix here thine abode.’ But it must be said, without implying a thought of blame, that industry has made it the workshop of the Cyclops. Nothing is heard but the clink of hammers on the anvils, the hissing of steam engines, the rattling of wheels in the manufactories; and if you climb the surrounding heights, all the murmur of confined noise reaches you through thick clouds of smoke, beneath which you are conscious there is a town, though you can no longer see it.

“ We left it, happily, several miles behind us. My sister lives in the country, on the banks of the Ohio. Her small dwelling is at once elegant and rural, and *there* are now gathered the *last* wreck of our family. While pressing her in my arms, my sister and her lovely children, I experienced a joy mingled with acute pain, for what we were now finding again made me feel all the more keenly what we had lost. Those tombs that we had left behind us will never reopen; the grass will grow on the abandoned sod; I shall no longer kneel on that hallowed spot; prayers, tears of regret, the last comfort of the unhappy—these are all that remain to me, as messengers to heaven of my sad affliction!

“ Oh, my brother, my Edward! young and beloved friend of my childhood, how much I feel thy loss in this noble country, where talents and virtues meet with a sure reward. Thy lofty and generous soul would have been in her element, and the more I feel that happiness *here* would have

been attainable, the more I grieve that thy mortal career is ended.

“Happiness! What a word, and how is it possible to be enjoyed by a virtuous being, whose life is but a painful struggle between inclinations and duties? This world is but a stage on which each one appears for a moment, to justify his title to eternity. Then what signifies if Edward’s life was short, if he always triumphed over himself? In him the energy of the passions did not conquer the moral strength which commands the esteem of men, and relies upon the approbation of God. He was acquainted with that power of self-sacrifice which makes one shrink from every temptation.”

“MIGNIONETTE, *near Pittsburgh.*

“THE situation of our cottages on the banks of the Ohio is enchanting. My sweetest enjoyment is to sit on a dead tree which has been deposited here during the freshet. Hence I watch the passage of all the craft that go down the stream. Their variety is infinite, and each one tells me a new story. Now it is the long and slender canoe, that darts through the water like an arrow, its whimsical proportions seeming to sport with the life of him who adventures himself in it. Now it is an immense raft, that bears a rudely-constructed habitation, and the poor and industrious family who, impelled at once by necessity and by the current, are going in search of uncultivated regions, while prepared to struggle against adversity and against nature.

What miseries, and what courageous virtues present themselves to my thoughts at this spectacle!

“But soon there appears a beautiful boat, embellished by a single sail, lightly borne along by a prosperous breeze; sometimes, indeed, this sail is simply the branch of a tree, thick with foliage; a lovely sight, teaching us how man can extemporize his happiest inventions. The noise and the smoke proclaim the rapid progress of the steamboat, of whose approach one is conscious long before seeing them. I remain for hours contemplating this scene, greatly enlivened by the ripple of the water that breaks upon the shore. But it is most pleasing to me at the close of day, when all becomes silent and calm. Then the wooded heights of the opposite shore throw their dark shadows, and all is mystery in the expanse. The measured cadence of the oars of some little fishing boat, cleaving the wave almost unperceived, is the only sound that mingles with the hum of insects that fill the air.

“I can with difficulty tear myself from this life of contemplation, a thousand times too dear to me, from that crowd of unutterable thoughts which fill the heart of one who has loved much. But active duties recall us to the useful end of our existence, and I cease to dream of those I have lost, to return to the side of my poor mother. Life has still a charm for me, while I have one beloved being to cherish on earth.

“One must have travelled to know how painful it is to see only strange faces around one. There exists amongst those who have known each other from infancy a sweet freedom, a cordiality whose charm nothing can replace. Life is as it

were a lengthened chain of thought, of which one can understand the links, and foresee the continuation. Here I study with curiosity every physiognomy, then I relapse into a profound melancholy. These speculations weary the mind, and the heart dares not trust to them.

“We took a ramble over Brunot’s Island. I saw new trees, new tints, as well as new scenes. We had a sail as far as McKee’s Rocks, where I saw what is called ‘an Indian mound.’ The shades of these sons of the forest seem everywhere to haunt us in such solitudes; one lends an attentive ear; one is on the watch as if to discover some of their stealthy manœuvres. If a bird with a brilliant plumage alights on the grass, it seems as if it was a floating feather, dropped from the crown of one of their warriors. The heart throbs with expectation, and one is almost tempted to fly, as if prudence was still dictated by their mode of attack.

“In dwelling on the past, however, the thought that comes uppermost is not one of *regret*, that a wild and ignorant race should have been crushed and driven back towards more distant regions. When Columbus planted the standard of the Cross in this New World, it was more than the mere act of taking possession of the country. That Cross was the symbol of the religious destinies of a whole regenerated continent. The mild effulgence of Christianity, the useful sciences, fine arts, pure and moral habits,—all these were to flow from it.

“I find great uniformity in the aspect of the landscape, and a total want of originality of every kind. There is nothing here that bears the impress of a *peculiar* seal. The log

cabin seems to be the only distinctive feature, and even this reminds one of the rude attempts of the Swiss; and their architecture can boast of a *picturesque* appearance that the best trials of the Americans have not. One sees here frame houses, painted of various shades, ornamented with columns where one would in vain endeavor to trace any of the *five orders*. The capital is always missed, or the proportions of the whole a failure. The roof does not seem to be adapted either to the burning climate of Italy, or the snows of winter as those of the Swiss *châlets* are. In short, I notice everywhere a certain *medium*, void of taste and beauty. But that belongs, we must say, to the necessities of a climate that combines all extremes.

"July 4th. My first anniversary of this national festival in America; and this day made me feel more strongly than I had yet done, that I am in a *strange land*. In the midst of their rejoicings I carried the heart of an *exile*.

"Our cottage being situated on the Ohio, nothing could be more animated than the scene it presented to-day. Steam-boats were passing every now and then, crowded with passengers, as each society was in search of some beautiful spot for their rural sports and pic-nics. The music, accompanied by the strokes of the engine, was in harmony with the genial hilarity. I was invited to join a party got up by the sisters of Mr. A——, and I met with the kindest attention from all. One must have found himself all of a sudden amidst unknown faces and new scenes; and one must have heard those noisy demonstrations of pleasure in which we find it impossible to participate, to form an adequate idea of the contrast of our impressions with those of the sur-

rounding crowd. It is then that we feel the value of a look that seems to pity us, and of a hand ever ready to be extended to protect. There are beings that we seem to *remember* even, though they are strangers, so well do they harmonize with all our remembrances of the past. We know them before having met, and they are no sooner seen than loved.

“H. P.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Preble's teacher-life—Her deep conviction of the importance of female education—Regrets the neglect of solid branches—Female capability—Her system—Cultivation of the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties—Discipline of her school—She secures both the love and respect of her pupils—Their strong affection for her in after years—*Reminiscences* of her school by a former pupil—Description of Miss Preble—A first day at the school—The names of the muses given to her nine pupils—Affecting incident—New view of a scholar's obligations—Course of studies—Pursued in summer in the open air—Sketches from nature—Fête days—Rich fruits of her labors.

IN the latter end of the year 1832, Miss Preble commenced an enterprise, in which she took great interest, and for which the result proved her to have been admirably qualified. It was an enterprise not then esteemed as it is now, respectable and honorable. Its intrinsic dignity and incalculable usefulness to society were not then seen as they are fortunately now viewed by all. Miss Preble, with her characteristic activity and energy of mind, firmness of purpose once formed, and above all her desire to be useful—resolved to undertake the management of a select private school. She had reflected long and deeply on the subject of female education. She had long seen and regretted its narrowness and superficiality. She particularly regretted that so much time was given to the ornamental—as they

are termed—and so little to the solid branches of education. She seemed to feel it as a reflection on the character of the female mind, as implying that it was incapable of acquiring difficult knowledge, and grasping subjects affording materials of thought and reasoning. She wished to correct existing faults in the mode of teaching, to demonstrate the capabilities of the female mind, and to make the female sex meet companions for educated and intellectual men.

Her system of education was based on an accurate insight into the physical, intellectual, and moral constitution, which her own observation, reflections, and experience had enabled her to obtain, for she had not enjoyed the aid of the many excellent treatises of late years, on the subject of education. It provided for the physical nature of her pupils in a due degree of attention to appropriate and well-timed exercise. Even this exercise was selected with a view not to health only, but also to gracefulness of position and movement—to easy and elegant manners. The selections of authors and studies were wisely adapted to exercise, train, and strengthen the mind, and supply it with materials of thought. Those studies that had a direct tendency to improve and refine the taste and imagination, she especially recommended and insisted on. But above all, she introduced into their course, studies which unfold and impress the value and importance of morality and religion; for, though at this period of her life—it may be said without offence to her, were she living, or to the relations and friends who survive her—she was yet blind to the great peculiar doctrines of Christianity, she introduced the study of the

Bible and morning and evening worship into her school. This fact she herself relates, and explains her views and reasons in a manuscript which will be found in a subsequent part of this memoir.

The discipline of her school was judicious and wise, as the system of education. It was nearly entirely founded on moral suasion. She sought to acquire the respect, the confidence, and the affections of her pupils. It could not be otherwise than that she gained these in an almost unbounded degree. Her strong and brilliant mind so thoroughly and elegantly cultivated and adorned, could not fail to acquire and secure respect. Her dignified and ever-consistent conduct, so blameless and irreproachable, compelled their confidence. Her gentle and amiable temper and manners, the one, never coarse or repulsive, the other, never ruffled by irregular passion or impetuous inconsiderateness, attached at once their regard, and fixed in their young hearts unmixed and imperishable affection. To this moment, every pupil of her school surviving her, cherishes her memory in a degree altogether unusual, and rises to enthusiasm at the mention of her name. This remark is not made at random, but rests upon actual living examples of its literal truth.

As soon as Miss Preble made known her wish to take a few young girls under her care and instruction, the desired number was obtained, and always kept up. The reminiscences which follow, are from the pen of one of her pupils, whose congenial nature received the indelible impress of her instructions. The contribution, both in style and sentiment, is worthy of the theme. The concluding

sentences are just, beautiful, and impressive. The writer of this memoir could not present the reader and friends of Miss Preble, anything in relation to her school, so true to the realities of the subject, so graphic and so interesting. It is here gladly given.

REMINISCENCES OF MISS PREBLE'S SCHOOL.

“Miss Preble was too remarkable and too interesting a woman not to find friends and admirers. Wherever destiny placed her, she was soon surrounded by a kind circle, who endeavored to make her forget that she was in a strange land. Her sister's cottage, which had always been the abode of taste, was now much adorned by the works of art which Mrs. Preble had brought from Europe, and presented an air of refinement and elegance not known in the western country. Mrs. Preble was the true type of the English lady, uniting to great suavity of manners, that native dignity so peculiar to her land. To the charm of an accomplished family, Miss Preble's conversational powers added an intellectual treat. Indeed, nothing could be more attractive than their family circle was; the children were lovely, and everything seemed combined to render it the happiest of homes. But soon, alas! did adversity come to teach her stern lessons—to hearts, however, well prepared to learn them. Mr. B——, having met with severe reverses, Miss Preble thought it advisable to secure an independence for herself and mother; and a place of ten acres adjoining ‘Mignonette,’ then her sister's residence, being

for rent, she at once repaired the building that was on it, and undertook the care and education of six or eight young girls, from the age of twelve to fifteen. As soon as Miss Preble's friends heard this wish expressed, her number was filled, for all felt there were few so highly gifted. It is with heartfelt pleasure that my mind recurs to those early days passed at the cottage of our dear and inestimable friend, and as it is at that age we are most susceptible of impression, I trust the beautiful example we had constantly before us, was not wholly without its effect. We soon learned our deficiencies, and endeavored to overcome them. Although Miss Preble was unaccustomed to instruct, and the independence of American girls gave her trouble at first, yet she was untiring in her efforts. As our homes were within a few miles, we spent Saturdays and Sundays with our families, and returned on Monday. To give an idea of Miss Preble's refined and kind manner towards her pupils, I will describe my first day at the cottage, which was some weeks after it opened. When we assembled for dinner, Miss Preble entered with a beaming countenance, saying, 'I feel very happy to have all my children back again : and now, indeed, I have all ; my number is complete ; we sit down to-day, *nine* in all ; would it not be a good idea for us to take the names of the *Muses*, according to our peculiar tastes and talents ?' Every one entered into it with good spirit, reserving *Clio* for Miss Preble ; each received her name, which was our classical name, whilst we remained together, and by these names were we recognized by Miss Preble's friends in France, in whom we all took the liveliest interest, having heard so much of that delight-

ful circle. We occasionally sent them a drawing or some trifle, and when a box of gifts arrived from France, we were often flatteringly remembered, which delighted us beyond measure.

“On one occasion, after dinner, Miss Preble came to the class-room to hear several lessons recited, all of which were either imperfect or entirely missed; she closed the books, and covering her face with her handkerchief burst into tears. All remained silent for some minutes; at last some began to offer an apology, but Miss Preble looked distressed, and said: ‘It seemed to her a want of principle, that she could not understand it.’ This taught us to view our faults in a new and more serious light than we had been accustomed to do. This delicate and gentle treatment, had much more effect than many words; it made an indelible impression on our minds, and all resolved to allow nothing in future to interfere with their duty. We ceased to regard anything as a task, but felt that we had met together for mutual improvement; and in the society of one so accomplished, so truly amiable, we could not fail to see much to stimulate us to exertion. Our days were fully occupied by our French and English studies, music, and drawing; and in the evening we gathered around a table with our needle-work, when Miss Preble took particular pains to point out all that was most beautiful in literature, and to select choice reading for us, that one might constantly read aloud. In this way we read all the finest passages in the best poets, and as poetry was one of the studies, we committed many pages from them. All this was eminently calculated to give us a correct literary taste and

a desire to improve. Miss Preble's high appreciation of the beauties of nature, enabled us to derive the full benefit of our healthful situation ; for we were allowed to spend a great part of our time, during the summer, in the open air ; we studied almost all our lessons, seated under the trees, and at the sound of Miss Preble's silvery bell, hastened to a bower where she usually sat, reading or drawing, and ready to hear us recite. This rural life charmed the Muses. Miss Preble, being quite an artist herself, took great pleasure in tracing any ray of artistic talent in her pupils. Drawing was always a great source of enjoyment, even to those who were without talent for it ; for we had many a delightful excursion, in which we sketched from nature, which was rendered doubly interesting by Miss Preble's entertaining conversation. Having lived in France during the times of Napoleon, and enjoyed the society of many of the distinguished persons of that day, she was full of pleasing details. We delighted to gather around her to hear of those times.

"Miss Preble's great amiability shone particularly on fête days, when she joined us in all our pastimes, and thus made our days joyous and happy, and we valued them all the more because our hours of study kept us so constantly occupied.

"It was with great regret that each took leave of *SANS SOUÏ*, ("without care,") which was the name given to the cottage from the content and happiness which reigned there. Miss Preble afterwards took deep interest in those who had been under her roof. I have always esteemed it the highest privilege of my life, to have been blessed with the

friendship of one so superior, and who, after becoming so zealous a Christian, proved a spiritual as well as temporal guide. Her holy example was worthy of imitation by all; indeed as truly as her system of education was the school to fit *us for life*, was her life the school to fit us for eternity.

“E. A.”

Miss Preble, for four years, from 1832 to 1836, devoted, with zeal and fidelity, her admirable qualifications to her school. To her, indeed, it was a

— Delightful task,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

In this task she succeeded, to the entire satisfaction of the parents, and the lasting benefit of those entrusted to her care. Even for the short time she taught, she conferred a great service on the community around her, in elevating the standard of study, in pointing out the faults in conduct and discipline of female schools, and in impressing on all, both old and young, the inestimable value of a sound and well-directed education. She also conferred a blessing on society, which even at this time may be seen and estimated, in preparing for the useful scenes and duties of life, many who have been, and some who yet live to be, its examples and its ornaments.

CHAPTER XV.

Miss Preble's want of health compels an abandonment of her School — She leaves Sans Souci — With her mother goes to Washington, Penn. — Its literary institutions and society — Her biographer there made her acquaintance — His impressions of the lady — He directs her mind from infidel philosophy to religion — A passage in Mason's sermon — Its effects on Miss Preble — Her unceasing devotion to her mother — Removal to New Brighton — Its pleasant and healthful situation — Here she felt the vanity of so-called philosophy — Her first notions of the Saviour — Slow to perceive the great doctrines of Christianity — Is convinced by its internal evidences — Gives herself up with full faith in its truth — Her former blameless and lively life now sanctified by religion — She becomes a member of the Presbyterian Church — Her letter to the Session on the occasion.

THE solicitudes and labors attendant on the management of her school, began to diminish the strength that never was great, and she became painfully sensible of its failure. She was, therefore, compelled to give up her self-imposed office of teacher, and return to her former quiet and untroubled course of life. She felt the necessity, as did her mother, of greater retirement than she could lead so near Pittsburgh, where, in her beautiful residence of Sans Souci, politeness, as well as her undiminished enjoyment of society, would induce her to meet and entertain a large circle of friends and visitors. In the year 1836, she removed, with her mother, to Washington, about twenty-six miles south of Pittsburgh, at which place there were established

a College and a Female Séminary of considerable reputation. She had heard that these institutions had created a very agreeable literary society, sufficiently large to afford variety to social intercourse, and not so large as to fatigue by its extent. She often acknowledged that she had not been disappointed. She passed in that place sixteen months in a retired manner, yet not so much so as to avoid those attentions, which her character and position in society would everywhere be certain to attract. These quickly obtained for her, and her excellent mother, great respect and regard. It was during this short residence in Washington that the writer first became acquainted with these ladies. He soon discerned their excellencies, and they were kind enough to extend their friendship to him, in a flattering degree, which afforded him many social and intellectual enjoyments. This friendship continued through her life, and was one of the most valued enjoyments of his. The only consideration which at the time cast the least shade over the rich moments of intercourse, was a perception by him, that she was a disciple of the French school of infidelity, fashionable in the literary circles of France in her day, which prepared the way for the Jacobin atheism, and atrocities of the Revolution, and which its disciples afterwards sought to soften and polish by literary charms and refined manners. Nothing disrespectful is meant in recording this sad fact in her history. She has acknowledged it, as the reader will presently see, in the strongest terms of regret and penitence; has borne her testimony to the proud but shallow pretences of infidelity, and to its utter and dismal want of all peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind, when it is compelled

seriously to reflect upon the great subjects of the present life and of a future existence. On one occasion, after a very interesting, and, on her part, brilliant conversation on several literary topics, these more important subjects were brought to their consideration, when the writer endeavored gradually, and without exciting any *feeling* in behalf of her infidel sentiments, always presented in so sentimental and refined a manner, or startling any of her doubts and theories, to draw her solid and comprehensive mind to another, and, to her, unaccustomed train of thought, and at length he recited the exordium of the masterly and eloquent sermon of Dr. Mason, on the glorious text: "There is redemption through the blood of Christ Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." The writer cannot refrain from here quoting it, so that the reader may see how likely such sublime truths, so expressed, would be to strike her mind and arrest her attention, and leave her to follow up in her meditations the train of thought suggested by the great orator:—

"Whoever, my friends, believe that they have sinned and that God is just, cannot be indifferent to their condition and their prospects. The more perfect development of this righteousness being left to a future state, and every question respecting it involving an immortal spirit, and an eternal destiny, it would be madness in us not to reflect what would be our fate. Reason and conscience declare with Revelation that 'the wages of sin is death;' and neither reason nor conscience can discover the means or warrant a hope of escape. Dost thou doubt? Retire into thine own bosom and ask thyself can God justify the un-

godly? Thy reason, abashed, declines to answer, while conscience pours her accusations into thine ears, and points her finger to the wrath to come: flee from thyself, and thy fellow sinner, whose reason is as dark and whose conscience is as guilty as thine own. Explore the works of the Creator; thou shalt find order, bounty, magnificence, but not one *trace of pardon*. Go down, now, to the abodes of those rebel spirits that kept not their first estate. Alas! there are only chains and darkness and vials of wrath! Hasten hence and consult the angels who surround the throne of God. Ask them if God can be holy and yet pardon sin? Ask them if thou mayst hope for more immunity than the apostates of their own family? The heavenly host cannot answer thy questions. Silence seals up their lips of love; and thou, thy soul unsatisfied, thy doubts redoubled, must return and pass the time of thy sojourning here alternately shivering with the ague and burning with the fever of despair. Upon this darkness, which the lights of the creature serve only to deepen, God has caused the light of His Gospel to descend. It has driven away those forms of horror which stalked around us in nature's and reason's darkness, and reveals to us the Word made flesh. And we are called this day into his sanctuary, not to tremble in his presence, or perish under his rebuke, but to embrace the overtures of His mercy, and rejoice in His salvation."

The writer at once saw the deep impression this passage made on her mind, so fully capable of grasping such grand themes. She, in lively and earnest terms, expressed her delight at the sublime eloquence of the quotation, and asked for a copy of it. She received the copy with evident plea-

sure. Could the entire sermon then have been obtained, it would have been handed to her. The writer has reason to believe, that the truths thus presented to her mind made an impression that was never obliterated.

It was during this first residence of Mrs. and Miss Preble in Washington, that the most beautiful trait in the character of the latter, became most striking to the view of those who had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance and friendship with those estimable ladies. This trait was *her devotion to her mother*. Never has there been a lovelier instance of filial piety exhibited. Nothing could exceed the unceasing attention paid by this daughter to her mother. It increased in gentle and tender solicitude, in proportion as age and infirmities made such devotion more necessary and soothing. Miss Preble exerted herself—notwithstanding her own bodily infirmities—to lighten those of her mother, and to interest, animate, and cheer her mind. For this purpose all her fine mental faculties and acquisitions were put into constant requisition. These efforts so judiciously made, and made with such pure and endearing constancy, doubtless had a happy effect upon the health and spirits of the parent, for, while weakness of body confined her constantly to the house, and nearly so to her chamber, her spirits were always cheerful, and her manners towards old and young were always cordial and attractive. These two persons thus related, and congenial from natural disposition and acquired graces, had never been separated up to this time, and never were, during their lives, for a longer period than *six weeks*. To many a reader of sensibility, the beautiful lines of Pope, at the end of his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, will

occur, as aptly describing a reality which the poet never beheld nor even imagined more perfect.

“Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother’s breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.”

During the residence of Mrs. and Miss Preble in Washington, they paid a visit to New Brighton, a small town in the county of Beaver, Pennsylvania, situated on a large stream called “Beaver Creek,” famous in this region for its clear, bold, and rapid waters, and its many falls. These ladies, particularly Miss Preble—who still possessed her youthful susceptibility to the grandeur and beauties of nature—were very much struck and delighted with the extreme beauty of the romantic scenery on the banks of Beaver. The healthfulness of the town, and the tedium and restraint of a boarding life, determined them to leave Washington and resume housekeeping in New Brighton. This project they accordingly accomplished, and in the latter end of the year 1837 they settled at Brighton.

The calm retirement of Brighton afforded full and uninterrupted leisure for Miss Preble to indulge in reflection and reading. Fortunately for her, she had now become, in a considerable degree, sensible of the vanity of her infidelity, which she had so long and laboriously endeavored to justify and strengthen by so-called “philosophy.” She had become sensible that it furnished little food for a serious mind, and that as to the questions “life and immortality,”

and their relations and issues and futurities, in regard to her own personal destiny, her infidelity and philosophy were shrouded in impenetrable darkness, without light or hope! It has been seen, that she had, for reasons and with views which she has herself stated, introduced the reading of the Bible into her school at Sans Souci. She admired its sublime imagery and poetry, and acknowledged its pure morality and benevolence of spirit. But she had not perceived the *doctrines* it revealed. These, she was too much of a "modern philosopher," to make one effort to see or understand. Like the infidels of France, in her day, as they are in ours, she was as intellectually proud as they, and as presumptuous and ignorant of the *facts* and of the *truths of Revelation*. She was, too, as wretched as they, when forced to reflect on their condition and prospects. She now resolved to study the Bible in earnest, and with candor. She had never doubted it was historically true, that there had lived such a person as Jesus Christ, and that the great facts in relation to his appearance in Judea, his life, his teaching, and his death, were true. But she believed Him nothing more than a human messenger, who had taught a purer morality than any one preceding him. She had never given the least attention to the distinguishing *doctrines* of Christianity; the fall of man; the corruption of his nature; his actual sin and consequent guilt and necessary desert of punishment; his entire inability to rescue himself from his sad and awful condition; the mercy of God in providing an all-sufficient ransom in consistency with his holiness and rectoral justice as a moral governor, for the punishment and rebuke of *sin* and rebellion; for the

pardon of the sinner through the vicarious, atoning, and propitiatory sacrifice of the Divine Son of God ; the existence of the Holy Spirit, and his agency in aiding the natural mind in comprehending and adopting these great truths. The *internal* evidences of Christianity were the sources of conviction to her mind. Everything there accorded with her amiable disposition, her clear conceptions of moral truths. She then endeavored to study with prayer—for even her *natural* religion had taught her the reasonableness of prayer—for assistance in ascertaining, and then feeling the efficacy of the doctrines of the Gospel; *and the result was as it ever has been and ever will be*, a full, unshaken, and joyful conviction of their truth, and their entire and wonderful adaptation to her intellectual, moral, and religious nature ; to all the profoundest reflections of her soul, and to all her hopes. In fine, Miss Preble *became a Christian*. Her Christianity was equally remote from a weak and wild fanaticism or a presumptuous rationalism.

Having become convinced of all the plainly revealed, essential truths of Christianity, she yielded her mind and heart to its blessed Author, and found “redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.” Her blameless and lovely life henceforth became a constant course of holy obedience in act and thought, and her Christian life was one of peace and joy in believing. She more and more rejoiced with “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” She became meet for “the inheritance of the saints in light.”

As soon as she was convinced of the truth and reality of religion, she resolved immediately to obey the injunction,

to confess her Redeemer before men by joining herself to His visible kingdom.

At New Brighton, there was no Episcopal Church, to which her mother and sister belonged. Fortunately for Miss Preble, however—for so she herself considered it—the pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, was a person every way suited for the office of guiding her inquiries and confirming her faith—a gentleman of education, refinement, and amiability, and a faithful, gentle, and pious pastor. To the Rev. A. Williams—who still lives to labor in his master's vineyard, and to cherish with profound respect and cordial regard, the memory of this admirable woman—she acknowledges, in her letters to him at a subsequent period, the greatest obligations and gratitude. This correspondence will be given, and the Christian will read and study it with the liveliest pleasure, and with certain improvement

The first step taken in her Christian life was to join herself, in *open union*, to some orthodox communion in the earthly kingdom of Christ. She joined the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Williams, of New Brighton. The letter she addressed to the “session” of the congregation, on this deeply interesting occasion, is characteristic of her good sense, her humility and sincerity.

TO THE SESSION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT
NEW BRIGHTON.

“I feel it a duty, gentlemen, to own to you, that I *have* been an unbeliever in all *but* a Supreme Being. God, in

His mercy, has brought me to better feelings. I can *trace* in all the circumstances of the few last years of my life—in the influence of every passing event, the finger of God, leading his simple creature into a better path. It is therefore with deep feelings of gratitude towards my Creator, and with no confidence whatever in my own merits, that I feel myself entitled to become a member of your Church.

“It may be satisfactory to you to have a short outline of what the state of my feelings has been, and you will better understand my joy and gratitude, in being ‘new born,’ when you know how *far* I have ‘erred from the right path.’

“My youth was passed in France, without religious instruction. As I grew up, my turn of mind being rather reflective, I studied, with avidity, every book on moral philosophy which came within my reach, and I must ascribe to *English*, as well as French authors, the great injury produced by such investigations. So little is it customary, in France, to read the Bible, that I was left without any *antidote* against such poison, and I embraced erroneous conclusions, with as much *confidence* as if I had examined *both sides* of the question.

“By the favor of God I was called to this country, where my utter blindness was to pass away. For several years, however, I attended public service irregularly, being but slightly impressed with the importance of doing so, and having many difficulties to overcome, as I lived in the country. But my love to my Creator—for I always had in my heart deep reverential love towards him—made me establish morning and evening worship in our family ; and the reading of the Bible gradually shook my firm unbelief.

I no longer felt *perfectly satisfied* with my conclusions ; my mind was *ill at ease*. I *felt* the sublime beauty of the Gospel, and though I could not bring my mind to acknowledge Christ as the ‘ Son of God,’—I now confess it with deep shame and repentance—I could not help but see in him a divine *messenger*. Thus I became a Unitarian without knowing it. Chance made me afterwards acquainted with Dr. Channing’s works. They embodied all my thoughts and opinions, and I thought I had found a *resting* place. But I was soon exposed to better influences. I gave up teaching and retired to Washington. The good examples of that small community, animated with great religious zeal, worked forcibly upon my feelings. A voice heard from the pulpit, taught me the consolation and help divine from praying, at a time when God had visited me with sorrows, intended no doubt, to make me feel *how much* we need the intercessions of our Saviour. I was awakened to a desire of more light, more faith, more hope. I came to Brighton, and the instructions which I have here received, from our good pastor, have brought me to the happy state of feeling and belief, which leads me to claim the inestimable privilege, of devoting the remainder of my life to the services of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you think proper to admit me to the participation of the approaching sacrament, I shall consider it as the *happiest day in my life*, and shall, in all, endeavor, by constant prayer and reading of the Bible, to set up the character of a devoted member of the Christian Church.

“HARRIET PREBLE.

“*July 14, 1838.*”

CHAPTER XVI.

Miss Preble, at the request of her Pastor, reviews her life — Want of early religious instruction — Her delight in reading Ancient History — Her high standard derived from Greece and Rome — Her philosophical readings — She was ever filled with a sense of the Creator of all things — Her faith in the immortality of the soul shaken — Deduced morality from the Constitution of Man — Letters to the Rev. Mr. Williams — Change of residence to Alleghany — The whole family again under one roof — Miss Preble active in the discharge of her Christian duties — Her excellent Pastor, Dr. Swift — She describes her gradual change of opinions — Acknowledges mysteries beyond finite comprehension — Study of the Bible gives life a new aspect.

BEFORE Miss Preble left New Brighton, Mr. Williams asked her to draw up, for him, a sketch of her previous life, particularly in reference to the train of events and reflections which had, at length, terminated so happily, in having led her to the Cross. She subsequently complied with his earnest request. Her modesty and humility made her averse to speaking much of herself, on any occasion or subject; and it was not till some time after this period, that she began the required task. It is greatly to be regretted that she did not complete it. In the following exceedingly interesting, remarkable and instructive letter to Mr. Williams, she sent the commencement of her autobiography. It gives us some idea of the extent of her reading, of the powers of her mind, and also, of the reasons

why she became dissatisfied with her philosophical systems, and the steps which led her, from the dry and barren mountains of intellectual pride and unbelief to the verdant vales and perennial streams of Revelation.

“*March 4, 1844.*

“I shall endeavor, since you wish it, my much revered friend, to look into the past, and show you what great reason I have to be thankful to the Lord, for having guided my steps, and brought me to a country where the gospel is preached, taught, and read. For such privileges, all Protestants ought daily to offer up their humble praise.

“My parents were married in France at the time of the Revolution; and, soon after, my father settled there as a merchant. They visited England, however, and it was during their residence there, that I was born and baptized. My mother had left England when quite a girl, and had been placed in a *convent* in France, for the sake of her education, as was usual in that country in those days. In her youth she had received no great religious instruction, for there were then no sabbath schools, no Bible classes; but she had lived long enough in her native land, to be attached to the Episcopalian form of worship, and, though deprived of it in France, she never felt inclined to attend the Romish churches—this predilection saved her from the *Papal yoke*.

“I was sent to a boarding-school of great celebrity, when eight years old, and remained there till the age of thirteen. A Romish chapel was annexed to the establishment, but we

were seven or eight Protestant girls, who never attended. Madame Campan used to call us jokingly '*her little heretics*,' and we must thank her at least for leaving us perfect liberty of conscience. During mass we enjoyed the liberty of doing what we pleased; those were our *frolicking* days, and we therefore thought our *Protestant cause a very good one*, though all we understood about it was—that *we did not believe in the Pope*.

“When we left school, my parents were residing in Paris, where there was *one* Protestant church, Lutheran or Presbyterian. We attended it pretty regularly, though the distance was very great. I must say that love to God then filled my heart, and I thought that was all required. I never thought of seeking for instruction, and I suppose the sermons were not often doctrinal, for I cannot remember that they led me to think of our Saviour. In 1815, after the peace between England and France, the Episcopalian service was performed both in the English Ambassador's chapel, and at the *Oratoire*, where we used to go, the church serving for both denominations. This pleased my mother; her early partiality revived, and she wished us to attend that service, in preference to the Presbyterian. From that time I do not remember having experienced much religious *enjoyment*; excuse the word, since I had no sincere *faith*.

“I was then sixteen or seventeen; my mind was active; it needed aliment, and my reading was far from leading me to Christ. Books of that nature were not known in our circle of acquaintance, mostly Romanists. I began then a very general course of reading, and, as you wish to have an

idea of the *influences* which tended to form my opinions, I must enter into some particulars on this head. I first confined myself mostly to history, and I cannot describe the delight, the pleasure, the enthusiastic admiration, which I felt in reading translations from the ancient historians—Tacitus, Polybius, Livy, Plutarch, and a great many English and French historians, who also celebrate the glories of Greece and of Rome. Their *moral* became mine, the virtues which adorned their heroes seemed to me *sublime*, and I did not then conceive that *man* could aspire to *greater* perfection than was manifested by the Stoics. I did not read history with the indifference of a school-girl. I *lived* in the very midst of those great men, for they were my dream by day and night. I think such reading tended to give some elevation to my mind, giving me a high standard of moral excellence; and, imperfect as *it* was when *compared* with the purity of the Gospel, still it served to set me above the little frivolities of life, and its puerile amusements. Next I passed in review the philosophy of the ancients, *not* reading the authors themselves, however; but gleaning their opinions from such histories of philosophy as we owe to Condillac, Degrand, and others. Then my astonishment was *great* to find that such *great* minds would be pleased with such wild incoherent hypotheses, and I found in them nothing to satisfy me. At that time I also read a great deal of poetry—all the best poets, English and French, served in turn to soften my heart, and create in me that poetical *sense* which helps us so wonderfully to understand the harmonious beauties of Nature; and, in all my dreams, I always felt the presence of our great Creator, both in my

heart, and in the face of Nature! Thanks to God, he never so forsook me, as to allow me to listen to what could throw a doubt on the *certainty* of His presiding *over all*.

But the mazes of philosophy led me to doubts of another kind. I must say that *Locke* was the first who shook my belief in the immortality of the soul. There is something so fascinating in the investigation of the *powers* of the mind, of its faculties, the laws that govern them, that, once engaged in it, I could not stop till I had read all the best metaphysical writers that I could hear of. Therefore, Condillac, Dugald Stewart, Reid, Tracy, and many others, all became in turn the objects of my meditations; and, by dint of analyzing the powers of the mind, and always finding that *sensation* was the foundation of all our knowledge, I finally was led, as well as many of my most intimate friends, to *think* that *we* were the mere sport of matter—or *rather* beautiful pieces of mechanism, acted upon by exterior objects, as an instrument emits sounds just correspondent to the casual touch of *any* hand. I reasoned, and reasoned, till the whole seemed beautifully logical, and with *that* belief I settled down in feelings of perfect indifference as to the future—that awful futurity, where I saw nothing for *him* to expect, who was a material being, endowed with transient existence.

“Thus had I reached the most fearful conclusion, by a course of reading, which being perfectly *pure* in its general tone, never alarmed my heart. I felt, however, that such a *fine piece of mechanism* must be subject to some moral laws, and my next inquiry was: ‘What is to be their foundation?’ In a little ‘Essay’ of my own, I endeavored to *prove* how they flowed naturally from the constitution of

man ; from his social relations, from self-interest, and that our happiness was always proportionate to our benevolence—the greater the last, the surer the other ; most of my thoughts being merely reminiscences of Bolingbroke, Hume, Rousseau, &c. But having made out of the whole a sort of catechism, that satisfied my conscience, and firmly convinced me that man was *well* able to be guided by the light of reason, I thought that *nothing* could henceforth disturb my creed. And such was my state of mind when I came to *this country*—to me the *promised land*, since it brought me near the Tabernacle of God.

* * * * * * * * *

“I have delayed too long, my good friend, answering your letter. It has been owing partly to unavoidable circumstances, and partly to inertness of my mind. I felt unable to satisfy your request. I also felt *unwilling* to do it. I must confess it, so as to have *at least* the merit of being sincere. But when I reflected how kind you had been to me, how incapable you were of making an improper use of it, or of giving my name, I conquered laziness and pride, and this week I wrote what precedes. I must finish my narrative in my next—this made a good resting place. Excuse me for not copying over this imperfect sketch. I wished to preserve it, and having copied it, in a book of *souvenirs*, I have not courage to go over it a *third time*.

“It would be hard for me to tell you, my much esteemed friend, *why* I have not written to you for these two years past, for I *know* that I *did* owe you a letter. I have thought of you and Mrs. Williams hundreds of times. Mother

and I often speak of you, and of your *cheering* visits at *desolate* Brighton, and I ought to have told you long ago how charmingly we are settled down in a quiet little corner of Alleghany, enjoying books and friends to our hearts' content.

"My sister is also very much pleased with her retreat at Washington, as it is very conducive to the welfare of her boys, and to poor Emma's, whose weak health makes us need some comforting. I have been so weak, excepting within the last four or five months, that you must attribute my silence to the little inclination I feel of exerting myself in any way. I went several times to see the Misses H——, and they are almost the only persons in our circle of acquaintance who seem not to have quite forgotten us. I began to think that perhaps the epidemic of indifference had caught you, especially when I heard that Mrs. Williams had been here, without letting me know it. I should have run gladly to see her and to hear all about you, your present welfare, and your future prospects; her sisters ought to have sent me word. Well, all this is *no* justification for *my* having been so lazy as not to write to you. I fully intended doing so, at Christmas, and since I neglected it, accept *now* the expression of our *best* wishes for the events of this year.

"Yours, sincerely,

"HARRIET PREBLE."

Mrs. and Miss Preble did not remain long in New Brighton. Her sister, Mrs. B——, resided in the city of

Alleghany, and pressed them to leave New Brighton, and return to Alleghany, and live with her, so that the whole family might once more be together as one. To this they consented, and the mother and sisters again formed one family circle, in the tenderest bonds of affectionate devotion to each other, now knit together by the purer, holier love—a love of “one faith, one baptism, one God and Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ.” During this period, from the latter end of the year 1838, for three or four years, she occasionally corresponded with the Rev. Mr. Williams, who, highly estimating the character of Miss Preble, and finding so much to edify a Christian, in her correspondence, preserved it carefully and has kindly furnished it for publication in this memoir. It will be found in Appendix, No. 3, and will be read with pleasure and profit by every Christian, who will be delighted to trace her growth in all the graces of a Christian faith. There will be also in that number of the Appendix a very interesting letter from Mr. Williams to Miss Preble’s sister, in compliance with her request to send some reminiscences of his acquaintance with her, and of her religious exercises of mind and heart, while at New Brighton.

Mrs. and Miss Preble resided in Alleghany, with Mrs. B——, for four years. Miss Preble’s course of life was retired, but she was active in the performance of her Christian duties. She became a member of the Presbyterian congregation, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Swift. No one could have been found in the whole range of the Christian ministry, more suited in every particular, to encourage, allure, and nurture the faith and hope and

joys of such a character as Miss Preble's. The delicacy, humility, and tenderness of her nature, the natural and cultivated powers of her mind, her sensibility to eloquence—all formed an inexhaustible source of enjoyment in the character of this estimable man, and this pious, faithful, and eloquent minister. The reader will enjoy the many beautiful, touching, and truly eloquent references to the preaching and character of the minister, in her notices and comments on his texts and sermons. These will be found in her letters and journals. Some of them are selected and will be embodied here. Before they are inserted, an extract will be given from a letter to one of her friends in France, whom she playfully called "Malsy," written from New Brighton, in which she describes with beautiful simplicity, the joys of her *new life*, since she ceased to be "an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger from the covenant of promise."

"NEW BRIGHTON, May 14, 1838.

"At last we once more enjoy fine weather, and a dazzling sun gives one bright and melting thoughts. However, be sure of one thing, my dear friend, which is, that I have no need of this help to make my heart light. The future, such as it presents itself to me, is very pleasant, and offers every imaginable comfort. In the beginning of July you may fancy us once more settled in Pittsburgh. It is precisely two years since at the very same epoch we were leaving for Washington. All these moves on the *chess-board* have not been in vain. I do not regret them ;

in all, God wishes our good only. He has led me, through the power of good example and some necessary trials, to the religious sentiments that fill my soul. Nothing can be more sweet and consoling than the Christian belief.

“Do not think that the change in my opinions is due to a momentary enthusiasm. It was the very slow work of *time*. Aided by Divine grace, I asked with fervor and sincerity for *light*, and I feel assured that God heard my prayers. I took a long walk lately with Mr. Williams. I wanted to confide to him with all frankness my remaining doubts. I still feel at times as a *Unitarian*. The Trinity is a mystery, before which my mind pauses, filled with astonishment. But I still feel that if we admit it, we believe in the *divinity* of the Gospels—and who can study or read them over and over again, without believing it—we must then accept without reasoning about it, all that they offer of incomprehensible. We believe in God,—and what more mysterious than his nature! Besides, a religion that regulates each feeling of our souls, is a sublime religion, and I accept all its obligations and all its hopes.

“Life wears another aspect since I study the Bible. Happiness is no longer the *aim* to be pursued. I only wish to become *better*, and this great responsibility gives an interest to every successive hour. I have *much to accomplish*, my dear friend. I feel, at times, excessive irritability, and cannot bear an uneven temper in others; but my *heart* is *ever the same*, and I always try to atone for my faults.

“H. P.”

Soon after, Miss Preble became a member of Dr. Swift's church, in Alleghany. She seems to have made short mem-

oranda of his sermons. These memoranda contain the feelings of her soul, early in her “new life,” and fresh from the green pastures and flowing streams of the Gospel.

MEMORANDA OF SERMONS, ETC.

“November 25, 1838.

“*That I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.*’

“If I had not been converted before, this sermon would have drawn me to Christ. As it was, it made me pass in review all my religious experience—the time when I became convinced of my sinfulness—the time when I was longing for more light, more *hope*. My conversion has led me from error and despondency to sweet, intense peace. A new world of thought has opened before me. I feel like a weary traveller who has long wandered, without knowing which way to take, and has at last obtained the *certainty* of having chosen the right path. I have found nothing but ‘*joy and peace in believing.*’ I am inspired by new motives; animated by a strength which is not my own; for Jesus Christ can make all burdens light, all sacrifices easy. Oh, Lord! may my inward actions answer to convictions, so that I may *prove* myself thine. Help me to correct my evil nature!”

“In the evening, on St. Luke,—

“*‘Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.’*

“How heart-searching, winning, and persuasive was this sermon!”

“*Then Peter said unto the Lord, it is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, etc.*”

“Dr. Swift was sick, and I heard Professor Nevin for the first time. I like him much. His sermon was beautiful. He recommended meditation, retirement, and prayer, in a manner that showed that he had practically felt their beneficial influence. *Sweet words!* on which I like to dwell. There is something soothing even in the repetition of these sounds—‘meditation,’ ‘retirement,’ ‘prayer.’ They lead me to God, and away from the world. May I not forget what I thought as I listened to those manly and impressive accents.”

“1839.

“*And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.*”

“Dr. Swift appeared this morning in the pulpit, for the first time after several weeks of sickness. God has spoken to his heart during those days of retirement, so that he might speak to ours. Who could listen to his eloquence, without feeling more forcibly than ever, that we are indeed the subjects of a Divine Providence, and ruled by it through all the events of our lives? He told us to take a survey of the past year, and to bring home to our hearts, the remembrances of all God’s *saving mercies*. O Lord! could I look back upon all thou hast done for me, *this year*, without the *deepest* gratitude that ever creature felt towards his Creator! I see the finger of God in all the events which have worked for my conversion from sin, and which have led me once more to enjoy the sweet happiness of a family circle. O, may we be thenceforth united, *indissolubly* united, and devoted to one another; and may we serve the Lord in all purity and sincerity, so as to be acceptable in his sight!”

“January 26.

“‘*And they answered the Angel of the Lord that stood among the myrtle trees, and said: We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold the earth sitteth still, and is at rest.*’

“Frederick asked me, ‘Are there *real* angels in Heaven Auntie?’ O, yes! Let us believe it. ’Tis sweet to think of guardian angels, divine messengers of Christ. Edward! my dear brother, where art thou?’”

“February 10.

“‘*But my people have changed their glory for that which does not profit.*’

“What constitutes the greatest glory of a nation? What constitutes the greatness, the goodness of an individual? Spirituality, elevation of feeling, of thought, moral rectitude, and perfect submission to the will of God. Such was the tenor of the sermon; and it was equal, if not superior, to the last I heard. Dr. Swift unites depth of feeling to energy of thought and elegance of composition. It is a great blessing to be under the guidance of such a pastor. His piety is without exaggeration or fanaticism; and who can help believing him, when he paints the joys of a religious mind as far above *all* earthly joys? God does bless all who believe in Him with sincerity; for even if their worldly comforts should fail them, still they are *blest* in Him.”

“February 17.

“‘*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*’”

“I thought I had never heard a better sermon, and I wish it had spoken to everybody’s heart as it did to mine.”

“ March 3.

“ *Jesus answered, and said unto her, ‘ If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that sayeth to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.’*”

“ Amongst many lessons to be derived from this text, which was beautifully elucidated by Dr. Swift, he made it clear that we must *ask* and then it will be given unto us. It completely answered my views of grace. I think that God, in his goodness, places us in such circumstances as to feel the need of spiritual consolation. But I believe that he does *no more*, until we bow the knee and ask for divine mercy. Man would be nothing without the assistance of God. But God does not grant spiritual assistance to the indifferent, the cold-hearted, who pass over unheeded his numerous appeals. This seems to me the only way of conciliating the doctrine of the free agency of man and free grace, and the whole of the New Testament seems to support this view of the subject. Dr. Swift does well tell one, ‘ Renounce the world and all its comforts. But love God first of all, above all, and then there will be no danger of valuing anything above its real worth.’ I love moderation, and for that reason I admire all that comes from his lips.”

“ 1842.

“ *“ Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.”*

“ How delightful our dear pastor was this morning ! With what deep conviction he spoke ! How feelingly ! What heart could remain cold, and not say, ‘ Now is the time to seek the Lord ?’ A cold had deprived me for several weeks of attending worship, and I cannot say with what, infinite delight I found myself again in my accustomed seat,

and saw Dr. Swift ascend the pulpit. I was afraid of a disappointment. But it was his own voice, his warm and animated delivery that I had so longed to hear again. There is in him nothing stiff or studied; he is earnest, and speaks like an eloquent man, who feels that immortal souls are around him. He makes us think more of the mercy than of the wrath of God."

"December 18.

"*'Then he breathed upon them, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'*

"Our dear minister spoke with great power. But, alas! where are the powers of my mind gone? Nothing remains of what I heard, but a confused sense of delight and gratitude."

"1846.

"*'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.'*

"This day, and from this sermon, have I for the first time experienced *consolation* since I lost my dear mother. Surely, henceforth I will patiently wait for the dawning of that bright day, when I shall be called by my Saviour and my God, to the spheres where blessed spirits dwell.

—— "and, like her,
In my last departing hour,
Angels that walk the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God."

"July 19.

"God smiled upon me to-day. Once more I have enjoyed the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper, in *communion* with my good pastor, Dr. Swift, and his family. I sat in their pew. Sweet thoughts and rich consolations

were poured into my soul as I listened to my dear teacher. His text was: ‘*I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.*’ Truly, he made us feel that in this valley of sorrow and of tears, Jesus Christ is to our souls as the fragrance which the rose and the lily shed around them. They are beautiful emblems of his garment dyed with blood, and the purity and the beauty of holiness of his character. He displayed to our minds rich and varied views of the sublimity of our Redeemer’s message upon earth, and of the unspeakable benefits which have resulted from it. *Christianity* is our highest study, and the Bible the richest gift of God to *man*.

“Elliot Swift has to-day preached his second sermon in Mr. Passavant’s church. He returned in time to break the bread and take the wine with us. My heart was gladdened at the sight. I shall ever remember the kind manner in which he held my hand when the service was over. I know that I shall meet him also among kindred spirits in higher spheres. My soul feels indescribably drawn towards him. I do pray that he may be a useful servant of Christ’s. They think highly of him already in *Mr. Passavant’s* church. Oh, may *this* dear friend return to us safe! I thought of him to-day—preaching, no doubt, in the midst of the wide ocean. Oh, may he *there* bring *peace* to some who knew no peace! Last year, at this time, I was near my poor mother’s sick bed. How little I thought what changes one short year would bring!”

“*Feb. 17, 1846.*

“PEACE! What sweet harmony in those words: ‘My peace I leave unto you.’ How soothing is this assurance!

it lulls to rest every fear—every anguish of the contrite heart. I repeat them through the day—I repeat them in the night—and methinks they call forth an apparition full of beauty. Peace alights upon the world—her tread is noiseless—her bearing is dignified and calm—her smile full of inexpressible sweetness and happiness—she looks around and seeks refuge among the followers of Christ. But if sounds of dissension, religious, political, or social, strike her ear, she soon veils her beautiful face, and pointing towards heaven, seems to intimate that if they are not hushed, she must fly back to the spheres whence she came. Oh, *who* would not strive to prolong her stay upon earth?

“Let us in the *family* circle endeavor to show, on all occasions, that placid composure which calms any symptom of irritation, and rule our conversation so as to be the expression of the heavenly-mindedness which is a foretaste of heaven. In the *social* circle, let indulgent apology take the place of bitter criticism and unkind insinuations; speaking of the *absent* as if we knew that every word would reach their ear and their heart. Especially let us pray for *union* in the *Church*—Christ’s Church, which is *one*—bound by one fundamental and vital doctrine, *justification by faith*—that link which is strong enough to connect all denominations in one indissoluble chain. Let it not be broken by the hand of *sectarianism*; and may the beautiful phantom of peace continue to preside over the noble work of evangelizing the world; and be, as it has hitherto been, the prominent figure in the general assemblies of the Missionary, Tract, and Bible Societies.”

For some years after her return to Alleghany from New Brighton, Miss Preble was selected to preside over a Female Bible Society. All the duties appertaining to this office she faithfully performed. She was always requested to draw up the Annual Reports of the Society, a task usually performed by the Secretary. These Reports, presented by Miss Preble, gave lively satisfaction to the members. In one of them (1846) the following beautiful and impressive passage occurs. It was much admired at the time, and well deserves to be preserved :

“THE BIBLE—that Sacred Book, was intended by our Saviour to bring ‘life and immortality to life;’ and as our gaze is riveted upon the Cross does not a touching allegory offer itself to our imaginations.—There I see kneeling, full low in the dust, the figure of *Repentance*; her garments are soiled and partly scattered around her. Near her is the ghastly figure of *Despair*, laying his leaden hand upon her shoulder, as if forbidding her to move, and whispering desperate thoughts with a withering breath; no pen can paint the expression of that soul-destroying spirit, seeming to exult in woe. But lightly comes down from heaven the brightest form that ever met the eye of man. It is *Hope*, all radiant with life. She awakes a gentle breeze by the flutter of her transparent wings, and at the sound *Despair* shrinks back, as if conscious that the hour of his triumph is at an end. The suppliant raises her timid look towards the celestial apparition, scarcely crediting the relief brought to her panting heart, as with one hand *Hope* raises her from the ground, and with the other offers the

Book of Life, and beckons her to look up to the Cross for pardon and acceptance.

“Ought we not, every one of us, to feel willing to play the part of Hope in the allegory, and offer our precious Bible to those who *have it not?*”

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. and Miss Preble resume housekeeping — Their retired and pleasant life — Their mental resources — Various reading and a good library — Difficulty of writing a biography thus unbroken by incidents — The English family of H——, — The four charming daughters — Miss Preble's Journal — Extracts — This continent the refuge and birthplace of Christian nations — Spread of the Gospel in distant lands — Reflections on Easter Sunday — Reading the Bible with a believing heart — "Cases of Conscience" — North America, the great bulwark of Christianity — Home missions — The Sabbath her only day of delight — The Star of Memory — Visits to her friends — A family sketch — Her married niece — Letter from Mr. G. Prescott — Origin of his literary life.

Mrs. and Miss Preble remained, as already mentioned, in the family of Mrs. B——, for about four years. They then removed to another part of Alleghany City, and resumed housekeeping in one of Miss Preble's own houses. Here, for nearly the same length of time, these ladies led a life of intellectual and social pleasures. Their well-stored minds, expanded and refined by select and elegant reading, and having a considerable library, they neither avoided solitude nor too eagerly courted society. They found appropriate pleasures in the society which never failed to follow them, and in retirement they found full employment in useful reflection on the past, the present, and the future, of their own lives, and of life in

general. Here occurs one of the difficulties in preparing an interesting biography. This period of her life was even more than ever calm, even, and unruffled by a passing breeze, still less by any storm of trial and trouble. The health of her mother and of herself, though feeble, was generally unattended by any acute or wasting disease; and their uniform, prudent, and rational modes of life, their amiable tempers, their religious spirit, all contributed to impart to their physical nature the placid and healthy influences of their spiritual and intellectual existence.

About this time an English family arrived in the United States, and the father made up his mind to spend some years in western Pennsylvania. With Mr. and Misses H—— Mrs. and Miss Preble had been intimately acquainted in France, and a very warm regard existed between the female members of the two families. Greatly to the loss of Miss Preble, Mrs. H—— had died since they had parted. Mrs. H—— was related to a noble family in England. This excellent lady, Miss Preble always described as one of the finest of her sex. Miss Preble deeply deplored her loss. She left four daughters, on whose education the intelligence of both parents had led them to bestow the greatest care and pains. More interesting and intelligent young persons could not be found, than these four sisters, daughters of Miss Preble's early friend. It can readily be imagined how delighted she would be at the arrival into her neighborhood of this family. The ardent terms in which she constantly speaks of them — of their visits — their piety — their intelligence, and their correspondence, to the very last of her life, will not fail to attract the notice and feelings of every

reader of sensibility. These ladies are so frequently spoken of in all her subsequent writings, that it seemed necessary to mention their arrival in this country, and their intercourse and correspondence with Miss Preble, who considered these incidents as among the very brightest of her latter life.

In the year 1843 Miss Preble commenced a daily journal, which she intended, no doubt, to be continued with exactness. But her very weak state of health, which was becoming more so daily, interrupted her, so that her journal, even for the first year, is incomplete. She made efforts to continue it, but she appears to have intermitted them after the middle of the year 1844. There is an occasional entry in 1845. From this time until the beginning of the year 1853, there has been found no further attempts at journalizing.

From her journal of 1843 and 1844 some extracts will be here introduced, which serve more strongly to illustrate her character than anything could do which she has left behind her, or that her friends, even the most intimate, can give us from memory. Her entire journal is rich in sentiment, piety, love, — the holiest and purest, — to God, to man, to the universe. The whole will be found in Appendix No. 4.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

MOTTO

AND PRELIMINARY SCRIPTURE EXTRACTS TO HER JOURNAL, BY MISS P.

“*From the first days of our capacity to comprehend our duties, we ought to bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity.*—MARY STUART.’

“‘Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.’

“‘With my whole heart have I sought thee : O let me not wander from thy commandments.’

“‘Make me to go in the paths of the commandments ; for therein do I delight.’

“‘Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ? There is no searching of his understanding.’

“‘He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.’

“‘They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.’

“‘When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I the God of Israel, will not forsake them.’

“‘Know ye not, that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.’

“‘If any man defile the name of God, him shall God destroy ; For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.’

“‘One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after : that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.’

“‘Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart : wait, I say, on the Lord.’

“‘His anger endureth but a moment, and his favor is life ; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’

“ January 2d.

“ This day was appointed in our Church, as a day of prayer for the conversion of the world. The text was from Daniel vii. 18.

“ I felt that I could do nothing towards so dear a cause. I felt sad at the idea that the ‘ kingdom of God *did not come* faster upon earth.’ Then I reflected ‘ that a thousand years are to *Him* as *one* of our days ;’ and that we might consider the progress of Christianity during the three or four last centuries, as having been blessed by the Almighty. Since the time of the Reformation, *this* immense continent has become the refuge and birth of Christian nations. From north to south, in America, our Lord Jesus Christ is known. India, peopled by the English, is ready for the work of Missions. The South Sea, the Pacific, has heard of the wonderful mercies of a Redeemer. And *now*, even China, has opened five of its ports to our importations. May they receive from us ‘ the pearl of great price.’ Thus is the harvest field ripening for the harvesters ; and that view of the subject, which struck me yesterday whilst Dr. Swift was preaching, struck me with joy and encouragement. O, let us pray to God, and say ‘ Thy kingdom come,’ for what is there on earth sweeter than the *word* of Christ ?

“ I spent the afternoon writing and reading some of my Louisa’s letters, and ‘ Our Neighbors,’ a sweet, beautiful and soul-improving novel. Dear mother did not feel well, but still she read Buckminster’s Sermons all the evening. Her heart is with God, and that is my joy and consolation,— ‘ for the day passeth away,’ and the shadows of the evening are lengthening fast.”

"Easter Sunday.

"A joyous day in our Church. It was our communion, and twenty-five or thirty confessed the name of the Lord.

"But the service was so long that I came back quite exhausted and bewildered, and, weak mortals that we are, the enjoyment was lost in fatigue. May God forgive me! O that he may not hide himself from me on my death-bed. All my fear is that of being so engrossed by bodily suffering when that moment does come, that I shall lose sight of the blessed change which awaits me. Otherwise death would be to me but a sweet anticipation—that of eternal repose in the bosom of my God, whom I love 'with all my heart, all my soul, and all my strength.' "

"September 8th.

"I have received delightful news! Mr. Hill has *actually* bought a farm four miles from *Uniontown*. We shall not have to part from those dear girls entirely! The Alleghanies will not be between us. With tears of joy, I expressed on my knees, my deep gratitude to a kind Providence, for this new mercy. He chooses the way of those that fear him; he has lighted their footsteps. May their farm be a sweet earthly paradise."

"September 10th.

"A rainy Sunday. We were obliged to have a fire kindled. How short it makes the summer appear. A precious letter to-day from my precious Louisa. No one can guess what I feel when I think that I shall never see those *dear, dear* friends again. O, how I long to *speak* to

them—to listen to them—to look at them. But I have looked

‘Till it *could not* pass away!’

Merciful God! thou hast paid me for all that I have lost—more than paid me; for thou hast made me to *read the Bible with a believing heart*. In France, those even that are dearest to me, know *nothing* of the happiness which is derived from godliness—from faith, hope, and repentance. O Lord, that thou wouldst give them a *new heart*, night and day do I implore thee! Dear Louisa feels herself how far *they are from our* views, our *Protestant* sense of holiness. Romanists cannot help being worldly and self-righteous.”

“ October 6th.

“ Every day of this week has been one of deep emotion. I looked up to the Lord, and he no doubt answered my prayers. With what truth I could say, ‘Into thy hand I commit my spirit.’ ‘The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.’

“ Last evening was very pleasant. We had our congregational meeting at our dear pastor’s house. About fifty of us took tea there; and at eight o’clock, he gave us a sweet exhortation, followed by prayer. It had been the most serene day I ever beheld—not a cloud—a soft genial heat—and all seemed harmony among those who met. It was like a foretaste of the joys of paradise.

“ To-day I have found the following suggestions from ‘Cases of Conscience,’ very useful, and therefore copy them.

“ ‘After serious deliberation, proper consultation, and earnest supplication, *that* which evidently appears to be

impracticable or imprudent, we are to esteem *not to be* the will of God, and his mind in the case; and whatever appears to be proper duty, true prudence, or real necessity, *that* we should esteem to be his will.'

" 'Of *two* moral or spiritual good things, choose the *greatest*, for duty requires you to be ready to do every good work. That situation in which you do and receive the greatest real good to yourselves or others, that situation wherein you can best promote the glory of God, and serve your generation according to his will, should be embraced by you.

" 'When, upon due conviction, nothing appears in the necessity of the case, or the pointings of Providence, to make your way clear, do not hurry Providence; but remain in a state of suspense, or *abide where you are*; waiting upon the Lord in the way of *prayer*, and waiting for the Lord in the way of his providence; and you need not fear but that, as soon as it is needful for you to determine, God will, by his providence, either *hedge up the wrong way*, by making it impracticable, uncomfortable, unprofitable, or *imprudent* to you, and *shut you up into his chosen way*.' "

" In *all cases* have a steady eye to the glory of God. Let this be the ground view of your minds, the grand principle of your conduct, and the mainspring of your actions; and if his glory, and your own spiritual good, be uppermost in your minds, it will be a most useful, valuable, and effectual directory to your actions. Lay to heart that excellent caution, direction, and encouragement, which are found together in Proverbs iii.: 'Trust to the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In *all thy*

ways acknowledge Him ;' His *word*, by consulting it ; His *providence*, by observing it ; His *wisdom*, by admiring it ; His *sovereignty*, by acquiescing in it ; His *faithfulness*, by relying on it ; His *kindness*, by being thankful for it, and ' *He shall direct his path.*' "

"*Sunday, November 5th.*

" "Exhorting one another, and so much the more, as you see the day approaching.

" This sermon was beautifully impressive. It made it manifest that, in the views of providence, North America must be destined to be the great bulwark of Christianity. From this garden of the world, the region of temperate climate, where liberty reigns, where all *causes* seem to favor the civilization of man, must emanate those bright and benevolent rays which are to reach *all* nations. *Here* must be the nursery of *truth*, and this was the aim of our dear pastor's sermon. What efforts ought we not to make in favor of *home missions*. The two last sermons referred to the same subject. O ! how my heart burns within me. How I wish I could be a laborer in the field !"

"*December 31st.*

" Last day of the year—always a solemn day. Isaiah xxxvii. : ' Therefore lift up thy prayer for the remnant that is left,' applying it to the remnant of *our* days, and telling us how *they* ought to be spent. Thanks be to God who has spared me my *dear mother* !"

"*May 26th, 1844.*

" My Sabbaths are my only days of delight ; the other days of this short life do not seem to me worth noticing. I

look with anxiety to the aspect of the weather. I watch the clouds, and my heart feels easy only when I enter the sanctuary of the Lord. To-day, good Mrs. Powell went with me. Isaiah ix. 6: 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

"The sermon was confined to this clause, 'and the government shall be upon his shoulders.' But the whole verse conveys *so much* to the mind that I love to think of it.

"After having given us a full view of the power and dominion of *Christ*, our good pastor brought this question forcibly to our hearts: 'And are *you* the subjects of Christ?' Are we so in *deed* and not in *form*—inwardly as well as outwardly. O! how little I have known of the power of Christ heretofore. I believe that God is blessing me at the present time with more of his divine grace. I feel as if a great light had burst upon my mind. O! that I may be humble, and keep my lamp trimmed and burning.

"On the twenty-first, in the evening, on going in a *dreamy mood* towards the window, I was struck with the aspect of the sky. The moon in her beautiful crescent form, attended by Venus alone, seemed to rule the heavens. This *very aspect* did it bear at a very trying epoch of my life, when one night, on the 20th of May, I was riding home. I was then unconverted. O, what a crowd of recollections did it bring to my memory! It was *indeed* the 'star of memory,' to me; and the result of my reflections was, *renewed gratitude* to my Saviour, Friend, and Redeemer,

for having called such a worthless creature to taste of the living waters. O ! what divine condescension and mercy."

"May 25th, 1845.

"Nearly a year has elapsed since I wrote ; since I entrusted to the pen the picture of passing events. I shall only now take note of a few leading circumstances.

"In July or August, I paid a visit to our dear friends, (the Misses H——,) at their farm. I spent there four very happy days. Peace, joy, and love are to be found whenever you meet with M——, E——, C——, and R——. My only regret is that they should be so excluded from society ; for they would shine like bright lights in the world. I was very weak and faint when I went there, but the mountain air braced me directly. I came back to Pittsburgh, and stayed one day with dear mother, for every absence from her seems *long*. I left her quite well, and Minna with her to keep her company. I then went to Washington, and spent a whole week with dear sister. Never did we enjoy ourselves more together. Sweet harmony reigned between us. I had several very interesting conversations on Baptism with Mr. Lee. Several of our old friends came to see me. But what did my heart most *good* was the day I spent with Emma and Mr. Wilson, at Locust Hill. Sweet Eddy did not seem to have forgotten me at all. I hardly knew James ; he looks mild and sweet. *Clara*, played the coquette ; she wanted to be noticed, but still kept aloof. Emma seemed exclusively taken up with her pretty, good-natured baby. She had a dreadful headache, which she bore with a degree of courage which I

could not but admire. She worked all the time at a little double wrapper she was making for the baby, when many a one would be lying down. The whole of the *family picture* is here present before the eyes of my mind. Sad and pleasing remembrances! A scene *never more* to be acted over again! How beautiful and interesting she looked. She showed me all the conveniences of her house lately improved. She took me out also to show me the children's little *white rabbits*, and there we found the three, in a lovely group, looking at their little pets. O, I cannot say how very rural and beautiful this whole group, including the young delicate mother, appears to my *delighted* eyes! The day before my leaving Washington, sister invited the whole of the little family, and there again memory loves to retrace the faint image of those flying hours."

The above vividly written family sketch was penned during a visit by Miss Preble to her sister, Mrs. B——, then residing in Washington, Pa. The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B—— had married a gentleman who resided near the town, and her parents had removed hither that they might be near their daughter and her young family, here so tenderly and sweetly described by the affectionate pen of Miss Preble. She survived this much-loved niece, to whose young daughter and sons, Miss Preble devoted so much of her time, with characteristic affection and usefulness. She early began their education, and she lived to see them advancing in useful and elegant branches of education, before their irreparable loss in her death.

Miss Preble still continued to correspond with several of her literary friends, both in this country and in France. Among those in this country, she greatly esteemed Mr. W. H. Prescott, from whom she received in the year 1845, the following friendly and agreeable letter, recalling to her recollection scenes and enjoyments in their earlier life.

“BOSTON, *February* 28, 1845.

MY DEAR MISS PREBLE :—

“It was very kind of you to think of me, and still more to write to me after so long an interval. Your letter seemed to brush away the mists of many years, and to call up again the remembrance of happy days—the beautiful “Draveil,” with its delicious shades and sunny lawns—the group of pleasant faces gathered round that most kind and amiable of men, whose polished manners and elegant conversation, made an impression on me never to be effaced. How many were the hours we passed together in the gay capital, with other friends too, who are not all with the living now ! Joy and sorrow chase each other very close in this life, and we cannot recall the one, without being reminded of the other. Those were sunny days, and indeed at twenty-one, there are not many clouds. What a contrast subsequent life has afforded you—Paris, La Belle France, and the Alleghanies ! Yet perhaps you have found that happiness is not dependent on place or climate. But I fear you have had other troubles to contend with. Your character did not need them. At least you bore prosperity well, and that is more trying to the character than adversity. I am very glad that you find yourself more comfortably

situated, with less of the cares and anxieties of life ; and I trust the evening of your good mother's days will be tranquil and happy.

“ My fortune since I parted with you has not been chequered by extraordinary events. I certainly have had a full share of Heaven's blessings. The only great sufferings I have known, have been caused by death, and that only in two instances—not many for so many years. The loss of a child—my best beloved—was the first wound, and my father's death—not three months since—is yet fresh. We had always lived under the same roof, sympathized in the same pursuits and pleasures, so that he was a part of my existence. You would have loved and honored him, as every one else did, had you known him. But I cannot complain. He was spared to me till he was eighty-two, and then died like one going to rest.

“ ‘ Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth ! ’

“ Your sister Anica, gave you some account of my wife. She is a niece of Mr. Nathan Amory, and I do not think your sister did her any injustice. At all events, we have passed one quarter of a century together, and reached our ‘ *silver wedding*, ’ as they say in Germany, without as yet finding the truth of La Bruyère's maxim, ‘ that the happiest couple find reason to repent at least once in twenty-four hours, of their condition. ’ Yet I have not found matrimony a panacea for every ill ; and *ennui* among others crept over me, when I found myself a perfectly idle man with nothing to do ; and what made it worse, with eyes so debilitated,

that I had no power of doing anything with them. However, 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and I resolved to turn author in spite of my eyes. By means of a reader, and a good pair of ears, I succeeded in getting the better of my difficulties, till my eyes have gradually strengthened enough for all reasonable purposes by daylight. It is a great satisfaction to me to think, that the volumes I have put together for my own amusement, should have afforded some to my countrymen, and above all to my friends. And when I find I have been talking to a friend of my early days, like yourself, far away, and that that friend has found pleasure in my gossip, it gives me double satisfaction. You did not see much of the fun and frolic of the young scapegrace, I imagine, in the sober talk of the *historic muse*—at least in the text; but it is possible you may have detected some glimpses of it now and then in some silly note. Both my works have been reprinted in Paris, and the last, I see by the papers, is in process of translation there. I should like to speak the beautiful *Parisian* like a native. Do you remember how fluently I used to '*parlez vous*,' and how gracefully I waltzed on the polished floors of Draveil—beautiful Draveil? Your friendship for your fair friend Louisa, has survived much beyond the natural term of lady love. But I shall believe hereafter, French sentiment to be a very substantial thing. I am glad for your sake that it proves so. It is a tie the more to the land of your childhood. Mrs. N. A—— wrote you, I believe, last week, as I sent her your letter, knowing it would give her pleasure. She has the same kind, excellent heart, that she had when you knew her, though severely tried by affliction—

loss of property and her dearest friends. She has, however, a comfortable provision—enough to support her with ease, though not in affluence. Her health has been much better of late years, though not quite so well this winter.

“But I find I am running on beyond reasonable limits, and shall make you repent of having begun the conversation, I fear. Pray, when you see your lovely sister Anica, give my cordial love to her. She is a most pleasant recollection to me, which has been refreshed by some most agreeable days in her society at Watertown, many years ago. I am glad to hear your good mother enjoys good health. Pray remember me kindly to her. My wife unites with me in remembrances to Mrs. Barlow, with which, believe me, my dear Miss Preble,

“Most sincerely and affectionately,

“Your friend,

“WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Death of Mrs. Preble — Her daughter's grief and loneliness — Religious consolation — Record of a visit to Miss Preble at this time — Her Christian resignation — Intentness on her duties to others — Rejoins her sister at Washington — Purchases a house and creates a garden and a shrubbery — Her enthusiastic love of nature — Her library — Preference given to religious reading — Happiest in doing good to others — Still a guide and instructress to youth — Her love for some of her former pupils — Letters — Visit of Bishop Potter — Scenery around Washington — Domestic details — Community of Christian feeling — Books read.

It has been mentioned that Mrs. and Miss Preble had fixed themselves in one of Mrs. Preble's houses, in Alleghany City, where they had been living for three or four years, and where they were still residing. Mrs. Preble's married daughter, as it has been stated, had removed to Washington, where Miss Preble and her mother had resided about fifteen months, some years before. Mrs. and Miss Preble remained in Alleghany, but always looked to a reunion at Washington with her sister. Before they had carried this intention into effect, the severest affliction which had ever yet fallen on the life of Miss Preble, overtook her. This was the death of her mother, whose decline had not been so apparent as to create any previous definite apprehensions. The blow was, therefore, hardly *anticipated*, and was, on that account, the more severe. Some idea

can now be formed of the depth of the grief which this event would produce in a heart like Miss Preble's. Naturally ardent and affectionate, she had long admired and respected the character and acquirements of her mother. In her loss, she felt not only the breaking of the tenderest ties of natural affection, but the passing away of a valuable and venerated companion and friend. At this exigent moment, her firmness of mind and her Christian graces powerfully assisted her, in suppressing immoderate grief. Human nature would occasionally, for some time, however, give way, and for a while an agony of grief would master her disciplined mind. But, happily, she knew where to look for submission and consolation. In the wisdom and goodness of God, in the riches of his mercies, in the redemption of His Son, to which her mother had trusted and died in hope, she reposed with undoubting confidence and meek acquiescence. Her Christian example throughout this affecting trial, was most exemplary and touching. Fortunately, an interesting and impressive account of a portion of Miss Preble's life immediately after her mother's death, and while she remained in her own house, will be here inserted. This sketch is written with great beauty, good taste and good sense; and is redolent with the freshest fragrance of piety and love. And it has this additional interest—it is written by a daughter of Miss Preble's early friend, Mrs. H——. No one who has felt the least pleasure in perusing this memoir, can fail to read with emotion, the description here given of some days spent with Miss Preble shortly after the death of her mother.

“It was in the winter of 1845, that we received the sad

intelligence that Mrs. Preble was no more. It was my privilege to be with our dear Miss Preble during the few weeks that followed her bereavement. I had often seen her in her peaceful home in Alleghany, and admired her untiring devotion to her mother. It was the great object of her life, next to her duty to God, to surround her mother with affectionate attention and devoted care. She yielded to her every wish, consulted her on the most trifling point, with all the submission that is so lovely in a young child, but which is so rarely seen exhibited in after years.

"They seemed to be living over together a happy past. The pictures on the walls, a view of Draveil, a portrait of Mrs. Preble in her younger days, one arm thrown fondly around the neck of her son Edward, and many of the little elegancies and luxuries of by-gone days, tended to recal the past. They spoke of it together without one word of repining or of regret. Their days glided peacefully on, and nothing seemed likely to interrupt their even course.

"Always weak, Miss Preble was occasionally laid on a bed of sickness, but her mother was permitted to enjoy almost uninterrupted health. It is true she was kept a prisoner to the house by rheumatism, but we always found her cheerful, sometimes even to gaiety. She was a most delightful companion ; her memory was unimpaired, she could recite long passages from the Italian poets, and other of her favorite authors. A French translation of Seneca, always lay in her work-basket, and her conversation was full of amusing anecdotes and witty remarks. Though advanced in years, the idea never once suggested itself to the mind, that Mrs. Preble could be near her home. She was so young and

fresh in feeling, she took such a lively interest in everything around her, that her society was particularly attractive to her youthful friends. We often remarked that we met more young company in Mrs. Preble's 'study,' as it was called, than anywhere besides.

"On one rare occasion, Miss Preble happened to have left her to spend the evening with a friend. A child sang Russel's song, 'The old arm-chair.' Miss Preble was completely overcome; a presentiment of the future, and that she was soon to gaze on a vacant arm-chair, seems to have weighed upon her heart.

"I had heard of Mrs. Preble's short illness and decease, but had received no particulars as to how Miss Preble had borne the shock. Now, when after a long day's journey I stood before her door, I quite dreaded to cross the threshold. With her sensitive heart and delicate frame, how shall I find her? But she had a Christian's hope, and a Christian's support. I need not have been so solicitous. She gave us a smiling welcome, inquired if we were fatigued with our journey; and then, as she saw the wistful look of sympathy in our faces, she burst into tears, and pressed us silently to her poor aching heart.

"'I had not intended to give way to my grief to-night,' she said, in a tone of self-reproach. 'I know you are worn out with travelling, and it is selfish in me to pain you with my sorrow.'

"On the following morning we were down stairs before her. A book of poetry was lying open on the table, and her pencil mark was against the following lines.

“ ‘Peace, for the spirits reconciled,
To his unerring will ;
Peace to the hearts that bend, not break,
That weep, but trust him still.’

They were evidently in union with her feelings, and they well described the sweet spirit of submission in which she bowed to her Heavenly Father’s will.

“ The longer I was with her, the more evident it became that this affliction was being sanctified to her. Her thoughts were in Heaven. Though at times grief swelled high at her heart, and tears would have their course, the sincerity of her resignation was apparent in every word she uttered ; and it was a striking instance of her faith, and of the power of God’s precious promises, that she loved at this time to dwell on the more cheering parts of God’s word. The Psalms of David formed a constant portion of her meditation. One morning, before closing the book, she read to me, with a voice that trembled with emotion, Psalm cxvi. 8. ‘ For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.’ ‘ I never felt that verse before as I feel it now,’ said she ; ‘ I think God’s spirit is assisting me while I read the Psalms.’

“ She often asked me to repeat to her the hymn, ‘ While thee I seek, protecting power ;’ and she would murmur with me the verse,

“ ‘My lifted eye without a tear,
The gath’ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.’

She was reading at this time, a little book by Skinner, entitled ‘ The Religion of the Bible ;’ and she was particularly

interested in the opening chapter, on the text, 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.'

"We had many deeply interesting conversations together, which I now regret not having recorded at the time. One that I remember, was on the departing hours of Christians. We observed that it is more frequently young believers than the aged who go triumphant to their rest. In Bunyan's Pilgrim, the experienced Christian sank in deep waters while crossing the river of death, while the younger, Hopeful, found dry footing all the way. We repeated instances that we recalled from reading or experience, of death-bed scenes; and then this dear friend suddenly passed to the thought of how blessed it will be when that short scene is over; and we find ourselves with the Lord, safe forever!

"An absorbing grief often unfits the mind for active duties, and renders us insensible to the claims of others. It was far otherwise with Miss Preble. She was giving instruction to a child of her old servant before affliction came upon her. As soon as she possibly could, she resumed her self-imposed task. Day after day, with untiring patience, she bent over her; correcting her sums, and teaching her to write.

"The wife of her pastor was dangerously ill; her disorder kept her awake for many successive nights, till fears were entertained for her reason; Miss Preble's liveliest sympathies were called forth in her behalf, and tears of joy filled her eyes when she received the good tidings, 'she sleeps.' It is peculiarly touching to see a beaming look of joy on a countenance subdued by sorrow. It seemed to be Miss

Preble's peculiar gift to 'rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep.'

"She seemed to think that her saddened home would cast a gloom upon our spirits, and with self-forgetting kindness, she invited a young friend to pass the evening with us, and then exerted herself for our amusement, by reading to us some of Béranger's 'songs for the people.'

" 'As soon as I am a little stronger,' said she to me one day, 'and that I can command my feelings better, I wish to form some plans of usefulness. My one great duty in life,' and her voice faltered, 'is finished, and I wish now to give my poor-remainder of strength to doing good to others.'

" 'Nothing makes me so much regret my physical weakness,' she would say, 'as that it incapacitates me so much from visiting among the poor. I went to see a poor family the other day; they were living in a state of the greatest filth and wretchedness. I am afraid I mortified the poor woman, but the close, impure air, turned me so deadly sick, that I was obliged to hasten into the fresh air. I sat down in her little back yard, and it was some time before I recovered sufficiently to walk home. In the intervals of sickness, I preached her a lecture on cleanliness. 'Though you are poor,' I told her, 'you might keep yourself and family clean.' It distressed me, however, to think I might be hurting her feelings, and that she might imagine I was too proud to sit with her in her house. I should like very much to be a tract distributor, but I believe I must not undertake it, my health would not allow me to do it regularly. I must exert my influence with my young friends, to induce them to engage in this labor of love. To-day I

found an opportunity of speaking to dear E—, and requesting her to undertake it. I had shrunk from proposing it to her ; I knew she would not like to refuse a request of mine, but I thought her delicacy and reserve would make the task a distasteful one. To my joyful surprise, she acquiesced with the greatest readiness. She pressed my hand with tears in her eyes, and thanked me warmly for pointing out to her the path of usefulness.

“It was not often during this visit, that Miss Preble felt equal to the duty of leading in social prayer. The violent emotions she had experienced had affected the weak part her breast, and it was a painful effort to her to speak much. On the few rare occasions when she did lead our devotions, her prayers were peculiarly earnest, simple and touching. One felt that it was the prayer of faith that was being offered up. She once remarked to me ; ‘Our prayers should not be offered in too imploring a tone, as if we feared God would not hear us ; we should come to Him with our requests like children to a father.’

“She exemplified her words ; her prayers were offered in her natural tone of voice, and the tumult of her grief was always hushed when she approached the mercy-seat.”

The death of Mrs. Preble, it will be seen, had left Miss Preble desolate, at least in her own house. She felt severely the separation from her sister and family ; she determined, therefore, to hasten her union with them at Washington. The following extract from a letter to her friend, is here given, as a sample of simple and touching writing, of the natural and unrestrained expressions of the thoughts of a grieved, struggling, and of at length a triumphant spirit. Who can read such utterances without profit ?

“ALLEGHANY CITY, *March 24, 1846.*

“I EXPECT to go to Washington next week, and to spend several weeks there, for I feel that here, far from my family, I struggle in vain with my grief. Oh, how deeply I feel that it was the affection of my good mother which gave a charm to my life! for then I thought myself perfectly *happy*; and now nothing seems to have any value in my eyes. But I must tell you, for I know how deeply you sympathize with me in my affliction, that I have received lately more consolation than I had experienced before. The Sunday before last, Dr. Swift preached from this text: ‘Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense,’ in allusion to the light bursting from eternity, when we shall have passed the gate of death, and showing that to the sanctuary of God (where burneth the pure incense) we must look for a refuge ‘until the day break.’ Surely, thought I, after having listened to that rich and flowing stream of consolation, henceforth I will patiently wait for the dawning of that bright day when I shall be called by my Saviour and my God to the spheres where blessed spirits dwell, as in my mother’s case :

“‘In my last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.’”

At length Miss Preble rejoined her sister in Washington. The change of air and scene, and the cordial greetings of her friends in that place, had a very happy effect both on her health and her spirits. She soon began to feel a degree

of strength to which she had long been a stranger, and an elasticity of spirit which she had supposed could never be restored. So great was this change, that she wished to have some way or opportunity of exercise in the open air, and of gratifying her taste for flowers, and ornamental shrubs and trees. She had always indulged her taste in this way, wherever she had resided, and left behind beautiful evidences of its refinement and elegance. With these objects in view, she purchased a house and a large unimproved lot in the suburbs of the town. She was led to the selection from another circumstance—that it afforded her extensive and beautiful views of the surrounding country. It afforded her a fine prospect of a lovely valley amid the lofty hills, which may be seen from most parts of the town; hills whose sides are covered with grass as verdant as the valleys, and crowned with rich and deep shading forests, interspersed with the graceful sugar tree, whose early foliage greets the first approaches of spring, and whose gorgeous and variegated colors throw a lingering splendor over the retreating and fading reign of autumn. Her new habitation and her grounds soon showed the effects of her energy of spirit and of her taste. The grape vine and American creeper soon adorned its walls; while mounds, surmounted with flowering shrubs, and flower-beds of various forms embellished her yard, a portion of her lot was clothed in soft and beautiful grass, and shaded by trees from the native forests, and with evergreens originally from other regions. In the course of a year or two she was regaled with the fragrance of her flowers, and refreshed by the shade of her trees. The author can never forget the

many occasions when he accompanied her through her grounds, and listened to the beautiful language in which she described the colors and virtues of her flowers and shrubs. Still less can he forget the walks along the valleys she could see from her windows and over the hills in the distance. He remembers, yet, the enthusiasm and brilliance of her thoughts and language, as she descanted on the beauties of Nature, and discerned them with the painter's and the poet's eye. She often sketched with her pencil these beauties, with skill and accuracy.

Miss Preble's pleasures, however, were not wholly derived from external sources. She had an extensive and well selected library, containing standard authors, literary and scientific, in French, English, and Italian. To these she still often referred; but religious reading and meditation, accompanied, at all proper times, with earnest religious conversation, were now the principal and most valued sources of her enjoyment.

Miss Preble's activity of mind was comparatively but little affected by the feebleness of her body. Her nature was of the most unselfish character. Every pleasure she enjoyed became doubly a pleasure if she could impart it to others. She never seemed so happy as when she was doing good to others; and while grateful in the highest degree to God for every blessing and comfort to herself, she was eager in her wishes and efforts to be of use to others, as she was accustomed so often to say. The way in which she could gratify this Christian desire and duty, was to teach the young. She, therefore, as soon as she was settled in her house, took the eldest son of her married niece to

teach, from his letters onwards. She intended to prepare him for the primary department of Washington College. No parent or conscientious teacher could be more assiduous in attention to this interesting boy, whose progress repaid her labors; and he became when yet young, able to speak and read the French language as accurately and as fluently as if it were his native tongue. But this effort to be useful, was not the only one. She gladly received into her family an interesting girl, a daughter of parents who enjoyed her friendship, and who had discernment to see and appreciate the character of Miss Preble. She shared her time between these youths. To this daughter of her friends she became most affectionately attached, and as the genius and application of her "child," as she always called her, expanded and increased, she seemed to redouble her attention and instructions. Under her "forming hand," the plastic nature of her pupil rapidly became a model every way worthy of the instructress: and this, her last training and forming of a female character, has been completely successful. She lived to see her "dear child" an ornament to her sex, in the charms of mind and manners. The task of instructing this young lady, and the society she soon afforded Miss Preble, not only gave employment to the mind and time of Miss P., but were sources of continual pleasure and delight. The reader will find in her last journal frequent and ardent mention of this young lady, who deserves the affection and encomiums of one so capable of forming a just estimate of female worth and loveliness. The reader will readily excuse, though not strictly in place, the remark, that although Miss Preble took great delight

in the company of young persons, especially when to simplicity and ingenuousness of character they added intelligence, and culture to delicacy of sentiment and refinement of manners—she had about this time three especial favorites, young ladies, whom she greatly loved. Two had been her scholars, and of these the reader will find frequent and characteristic mention in her latter journal. Of these ladies she thus speaks :

“Fanny L—— arrived last Saturday, and stayed with us until this morning. She is delightful company—one of the most fascinating little women I ever met with. How Christianity has mellowed her character! Truly she is a ‘new creature in Christ Jesus.’”

Of another she says: “My dear Elizabeth A—— is ‘the gem of purest ray serene;’ she needs no artificial setting off. She has intrinsic worth.”

Of her “dear child,” she thus writes: “Our dear, joyous, bright-faced Mary, came early in the evening: she talks sweetly and merrily till bed-time. She is a *lovely* creature. So much animation and good sense are seldom found united. She is prudent and delicate—mindful of not hurting one’s feelings—full of energy; and now that she leans on the ‘anchor of hope, sure and steadfast,’ I may hope life will be to her a sweet pilgrimage. My dear, dear scholar, ‘the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.’”

To return to the course and current of Miss Preble’s life. The reader can now form some idea of her pleasures out of doors, and her employments within. A few pas-

sages from her journal, which she now only occasionally kept, are here extracted. They will well repay the perusal of them. They present pleasing pictures of these her serene and happy days.

“WASHINGTON, *Sept. 19, 1846.*

“IN the afternoon, Mrs. Le M—— came to see us. She is very friendly, and we like her very much. She proposed a walk ; the weather was beautiful, the air pure and buoyant, and we willingly agreed to her proposal. We wandered about in the delightful meadows which are just out of town ; all was lovely around us. I seated myself at the foot of a large tree, while sister and Mrs. Le M—— prolonged their walk. I enjoyed these moments of quiet meditation amid the calm beauty of nature ; but, alas ! they were mingled with sadness, as I reflected that my beloved mother would never wander with me in these lovely fields. They were within a few steps of my new home, and she would have enjoyed them so much. Oh, my friend, I cannot express to you the feelings of my heart, when I think that I am about to recommence life, as it were, without her ! What *can* henceforth give me pleasure ! But I endeavor to overcome these sorrows by raising my thoughts towards those lofty regions where she is now enjoying the presence of God. But I must confess, I suffer long before calmness and peace return to my heart.”

“WASHINGTON, *October 5, 1846.*

* * * * “IN the evening, Bishop Potter honored sister with a second visit. The Bishop spoke for some time

with Mr. Barlow about his travels. As I was seated near him, I asked him in a low voice if he was too tired to allow us to hope for family worship. "By all means—by all means," said he very earnestly, and directly drew near the round table. Sister handed him the Bible, and his full mellow tones sounded delightfully, as he read the precious word. His large cloak was loosely thrown over his chair, and this drapery seemed to add majesty to his lofty stature. I shall ever take pleasure in thinking of the scene then present to my eyes; and, as his accents of prayer ascended to heaven, how devoutly did I thank God that, through His great mercy, he had brought us to *value* such spiritual intercourse. Oh, what can exceed the joy of uniting in prayer with true Christians—sincere, heartfelt prayer. And then to meet with such an interpreter of our wishes and aspirations, seemed almost too great a privilege to be a reality. He afterwards went all round the room to shake hands with every member of the family, and he did it with a kindness of manner, and a dignity not to be forgotten."

"October 7th.

"We took a most charming walk yesterday with Mr. L——. We revisited first the lovely meadow of which I have spoken to you, but we pursued our researches still further, and reached a glen, which is the perfection of *the romantic*. The trees there are truly magnificent. We then ascended a hill, from which we had a view of the whole of Washington. The fine oaks which sheltered us formed an admirable foreground and framework to the picture. You may imagine how delighted we were, and how fortunate

sister and I esteem ourselves, to have such pleasures always within reach. How great is the goodness of our God, who has directed our steps to an abode where we can enjoy at once all the advantages of a town and of the country."

"December 21st.

* * * * "But I must pass a little more rapidly over my domestic annals. What pleases me most just now is the sudden start which Edward has taken in his studies. I begin now really to feel rewarded by his progress. He asks me as a favor to allow him to come every day to read his twenty or thirty pages of *Robinson Crusoe*, and as he then translates what he has read, French will soon become familiar to him. My sweet Mary makes surprising advances in drawing; her father is delighted with the two last large drawings she has completed. One evening she reads from Racine to me, and the next evening from Goldoni, while I am sewing; this will give you some idea of her progress in languages. Good Mrs. Powell exercises her patience and her talents in making excellent cakes for us, and we live in an atmosphere of peace and love, which make the spirits light. In a corner of my little parlour near the window, there is a complete garden of flowers—geraniums, rosebushes, etc., ranged on the steps, one above the other. Above them hangs the portrait of dear sister, and that Swiss landscape which you have copied. So I say 'I am going to the tropics' when I seat myself on the sofa, and the songs of the canary birds complete the illusion. Sister has given me all her plants to keep through

the winter for her, and they greatly embellish my little dwelling."

"June 19, 1849.

* * * * "BUT, oh, the best joy of all is to feel that perfect sympathy which unites you both *in Christ*; being deeply conscious that all earthly loves are but vain dreams compared with that adoration which passeth not away, and which will fill our hearts for eternity. The pestilence which is abroad seems to awaken so much terror in every heart, that it makes me wonder often how God, our Heavenly Father, views that unwillingness of His children to see the moment approaching which is to reveal to us the *glory* of things unseen. Do we love him enough when we are so anxious to live longer and longer? I know that it is very natural to dread suffering, and shrink from the last awful conflict, but I think that, while it may be yet afar off, we ought to endeavor to cultivate and cherish the habit of viewing death as a glorious release from sin.

"I thank you much, my dear friend, for all the details you were so kind as to give me of your interesting times at the meetings for the missionary cause; Mr. A——'s paper completed the narrative. I read the whole of it with care. But my reading now is of little use, my dear friend, for my memory is completely lost. This is owing, I suppose, to my weakness. The *long* past is alone present; still I read for the sake of the pleasant emotions of the present. I am just now perfectly delighted with the Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Van Lennep. She expresses beautifully a thousand things I have often felt and thought. She

is a true lover of nature, and viewing it always through her love to the great Creator, it gives to her descriptions a great charm. She *is* an interesting creature, for in those pages she still lives. Macaulay's England is to me a source of *great* enjoyment, though of another character. Tell Mr. A—— that I often, very often, have recourse for consolation and encouragement to a book he first pointed out to me, as one of his favorites: 'The Christian Remembrancer.' It ought to be to us Protestants what 'The Imitation of Christ' is to the Papists, a daily food. Serle, speaking in the *first person*, thus makes everything he says much more impressive. He is a useful guide in the Christian warfare. He helps one to put on more of the 'armor of Christ.'

"Mary is as great a lover of flowers as sister, and they are my two gardeners *en chef*. Sister comes two or three times a day to inspect my domains; and truly my garden begins to look *somewhat English*. I love nature more and more, and the quiet hours I spend on my porch, 'reading bright things in the skies,' are the most precious and pleasant of my life."

CHAPTER XIX.

Visits of friendship and of charity — A poor sick German woman — Practical Christianity — A scene of Christian union at the sick bed — Proposed Protestant Asylum or Infirmary at Pittsburgh — Miss Preble eagerly adopts the scheme — Difficulties and annoyances resulting — Letter to her sister on the subject of her becoming the Superintendent of the Infirmary.

DURING the greater part of Miss Preble's second residence in Washington, her strength enabled her to walk frequently in the open air. On these occasions she divided her walks between the hills and valleys near the town, and visits to her friends. A portion of these visits were devoted to her especial friends—for such she considered them, and as such she spoke of them—Christians in the humbler walks of life; especially if they were poor, or sick, or in circumstances of grief, or any other mental affliction. In these visits—of which few but those visited knew anything—she was the helper, the sympathizing friend, counsellor, and comforter. She would read the Bible to them, converse kindly and impressively with them, and generally ended her visit with prayers the most striking and appropriate. A more particular sketch of one of these scenes and occasions will serve to give a livelier idea of them, and also as an example to Christians, who have health and wealth, and

grace to instruct, to soothe, and to cheer their fellow Christians, particularly the humble and the obscure.

There was living at this time in Washington a German female, unmarried, without any connections, and without a relative in this country. She had for many years supported herself by coloring ladies' dresses, and by industry and economy had purchased a small house and lot. She had long been an earnest and consistent member of the Baptist Church. Her exemplary character, particularly her devout and sincere piety, had been long known and acknowledged by a large part of the Christian community around her. During the three or four last years of her life, this humble woman suffered from one of the most severe and incurable diseases which can afflict our frail nature—a cancer. It commenced in her nose, and after a slow but unceasingly painful growth, in spite of every medical effort to arrest it, it at last spread over her face, and produced pain, continually increasing in intensity. She constantly exhibited an example of unbroken patience, humble resignation to the will of God, declaring that her awful disease and suffering were even less than her sins deserved. Expressions of gratitude for every comfort, even the least in degree, were continually uttered in the deepest tones of sincerity, and were followed by others of thanksgiving and praise. Strange as it may appear, she was perpetually cheerful, even when it was plain to an observer that severe pain was racking her frame. Such a character would naturally attract the love, the admiration, and lively sympathy of such a nature as Miss Preble's. And so, indeed, it did. To her humble dwelling did she constantly bend her steps, when her

strength permitted. The description that follows, of one of these visits to "good old Caroline," as she was generally designated, has been furnished by Miss Preble's sister, who was her congenial companion and co-worker in all her "labors of love!"

OLD CAROLINE.

"I have often thought that 'Old Caroline's' history was quite remarkable and well worth remembering. It would furnish ample materials for an interesting *tract*. My sister used frequently to visit her, and it was pleasant to see 'Old Caroline's' just appreciation of her beautiful Christian character. She told me once, with that *earnest* manner of her's, after speaking of my sister's kindness, faith, and piety: 'Oh, how near she will be to the throne! How *very* near she will be!' I remember one visit in particular which I paid her, accompanied by my beloved sister, and during which Caroline asked, 'If we would not like to hear her read a psalm in *German*.' We assented, of course, and she selected the ciii. psalm, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' etc., etc. She read it kneeling, and with such fervor, such an accent of *love*, that no poetry, no music could exceed the beauty of it. The tears ran down her withered cheeks, as she would sometimes stop and point out some of its sweetly divine expressions, and add, just as if we could understand them, 'Oh, is it not beautiful?' 'What a kind God!' And we felt that naught save the *Bible* could be read and felt in this manner. When she had done reading, she asked my sister to pray; and what a prayer that was! just such a one as that poor old infirm Christian needed. She was suffer-

ing severely at the time from a cancer. When we arose we were all in tears, and as Caroline pressed our hands by turn, she exclaimed, ‘Oh, *this is* religion indeed! Yes, this is Christian love and religion!’ I wish I could remember more of her expressions, they were sometimes so original and often so remarkable, considering what an uneducated woman she was. But one so well acquainted with the Bible as she was, can never be called *ignorant*. Oh, what is *human* knowledge when compared to this! So attached was poor ‘Old Caroline’ to my sister, that when we determined to leave Washington in 1850, she said she considered it as a judgment from heaven for her sins.”

What a picture—rather what a *reality* is here! What but divine Christianity could produce it? Here are three Christians, one a Baptist, one an Episcopalian, one a Presbyterian. They are of one spirit—actuated by Christian motives, Christian faith, and love, and hope—one a long and an intense sufferer, whose present language is that of praise and thanksgiving, and from the others proceed strains of consolation and prayer! Approach for once, thou skeptic, whatever be thy pretences to superior philosophy and illumination. Do justice to the truth—acknowledge the immeasurable inferiority of thy nature and of thy hopes, to the nature and hopes of these followers of the Redeemer, “who went about doing good.” Over the scene here described, doubtless angels hovered, and hastened hence to their brighter abodes, to describe it to other glorious cherubim and seraphim, who, like themselves, were returning from other and distant scenes of similar suffering, and patience, and love!

There occurred but one incident during these years of Miss Preble's second residence in Washington which interrupted the even tenor of her way. As her conduct on this occasion, and her reflections on the circumstance are fraught with useful lessons, and serve still more to exhibit her character in all its fine traits, the incident will be detailed, which for a time deeply engaged and distressed her mind. A pious and ardent young Lutheran clergyman of Pittsburgh, Rev. Mr. Passavant, whose parents had long been among Miss Preble's most esteemed friends, had visited Germany, the land of his ancestors, and returned at this time. On a visit to Pittsburgh, Miss Preble had the pleasure to meet with this young clergyman. He had while in Germany been led to examine a Protestant Asylum recently established for the sick and friendless, conducted principally by female superintendents and a corps of female assistants, who devoted their time to nursing the unfortunate inmates. These praiseworthy institutions were then attracting great attention in Germany, and their success was decisive and extended. The young minister just mentioned, was full of the idea of establishing an asylum on the same plan in Pittsburgh; and, after eloquently dwelling on the nature and purposes of such an institution, he proposed to Miss Preble to accept the office of superintendent. He had not seen her for some time, and mistook, in his zeal, the elasticity and energy of her spirits and conversation, for a corresponding degree of physical strength. In this he was greatly mistaken. She was already affected with frequent attacks of a weakness and sinking of her vital energies, to such a degree as to confine her to her couch, and often to

bed, and to deprive her of voice sufficient to speak above a whisper. The proposition, however, took full possession of her soul. The prospect of doing "some active good" to her fellow creatures, excited intensely all her faculties and all her heart—pity, charity, love, seemed to rise, expand and glow in her breast. She seriously entertained the idea of becoming the superintendent of the asylum, as soon as it should be established, and of contributing to its resources a large portion of what she was worth. In the ardor of her feelings she forgot her debility and her frequent, almost entire failure of strength. She forgot the separation from an only and devotedly attached sister, and other friends in Washington, and retirement from the circle of society, which she yet adorned. She was instantly ready to sacrifice every tie to active devotion to the cause, as she considered it, of her Redeemer.

On her return to Washington, she opened the subject to her sister, and a few intimate friends. To them the enterprise appeared entirely injudicious, and indeed in her case impossible. Her bodily health was altogether insufficient for the task, under any modifications of it. By her sister, the prospect in its separation, and her full knowledge of her constitution and actual state of her health, was felt as a deep affliction. She accordingly opposed it with every demonstration of acute feeling, and with all her powers of reason and expostulation, and even with tears. Miss Preble for a while resisted the efforts of her sister and of her friends to dissuade her from a task, which she had not the health and strength to undertake, and which would have broken up, at her age, all her habits and employments—

the repose of body and the tranquillity of mind essential not only to her health but to her existence. Gradually, at length, her reason regained its ascendancy, and she saw and acknowledged her unfitness for the task proposed; and calmly resigned herself to the sphere to which Providence had evidently assigned her, for the residue of her life. After several earnest and agitating debates with her sister, she would send her in writing, such views and reflections as she thought she had omitted in their personal interviews, or had not strength orally to express. We select two of these communications, which are truly characteristic of this excellent woman.

“When I wrote yesterday, dear sister, I felt weak and nervous, and imperfectly expressed my thoughts. I forgot entirely to remark, that you were greatly mistaken if you thought I wished to quit Washington *because* I did not feel happy here. I hope I had higher, less selfish views. So great were the sacrifices I made—of love and comfort—that I had often to ask the grace of God to help me to stifle such thoughts, in view of my greater usefulness in another sphere of action. Indeed, I would not think myself a Christian at all, if *all* my happiness depended only on time and place. When you began speaking to me on the sofa, so frightened was I at the idea of another scene of discussion, that when you said ‘we should both be miserable,’ I answered that, ‘certainly I felt miserable at the idea of being a prisoner;’ but I never meant to say that I should *always be miserable*, for then I should feel *sinful indeed*, and should spend my days in prayer until God had forgiven me, and given me a new heart. A proof that such was not my feeling or im-

pression, is that on my way home, I was comforting myself with these lines :

“ ‘ Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.’ ”

this much as regards myself.

“ As regards yourself, you say, I also took you by surprise. And I rejoice I did ; for it brought forth the manifestation of such deep sorrow and such strong displeasure. I thank God that you were led to speak your *whole mind* ; for otherwise, you might have dissembled ; and still the effect would have been the same, of undermining your health and happiness. I think, however, that you deceived yourself sadly, as to the importance attached to my presence. I cannot but feel grateful for such excessive affection ; but I do not think it rational, or profitable in the eyes of God ; for if you cannot endure to be *twenty-five* miles distant from me, then are you prepared, as a Christian, to give me back to the Almighty, when the hour of death comes—and who can tell how soon ? The fact is, I felt convinced that with very little reasoning, you would be brought *easily* to give me up to the Lord ; and that you would in time be happy, and proud that your sister should occupy such an honorable station. I know there are many ways of viewing the question, and, for my part, I see in it a great and a good work to be accomplished, if such institutions can take root in the land ; for in such asylums, young women of deep piety, and who have very little means of serving the Lord so extensively—and at the same time gain a comfortable

subsistence—find there a field *ready* for them, and in those ‘nurseries of nurses,’ prepare themselves for more extensive usefulness. It requires some such *temporal* and *spiritual* training, to be fitted for the hardships and the self-denying practices of a life consecrated in the hospitals, to the relief of suffering humanity. No females of delicate feelings—and therefore truly suited for such an office—could find the courage to rush *all at once* into the duties of a large hospital; and it is because such training is wanting, that there are so few hospitals in Protestant countries; because it is not men alone that can attend the sick—and as it is a labor of love, of the highest Christian self-denial, *money alone* cannot procure proper female attendants.

“I am in my heart convinced that *God*, in his unerring wisdom, thought me unfit for such a station—I have not sufficient love—sufficient faith, or he would not have allowed you thus to stop me in my course. I asked Him all along to prepare your heart to give me up, or to put obstacles in my way, if a more efficient person was to take my place. I always implore the Almighty, night and morning, ‘to guide my steps, to choose for me;’ and as all *circumstances* are in *his hand*, I yield to circumstances generally with a willing mind. I should be a wretch indeed, if I repined at the lot He cast for me here, where I am surrounded with comforts, and in the midst of my family. To be sure such an independent spirit as mine, will rebel at times, at the idea of being *bound* to live here forever—but if it is a trial, it is useful one; it will produce a good effect on my mind, for I shall settle down in *good earnest*, and as I see a way of living with much economy, I shall enjoy the most un-

speaking happiness in doing good, and living in the midst of my family.

“Such are my views, dear sister ; may they restore peace to your mind ; if they do not, I must trust to time to do it, and the efficacy of the ‘prayer of faith.’ For the God of peace and consolation will not refuse to still your heart, no more than to still the troubled waves of the sea. One of the great blessings intended by Christianity ‘was to make man happy, by raising him above those vexations of spirit, which are inseparable from earthly things.’ ”

“I do not wonder, dear Anica, at our difference of opinion, as to the good which may result from the institution of deaconesses. The whole experience of life has taught me, that men must differ on all subjects. That lesson is taught us on *all sides*, and therefore I never feel anger if people think on anything otherwise than I do. *You* have the consolation of believing that *many*, even in the church, agree with you ; that is enough to still any remorse of conscience which you might feel, in having stopped me from entering into what I considered a field of usefulness—therefore you would be wrong in making yourself *unhappy* on that score.

“If you showed your affection for me to be but *too great*, surely it cannot take away from *my* happiness, and I can comfort myself with the idea, that, after having been all in all to poor mother, I shall be all in all to you. I had not the vanity to presume I was an object of so much love!

“My mistake was also in not seeing as you do, the

unreasonableness of your returning to Pittsburgh, if you valued my society so much; not instantly to be sure, but after F——'s second summer, or when F—— had finished his second course. But if you think it greatly more prudent, more agreeable and rational to stay here, as the vehemence of your opposition testified, then let us remain, and *be contented*. I shall never regret having taken you by surprise, because I suppose you too sincere, not to believe *ever*, that *thus* you were brought to a true manifestation. And what if the volcano was always smothering—would it not have been a wretched state of mind? God, in His tender mercy, did not leave me to learn, *but too late*, that my presence was indispensable to your happiness. Bitter feelings towards me would have been the habitual feelings of your breast, and they are equally unpardonable, as hard to conquer or overcome.

“I shall not have to reproach myself with forsaking entirely my friend's cause; I shall help him to forward it to the extent of my power, as *long as he shall need it*. ‘Time will soon tell, if the thing is of *God* or of man;’ as he several times said to me, ‘I lean on no arm of *flesh*. If God bless this undertaking, He *will* send me help. If He does not smile propitious upon it, it *must* fall.’ Many, even among those who have made no public profession, are ready to forward his views. If it succeed, *I* then can turn into some other channel of charity, the amount I shall *first* devote to this purpose. He does not lose much in merely losing the help of my presence and efforts; and I have many ways left here, in which I can serve God in serving man.

“Such is my way of considering the matter, my dear and warm-hearted sister. I certainly cannot love you less for all that has passed ; though I hope it will be to you a useful lesson ; leading you to endeavor to acquire more control over your feelings. It is not good, it is not safe, to give vent all at once, to the warm, ardent susceptibilities of our heart ; because we ought to know full well, that time reconciles us to all things ; and that it is very contrary to that beautiful placidity of temper which Christ, our divine master, has taught us to cherish. Put the lesson in practice, now that Frank is going to leave you for a while ; do not grieve immoderately, do not consider it in a sad, but in a happy light ; thanking God that you have the means of affording him such advantages.

“God tells us to love Him supremely that we may learn to love nothing else with vain idolatry.

“I think you will not try to *mend* all this matter, except by sitting down satisfied with your lot. ‘Contentment with godliness is great gain ;’ and in vain do we think ourselves the followers of Christ, if we cannot lay all our burden upon Him, for He is truly ready to sustain us. His promises never fail—but our faith is weak. Adieu, dear sister ; let us improve the passing events by loving each other more, and serving our Lord better. Ever yours,

“HARRIET.”

After the agitation of her spirits, caused by the incidents just related, had subsided, Miss Preble resumed her employments at home, with her usual energy and enjoyment. For more than a year after this, she enjoyed generally a de-

gree of health, which (except occasional recurrences of excessive weakness) enabled her to pass her time agreeably, between her household duties and social intercourse, and visits to her "Christian friends," the pious poor.

CHAPTER XX.

A change of residence to Manchester, near Pittsburgh — Miss Preble's tranquil life there is broken by the departure of a nephew for Australia — Her apprehensions, fears and grief — Resumption of her Journal — Its devotional traits — Frequent references to her nephew's departure — Is often a visitor to the Infirmary — Thoughts after 'Communion' — Her 'Christian Experience' the last words she wrote — Gradual decline of health and strength — Enduring cheerfulness — Died in the night, as in a tranquil slumber, and in her accustomed posture.

A CHANGE in the domestic arrangements of her sister was now about to lead to a change of residence both of this lady and of Miss Preble. Her eldest nephew had now completed his medical education, and had determined to settle at Manchester, a town two miles below Pittsburgh, on the Ohio river. This town had grown up around their former abodes; 'Mignonette,' and 'San Souci,' where they had spent so many happy days. This design of her nephew, to whom she had been devotedly attached from boyhood, and who returned her love with warm affection, led his mother to contemplate a return to that place, that she might be near him, and that he might enjoy his paternal and family fireside. It can be easily seen that such a change of residence on the part of her sister, would lead to a change in Miss Preble's affairs. She joined in the scheme of returning to Manchester, and in the spring of 1850, Mr. and

Mrs. B——, and their family, accompanied by Miss Preble, left Washington, and with young Dr. B——, became again residents of Manchester. There were many agreeable circumstances attending their return to Manchester. They had still many of their early friends in Pittsburgh; several of Miss Preble's pupils were now grown, and added to the enjoyments of the society; and especially she was near that one—Miss E—— A——, whose presence always threw a charm over the spirits of Miss Preble. She was near the asylum, too, which the pious and indomitable zeal of her young friend, Rev. Mr. Passavant, had founded in Pittsburgh, and had now succeeded in putting into operation. In this institute she was greatly interested, and to the end of her life, she frequently visited it, and would remain for days taking the liveliest interest in its “labors of love.”

With these sources of intellectual, moral, and social pleasures and occupations, Miss Preble passed nearly three years calmly and serenely. But this world is one full of vicissitudes, which no foresight can anticipate nor human wisdom prevent. *He* has reason to be the most thankful who experiences the fewest and least afflictive. The last half of the last year of her life was shaded by a cloud which cast continual shadows over her vision. Her beloved nephew resolved to sail for Australia and to settle as a physician, for several years, in the chief town of that distant and golden region. The painful separation to which this design of the nephew would lead, the dangers of the ocean, and the many uncertainties and accidents to which he would necessarily be exposed, filled her with anxiety and grief. But the parting hour, in spite of her efforts to pre-

pare to meet it with Christian fortitude and resignation, brought, for a time, grief of no ordinary degree. She, however, never forgot the only and never failing source of consolation and firmness; a source from which alone we can regain our capacity for the due performance of remaining duties, and for a thankful reception of ordinary blessings. She struggled earnestly and heroically against grief, and a thousand apprehensions for the safety and success of her nephew. She had constant recourse to the prayer of faith. She was enabled to remember, that we and all dear to us, with every circumstance and event relating to them, are in the hands of God, "who is over all," and conducts a providence of especial kindness over the followers of His Son.

Her nephew left his home on the 13th of March, 1853; and on that day Miss Preble resumed her journal, which she had pretermitted since the years 1845-6. The first entry in this journal relates to the departure of her nephew. From this time she kept up her daily journal, with occasional omissions, until February, 1854. A few selections are here made, which, while they exhibit in various points of view the character of this admirable lady, this child of grace, this heir of an eternal inheritance, will impart a pleasing and useful variety to these pages.

"14th of March, 1853.

"One of the saddest and most painful days of our life! our dear, dear F—— left us to go to Australia. F—— and A—— went to New York with him. He sailed on the 22d, in the '*Oregon*.' O Lord, have pity on us; and may it please

Thee to spare his life, and to make him a new creature. May we have to say, ‘truly old things have passed away—all things have become *new*.’ ”

“June 22d.

“With earnest supplication I call upon God daily to watch over *our F*——. O, how I did pour out my soul this morning in prayer for him ; with what tears and ardent faith do I ask that he may be saved—that he may learn to lean on Christ, and that the great mystery of godliness, in the heart of man, may be accomplished in him !

“The *first* text that ever was impressed on my memory was, ‘He shall live in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Thee.’ Grant, O Lord, that *he* may experience one day the truth and power of these words !”

“July 4th.

“I ought to have mentioned the glorious sunset of yesterday, through the storm. The whole of the sky was like a golden sheet. I have seen nothing to equal it but the sunset which preceded the terrible *hail* storm of 1852. Last evening I went up to my room, to enjoy the grand sight. I opened my blinds, and bent the knee at my window, pouring out all my soul in adoration to the ‘Great Good Being’ who is the author of all the wonders of creation. And if such a magnificent scene is to be witnessed on *earth*, what glorious things may we expect in heaven, since the word of God tells us, ‘that eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, what is prepared for those who *love* God.’ O, how easy to love Him ! But not so to live up to the purity of His law.”

"July 9th.

"Dear sister returned yesterday from the meadows, where she has had a delightful time. I was rejoiced to see her dear pleasant face again. I hope we shall have our dear Anica (her niece) back next week. But then Clara, dear little Clara, will be still missing. And, alas! *one more*—one *far away*. O, how my heart yearns after him. I feel such acute anguish at times when I think of our F—— that I wonder that I *ever* do smile. But then, I PRAY—I draw near the God of all comfort and of consolation. I lay my burden upon Him, and He teaches me with great loving kindness, to *trust all things to Him*. He can bring him out *bright* from this furnace of affliction. O, God, write thy law in his heart!"

"July 20th.

"Yesterday we were working in the entry, sister and I, when a carriage stopped, and who was it but Mr. and Mrs. Passavant. That was sweet—a very uncommon pleasure. They did not fly in and out, but paid us a truly *friendly* call. I was sorry Anica was not at home. She had gone with Clara to the cemetery. At night I poured out to God my thanksgiving for the many valuable friends with which he has richly blessed us through life. How *many* hours have been *sweetened* by friendship—how many tears wiped away by the hand of love! No one can tell how I prize the kind interest which *such a man* as dear Mr. Passavant has shown me from the day when poor Virginia brought him to our house. The visits he paid dear mother are among my most precious and hallowed remembrances. O, what a life is there in living over the past!"

"August 10.

"I went on Monday to the infirmary, and staid until to-day. I am *always happy* there. The sisters seem to love me, and their sweet example swells my soul with holy thoughts. I went with Louisa and the matron to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Passavant. We sat on their shady porch until the moon was ready to see us home. *Such* moments are like jewels dropped on the lap of time, not one of them but should be treasured up in gratitude. Dear sister and Anica during that time had been making ready the rooms which our sweet M——, and her mother are to occupy, *this week, I hope*. I feel too impatient; it is not right; we should wish for nothing too ardently.

"15th.

"Friday we were full of the delightful expectation of seeing our dear visitors. Fred went at night to meet them at the stage office; but no M——. He returned again on Saturday night; but all in vain. We were sadly disappointed. I sighed heavily as I passed their room to go to bed. It was well the Sabbath followed. God helped me to direct all my thoughts towards Him."

"21st.

"O, my Heavenly Father, may I live as having Thee always present! May I consecrate to Thee all the hours of my life through watchfulness, purity, love, charity, and contentment! I feel truly as if I were a cumberer of the ground. What wilt thou have me to do? O, that I might do *some* good upon earth; that I might each day do something useful to my fellow-creatures! Alas! I live in vain!

"Sabbath day.

"Communion. This afternoon I have retired to my room to commune with my Saviour and my God. I have poured out my soul in deep thankfulness for the blessed, happy hours which I spent in church this morning. Our pastor has no one to help him, and nothing could be sweeter than all the words that flowed from his mouth. I feel as if I should *ever* love him from this hour. His text was, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and I am sure he can apply it truly to his own heart.

"How much mind, and *spirituality* of mind, must a minister have, thus, for three hours, to preach, pray, exhort, encourage, or reprove; offer new motives to live, instil new purposes into the soul, awaken the *cold*, *entreat* and *persuade* the *sinful*; in short, proclaim salvation, and throw rays of light on the road which leads to peace and joy! Oh, happy those who are not only 'hearers but *doers* of the word!'

"With *tears* I saw some of our nearest neighbors come up for the *first* time to the table of the Lord. Four new members were thus added, and two of them were baptized. The *whole* of the service was indescribably sweet and solemn; and remembering the text of yesterday, in the preparatory sermon, 'What think ye, that *He will not* come to the feast?' I thought truly *He is in the midst of us.*"

A short sketch of Miss Preble's Christian experience, evidently designed to be more extensive, will be read with interest. Her sister informed the writer they were the last lines ever penned by Miss Preble, and written but a day or two before her death.

“I wish to speak of all that the Lord has done for me since I arrived in this country. Religion was then a mere blank. Nature appeared a beautiful volume, and God had inscribed His name on every page of it; but I acknowledged *no more*; and though I admired the work of His hands, I cannot say that I ever served or feared Him. I thought we were like the mere insects that crawl or fly; a part of His animated creation, but too insignificant for Him to notice. God had given us a part to play in His glorious creation, and it was for us, as I supposed, to work out of its elements happiness or misery, according to our will. There the connecting link was broken.

“*A friend* once asked me to read the Bible *daily*. I was surprised at the request; I tried to do it, but *soon* laid it aside. I was a real child of darkness. I did not pray for light; and God did not choose to take away from me the spirit of slumber. My heart was hardened by pride, *intellectual* pride; and the indignation of the Lord was great. I know it *now*, though I did not feel it *then*; and this was a proof of it, that, having opened my school, He permitted me for *five* years to go through the form of family worship, the Scriptures and prayers being read without my heart being reached. I can remember the spirit of repentance having called me but *once*. I was coming back slowly from church—I always think of *this* when I pass by the spot—it was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly; I felt happy and *thankful*. For a moment it seemed to me as if it would be sweet to give up all the idols of life, and consecrate my heart wholly to God. The service in the sanctuary had been blessed to me. I felt a delight in singing

the praises of the Lord of lords. But I soon grieved the Spirit away. However, I *never* forgot that *one* moment of life ; for I was conscious that, somewhat as it appeared to *Saul*, a bright light had crossed my path, and an inward voice called me to seek for happiness where *alone* it could be found.

“When the Lord saw that in prosperity I had not ‘eyes to see nor ears to hear,’ in His great mercy He chastised me. My health failed ; my school had to be given up ; and other severe trials bowed me down. But my dear, kind mother stood by me, ‘faithful among the faithless,’ and ready to follow me wherever I wished. I then left Pittsburg and its neighborhood ; I left that dear little cottage at ‘*Sans Souci*,’ and we removed to Washington. There we boarded in a private family for sixteen months. All labor, all excitement ceased ; I was thrown upon my own reflections and resources. But out of such beggarly elements I could work nothing good.”

* * * * *

The struggle in relation to her nephew between natural affection and the duty of an entire resignation to the will of God, had the effect of wearing down more and more her already enfeebled frame. Yet she had recovered a good degree of composure, and even of cheerfulness. Still, however, her physical strength was unequal to the pressure, which her spirit resisted, and had by faith and patience triumphed over afflictions, which, received and borne as she had received and borne them, “work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Towards the end of the winter of 1853, Miss Preble's health became more and more feeble. The occasions of those sinkings of all the functions of her body, became more frequent, and were longer continued. The vigor of her intellect was proof against debility and disease. Whenever she could sit up, and could rejoin the family circle, her cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits returned. This seemed to hide from her sister and family the rapid decline, which was observed with mournful anxiety by her attached and admiring friends. Her physician was aware that her life could not continue long. In the all wise design of Providence, this proved soon to be the case.

Some days previously to the 4th of February, 1854, she had been suffering from extreme debility and almost prostration of body. On that day she had recovered sufficient strength to leave her room and rejoin the family circle. A short repose during the day, enabled her to form one of the circle, during a part of the evening. A friend or two had joined it, in whose company she took pleasure. Although unable to converse but occasionally, in a few words, her bright and expressive eye and her cheerful countenance showed the pleasure and interest she felt in the conversation. About nine in the evening she asked to be assisted to retire, and took her usual cheerful and graceful leave of the company. She was assisted to her room. Her sister renewed her advice that some one should sleep in the chamber with her. As heretofore, she declined the attendance of any one, as being troublesome and unnecessary. A servant girl, much attached to her, was in the habit of going into her room before daylight to prepare an early

fire, and then leaving her until she would need her assistance. On the morning of the 4th of February, before daybreak, this faithful attendant went as usual, into her apartment, and having prepared the fire, gently approached her bed-side, for her fears had been excited by the more than usual weakness of the day before. She ascertained Miss Preble to be reposing in an easy and apparently gentle slumber. After a short time, at the usual hour of Miss Preble's rising, she returned, and upon going to her bedside, she could perceive no breathing of the lowest kind, and upon feeling her hands, she became convinced she was dead! The family were immediately roused, and repairing with hasty steps to her chamber, all, but her sister, were at once assured of her death. To satisfy the anguished feelings of her sister, the attending physician was sent for, who soon appeared, and, alas! soon assured her that all was over! An easier and a gentler separation of soul and body, had never perhaps occurred in this sin-stricken world. Her features wore the expression of the calmest slumber—"of an infant's slumber on its mother's breast." Nothing about her person or bed was in the least degree ruffled or disturbed. When the night before, her sister and attendant servant, had arranged everything for her comfort and undisturbed repose, she placed her hands on her breast and expressed her thanks, and in her accustomed tone of affection, wished them "Good night." *In the same position, and clasped, as in prayer, her hands were found in the morning!* Miss Preble had never expressed any fear of death, except that of great physical suffering from the feebleness of her frame, and the affection of the spine from

which she had suffered through life. She had, therefore, earnestly prayed, that He who directs the ways of death itself, would grant her a gracious dispensation from lengthened suffering, lest her mind might become enfeebled in the last conflict. Her prayer was graciously heard, and most signally answered. "If any man keep my saying, he shall never see death," promised our great and dear Redeemer. Thus his faithful follower doubtless realized, with all His other followers, this wonderful promise. The Christian never sees death in the horrors of conscience and in anticipation of "the wrath to come." Miss Preble had passed away without a pang of body or soul ; for the calm and sweet expression of every feature of her face betokened a joyful vision of a brighter world, and the sound of the anthems of angels and of the spirits of the blessed. In a moment, she had exchanged the "twilight of earth for the sunlight of heaven."

"Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

"But, ere the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in paradise."

The remains of Miss Preble were deposited in the Pittsburgh cemetery, a retired and beautiful spot, on the banks of the Alleghany, whose clear waters she had so often admired as one of the delightful beauties of nature and nature's scenery. Here reposes all that was mortal of the once brilliant, accomplished, and sanctified Harriet Preble.

Miss Preble's death created a wide and deep sensation. Earnest and affectionate obituary notices of her, appeared in the papers of Washington, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, which bore ample testimony to the rare excellence, intellectual and moral, of this extraordinary person.*

If this memoir has succeeded in sustaining the interest of the reader to the end of it, the author need not conclude by a formal sketch of the several points of Miss Preble's character. They are already familiar to the reader. Nor is it necessary to say a word by way of urging him to peruse often and attentively the numbers of the accompanying Appendix. They are all made up of her own writings; they will gratify and improve every *intellectual* and will assuredly delight and benefit every *Christian* reader.

* Two of these notices will be found in Appendix, No. V

A P P E N D I X .

I.

INTRODUCTION BY THE TRANSLATOR, MISS PREBLE,
TO BULWER'S POEM, "THE REBEL."

L'IRLANDE fut unie à l'Angleterre, il y a 600 ans, par Henri II. Le pape lui en accorda la souveraineté, à condition qu'il prélèverait en sa faveur un impôt sur le peuple. Par ce marché infame, les Irlandais se trouvèrent condamnés à payer leurs chaînes. Telle fut la fondation du pouvoir britannique dans cette île, dont l'histoire se compose, à dater de cette époque, de guerres intestines, de massacres et de confiscations. Elle fut ravagée par le feu, la famine et le meurtre, jusqu'au temps de la réformation.

Alors commença pour les malheureux Irlandais un nouvel ordre de persécutions plus intolérable encore que le premier, puisqu'il était fondé sur le fanatisme religieux. Ce fut sous le règne de la grande Elisabeth que les habitans de cinq comtés du nord furent expulsés de leur demeure, et chassés au delà du Shannon.

Cromwell porta ensuite ses armes victorieuses dans ce

pays, qui dès lors subit les malheurs attachés à la conquête : il devint le partage des soldats du vainqueur. Les catholiques, privés de leurs patrimoines, furent les vassaux d'un petit nombre de seigneurs protestans, rendus cruels et arrogans par l'intolérance et par un pouvoir fondé sur l'usurpation.

Lorsque Jacques II fut chassé de l'Angleterre, il fut accueilli par les Irlandais, qui espérèrent le mettre chez eux à la tête d'un gouvernement indépendant, s'ils ne réussissaient pas à lui rendre la couronne qui lui avait été enlevée. Leur attente fut trompée : tout fut perdu à la bataille de Boyne, en 1670. Les suites de cette défaite furent une nouvelle conquête et un nouveau partage. Les catholiques qui possédaient encore quelques richesses territoriales en furent dépossédés, et leur dévouement à la royauté ne servit qu'à accroître leurs misères.

Ces spoliations n'étaient pas la plus grande calamité qui dût peser sur cette terre malheureuse. Elle fut soumise, vers ce temps, à la fatale influence, d'un code pénal, qui ne pouvait être que l'œuvre du fanatisme et de la vengeance.

Il faut s'arrêter à détailler quelques unes des lois qui ont régi l'Irlande depuis un siècle ; donner une idée des injures légales qu'on lui a fait subir, pour comprendre la profonde aversion que ses habitans doivent éprouver envers un gouvernement qui fut capable d'accabler ainsi de sa cruelle protection trois millions de ses sujets.

Ces lois statuaient qu'il n'était pas permis à un catholique de porter des armes, ni d'en conserver chez lui pour sa défense personnelle. Les punitions les plus rigoureuses venaient à l'appui de cette prohibition. Tous étaient exposés à

cet égard à des visits domiciliaires, qui pouvaient se faire arbitrairement de jour et de nuit, par les magistrats les plus subalternes, toujours disposés à abuser de leur pouvoir. Celui qui était sommé de comparaître pour déposer contre ses parens, ses amis, ses voisins, et qui refusait de se rendre délateur, pouvait être soumis à une forte amende ; emprisonné, fouetté, dans le cas où les recherches contrediraient ses dépositions.

Il ne leur était pas permis de porter des armes, parce que, disait-on, ils n'avaient pas de droits à défendre. En effet ils ne pouvaient remplir aucun emploi civil ni militaire : on leur refusait le privilège de dévouer leurs talens au service de leur roi et de leur pays.

Les catholiques ne pouvaient paraître comme jurés dans une affaire civile, si l'une des parties était protestante. Ils ne pouvaient l'être non plus en matière criminelle. Cependant la jurisprudence anglaise donne à l'accusé toutes les garanties désirables, pour que la sévérité des lois soit modifiée par l'indulgence de ceux qui en sont l'organe.

Ils n'avaient le pouvoir de fonder ni de doter aucune université, aucun collège. Ne pouvant non plus obtenir leurs diplômes dans l'université d'Edimbourg, ils étaient repoussés de toutes les professions savantes, et retenus systématiquement dans l'ignorance. Leurs prêtres mêmes étaient réduits à aller chercher, sur une terre étrangère, les lumières insuffisantes qu'ils devaient ensuite répandre autour d'eux.

L'enfant d'un catholique, en embrassant la religion protestante, acquérait le droit de déposséder ses parens ; il pouvait sommer son père, au nom de la loi, de se dépouiller

en sa faveur d'un tiers de sa fortune. Si les biens du père, s'accroissaient après ce premier partage le fils pouvait le forcer à le renouveler. Aucune limite n'était assignée à ces réclamations successives. L'ingratitude était encouragée par l'appât le plus puissant sur l'esprit de l'homme : celui de la richesse et de l'indépendance.

Les mariages entre catholiques et protestans étaient déclarés illégaux, et un prêtre qui aurait sanctionné une pareille alliance pouvait être condamné à mort.

Ce n'est pas tout : le plus précieux des privilèges, celui qui offre à un peuple la garantie de tous les autres, le droit de représentation au parlement, n'appartenait pas et n'appartient pas encore aux catholiques, quoiqu'ils soient rentrés dans leurs droits en 1793. Ils doivent donc être la proie facile d'une administration étrangère et tyrannique.

Le gouvernement anglais a donné, dans ce pays, la plus forte preuve que ses vues ne se rapportent qu'à sa propre grandeur, et ne sont jamais calculées sur aucun principe de justice et d'humanité. Par des lois bien entendues, l'Irlande, que la nature a favorisée de mille manières, pouvait être rendue florissante ; mais il fallait pour cela lui faire partager le commerce du monde ; il fallait la rendre libre dans sa dépendance même, en lui assurant une représentation, nationale ; il fallait la gouverner sans la subjuguier ; tandis qu'animé par le sentiment d'une domination injuste, on aimait mieux la voir déchirée par la discorde civile, en proie à la misère, et livrée à l'anarchie.

Le malheur de l'Irlande fut d'être toujours considérée comme nation conquise. Sous ce point de vue, on pensait que les intérêts des vainqueurs devaient, en toute occasion,

être consultés, sans égards aux inconvéniens qui pouvaient en résulter pour les vaincus. Telles n'étaient pas les notions des patriotes irlandais : ils admettaient la suprême autorité du Roi, mais ils rejetaient toute idée de dépendance envers le parlement anglais, ayant obtenu, au temps de Henri II, la confirmation de leurs privilèges nationaux.

Les restrictions imposées au commerce détruisaient toute possibilité d'amélioration intérieure. La prospérité nationale était sapée dans sa racine. L'Irlande ne pouvait porter ses produits bruts, ni ceux de ses manufactures, dans aucun marché étranger. Elle ne pouvait trafiquer avec les Indes, ni avec les colonies anglaises en Afrique et en Amérique. L'Angleterre, jalouse de son monopole, se refusait à le partager, même avec ses propres sujets.

Peut-on s'étonner, d'après ce qui précède, si les annales de cette nation n'offrent que le plus triste tissu de crimes, de révoltes et de cruautés. Que peut-on attendre d'un peuple environné des ténèbres de l'ignorance ? Comment marcher vers la civilisation, sans le secours de l'industrie ? Il restait un dernier moyen de prospérité intérieure : la culture des terres, mais cette ressource devait échapper encore.

Après la conquête, les propriétaires catholiques furent réduits, comme nous l'avons dit, à devenir simples cultivateurs sur leurs terres patrimoniales ; de plus, ils ne pouvaient louer une ferme qu'aux titres les plus précaires. Ils étaient exposés à se voir congédiés d'un jour à l'autre, et à perdre ainsi le fruit de leurs travaux et de leurs avances, sous le simple prétexte qu'encourager leur prospérité, c'était favoriser le catholicisme. La préférence était toujours

donnée à un fermier protestant, qui non seulement payait en argent, mais pouvait aussi offrir un vote aux élections.

Le prix des baux était très élevé, et la main-d'œuvre ne se payait encore, au milieu du 18^e siècle, qu'au même taux fixé du temps d'Elisabeth. Le paysan ne pouvait donc gagner de quoi payer l'arpent de terre qui devait fournir à la subsistance de sa famille, la dîme qui était due aux deux clergès, et l'impôt que le gouvernement levait sur chaque foyer. Souvent cet impôt fut réclamé à la porte d'une chétive demeure, où l'on ignorait les bienfaits d'un foyer ! Quelques planches, adossées à un rocher ou à un banc de terre, et couvertes de tourbe, n'abritaient qu'à peine des intempéries de l'air de malheureux habitans. Leur mobilier consistait en un lit de feuilles de pommes de terre, et un pot de fer, que le receveur inhumain vendait pour payer le schelling dû au gouvernement. Enfin on ne saurait s'arrêter à la foule de vexations auxquelles était soumis un paysan irlandais ; on ne saurait se faire une idée d'un plus affreux état de dégradation morale.

A toutes ces causes de malheurs publics, il faut ajouter la division des partis. Les protestans, les presbytériens et les catholiques, étaient tous ennemis. Les premiers ne formaient qu'une très petite portion de la nation, mais ils étaient puissans par leurs places, leurs emplois et leurs possessions territoriales ; leurs intérêts ne se combinaient en rien avec ceux de l'Irlande, au milieu de laquelle ils formaient comme une colonie étrangère. Cette aristocratie vénale était l'instrument dévoué du ministère britannique, dont elle tenait tout son pouvoir, et dont elle achetait la protection au prix des libertés du pays qu'elle gouvernait.

Il résultait de cet état de choses le système le plus pernicieux de rapines et de double oppression.

Les presbytériens occupaient, pour la plupart, le nord de l'Irlande, et principalement la ville de Belfast. Beaucoup plus nombreux que les protestans, et portés par l'esprit de leur secte à l'adoption de principes républicains, ils furent les premiers à concevoir l'idée de rendre leur pays à l'indépendance. Les jalousies et la désunion qu'on avait eu soin d'entretenir entre eux et les catholiques, les empêchèrent long-temps de combiner leurs forces, et c'est ainsi que fut éloigné le moment d'une réclamation générale, qui pouvait seule avoir quelque poids et amener quelque résultat.

Mais l'heure vint enfin où tous yeux s'ouvrirent. L'exemple de la révolution française donna un élan à toutes les ames ; chacun fut éclairé sur ses intérêts véritables, et les presbytériens et les catholiques, oubliant leurs préjugés mutuels, s'unirent pour obtenir en commun l'affranchissement de leur pays. C'est en 1792, que se forma le fameux club des *United Irishmen* (les Irlandais Unis) et le grand comité des catholiques à Dublin. Les membres de ce comité furent régulièrement élus comme représentans des trois millions d'Irlandais qui n'étaient point représentés au parlement ; on y rédigea une pétition qui fut portée par une députation aux pieds du trône, pour éviter de la faire passer par les voies tortueuses de l'administration. Les Irlandais y réclamaient l'abolition du code pénal, la liberté des cultes, une plus ample liberté de commerce que celle qui leur avait été accordée quelques années auparavant, et le droit de représentation nationale.

Le comité avait reçu de ses commettans l'ordre de n'ac-

cepter aucun compromis ; la nation avait pris une attitude imposante, et elle ne voulait rien moins qu'une émancipation complète.

Le ministère anglais, craignant un soulèvement général, parut plier ; mais par des menées adroites, il parvint encore une fois à déjouer en partie le vœu de la nation, et refusa de nouveau aux catholiques le privilège de siéger dans leur parlement ; on leur rendit pourtant le droit de franchise électorale, ce qui n'était qu'une sorte de dérision, puisqu'ils ne pouvaient élire un membre de leur croyance, et que leurs intérêts les plus chers restaient toujours ainsi au pouvoir d'une secte ennemie. Ils obtinrent du reste le redressement de la plupart des torts qui faisaient depuis un siècle le sujet de leurs plaintes.

Néanmoins l'Irlande resta livrée au pouvoir de la même administration, et ses malheurs n'eurent pas de terme. Il fallait que le redressement obtenu fût insuffisant, ou que les lois pussent aisément être éludées, puisque le mécontentement du peuple devint de plus en plus général : l'esprit de révolte fermenta dans toutes les têtes ; les clubs, les associations militaires, se multiplièrent dans toute l'étendue de l'Irlande, et les vexations du gouvernement devinrent excessives. Les principes de discorde étaient entretenus par le ministère anglais, qui voulait pousser tous les partis à bout, afin de se réserver un prétexte pour rendre cette nation plus dépendante encore en unissant son parlement à celui d'Angleterre, ce qui fut exécuté en 1800. Il est certain que depuis 1793, époque de l'affranchissement partiel de l'Irlande, les troubles ne firent que s'accroître. Tous les yeux étaient tournés vers la France ; mais agitée elle-même au

dedans, elle ne put faire que des efforts insuffisans en faveur des principes de liberté qu'elle voulait encourager. L'expédition du Texel, la descente du général Hoche à Bantry-Bay, celle du général Humbert à Hullola, furent sans résultats. Les préparatifs de l'expédition d'Egypte furent longtemps supposés être destinés pour l'Irlande : c'est sur ce point que l'Angleterre était le plus vulnérable ; mais elle échappa à ce danger, et ce fut dans d'autres régions qu'elle put se mesurer avec la force et le génie.

Le ministère, inquiet néanmoins des secours qui pouvaient venir de la France, et sachant que les chefs des *United Irishmen* organisaient un plan d'insurrection générale, mit tout en œuvre pour exciter le peuple à une révolte prématurée : on trouva des traîtres dans leurs conseils ; le brave lord Fitz-Gerald fut trahi, arrêté et condamné à mort. L'indignation des malheureux Irlandais fut alors à son comble ; les paysans de plusieurs districts du nord se soulevèrent pour résister aux désordres des soldats cantonnés chez eux. Mais que pouvaient quelques poignées d'hommes sans armes, sans vêtemens, et la plupart du temps sans chefs ? La force et l'énergie de la nation s'épuisaient ainsi en détail ; elle donnait seulement le prétexte qu'on cherchait pour redoubler envers elle d'injustices et de cruautés. On abandonna les habitans aux fureurs d'une soldatesque effrénée. A Dublin, dans la cour même du palais du vice-roi, des malheureux, dont on voulait obtenir des délations contre leurs concitoyens, étaient fouettés, à moitié pendus, exposés à toutes les horreurs de la torture. La nuit, les incendies éclataient au loin ; les cris de détresse retentissaient de toutes parts ; les hommes, les femmes, les

enfans, étaient chassés à la pointe de la baïonnette jusque dans les marais et dans des réduits inaccessibles, pour y mourir de froid, de faim et de misère.

C'est vers cette époque de malheurs et de crimes, entre l'an 1796 et 1799, qu'on peut placer, je pense, les événemens du poëme suivant : tout s'y trouve d'accord avec les tristes circonstances du temps. La révolte de quelques conjurés qui semaient la terreur dans une partie reculée de l'Irlande, les espérances d'un secours étranger, la perspective de quelque amélioration dans l'état du pays, puis un triste retour vers les maux du passé ; tel est l'état politique qui se rattache aux intérêts personnels du héros. Desmond est supposé descendre d'une race noble et ancienne. (Un prince de ce nom fut le premier à prêter serment de fidélité à Henri II.) Comme chef des rebelles, le héros prend le nom d'O'Neill, peut-être en mémoire du fameux O'Neal de Tyrone, célèbre dans l'histoire de l'Irlande par la lutte qu'il soutint long-temps contre les généraux d'Elisabeth.

D'après les éclaircissemens précédens, on pourra juger que la peinture que le poète fait des maux de sa patrie n'est pas une vaine déclamation : il était difficile de les représenter sous de trop sombres couleurs.

On trouvera peut-être cette esquisse un peu longue ; mais il faut se rappeler qu'elle est l'apologie du héros. Ce poëme offre le tableau imposant d'une ame noble et fière poussée au crime par la tyrannie ; née pour faire le bien, elle devient l'agent du désordre. Grande leçon donnée aux puissances de la terre, auxquelles sont confiées non seulement les prospérités, mais les vertus publiques !

II.

HOURS OF MELANCHOLY—1834.*

“A FRIEND has recommended me to devote myself more entirely to God, to make Him the continual object of my meditations, and to endeavor, thus, as far as in me lies, to repair my fault of having until now served Him so ill. Love God with all thy heart, etc. . . . This is the great commandment—which includes all the others. To love God, said he to me, is to be good, merciful, generous; it is to possess a pure and tender soul, an indulgent and generous spirit, a sweet, affable, and engaging disposition, to be as ready to forgive as to keep one’s self from giving offence; it is to love all that is noble, exalted, and intellectual, for to love God is to know Him, though with limited faculties; it is to wish to please Him, it is to conform to His divine laws; and who can seek to please Him at all hours of the day without calling into action all that is noble and good in the heart of man.

“Strive afterwards to conceive the happiness of him who lives for God alone. He is happy, because moral perfection is always accompanied with peace and serenity; he is happy, because his thoughts are solely occupied with feelings of admiration and gratitude towards his Creator and good will towards his neighbor; he is not tormented with pride, for he is humble; he is not ambitious, for his heart is not set upon the fleeting pleasures of this world;

* Part I. of these “Hours” forms part of Chapter XIII. in the body of the Memoir.

he is not envious, for he possesses the highest good, the knowledge of the true God, and it is a good of which he wishes all to partake; he wishes that all men should be like the merchantman in the Scriptures, 'who sold all to buy the pearl of great price.'

"In fine, human passions do not trouble his repose; he enjoys all the good things of this life with a calm pleasure, being ready to abandon them for superior joys, those promised to all true believers. One can imagine that God takes pleasure in contemplating one of His creatures thus submissive to His divine laws.

"I cannot express to you, added he, how deep and delicious is the calm that takes possession of our soul when we make God our chief object; we then live under the influence of the highest train of thought of which man is capable; we live in regions where tempests cannot arise, everything is placid and sweet; we enjoy twofold the mercies of God, because we possess them without disquietude, being prepared at any moment to render up with submission all that has been given us which we so little deserved; with this feeling one sees a mercy in all things, in the sun that shines over our heads, in the air which animates us, in every object which charms our senses, and in every affection which fills the heart and embellishes life.

"The Scriptures are full of scenes and images which speak a language to the soul that sinks deeper than the most subtle reasonings; these scenes engrave themselves on the memory, and the mind applies them in the most important circumstances of life, each one according to the

light that he has received. Who can read the parable of the ten lepers (Luke xvii. 14) without asking himself if he is not *one* of the nine lepers who receive benefits from God without glorifying him. Our Saviour meets them on the road, listens to their supplications, purifies them, and commands them to go to the temple and show themselves to the high priest. On their way thither they felt the certainty that they were healed, but notwithstanding, only *one* returned to express his heartfelt thanks, by throwing himself at *Jesus'* feet. The others return not—and do we not see this scene repeated daily as it is there depicted? Taken in a moral sense, we should see that all men are attacked with leprosy, their leprosy is sin, which renders them incapable of tasting or procuring happiness. How many times, in the course of our lives, God has enlightened our hearts with a ray of His divine grace; how many happy influences have combined to draw us into His sanctuary; . . . how often in every Christian country the word of God has struck our senses and moved our hearts, and yet we have refused to drink at that fountain of 'living waters' which would have cured us of our leprosy; we have listened, but with a wandering attention, and a deadened soul; we have remained cold and indifferent to so many spiritual mercies, and we have neglected to go and throw ourselves at the feet of the Saviour of the world; we have refused to follow Him, and we have preferred our false and deceptive enjoyments to the happiness of serving Him and living only for Him who wished to give us eternal life. As we look through the New Testament, for our instruction, we find no chapter more useful and more touch-

ing than that which portrays the history of the good Samaritan, etc.

“Read that parable (St. Luke x. 30) with attention, and you will see that the obligation of universal charity could not be more strongly enforced; in other words, a charity to be practised towards every unhappy person, without distinction of sect or opinion, and which tells us all men are brethren. Our Saviour, also, often took occasion to place in contrast the humble and sincere believer, and the proud man, who bears only the semblance of religion. See whom He has here chosen to make the virtues of the Samaritan shine forth—those who, being the best instructed in the law of God, ought to have been the most disposed to obey Him—and He shows that the outward signs of piety, even the sacerdotal robe, often hides an unconverted heart, a heart at enmity with that holy law which was given us to exalt all our feelings.

“The love of God! Could it exist in the heart of that Priest and that Levite who thus neglected to carry succor to one of their fellow men, and could leave him to perish on the high road? His isolated and despoiled condition were all calls upon their pity. The good Samaritan understood that call, and how many generous and humane actions followed this first compassionate movement. It extends itself over the future; it anticipates the wants of the sick man during his absence, and waits not to count what it will cost. This Samaritan, so despised by the Jews, is here signalized as he who understood the best that great commandment, ‘Love thy neighbor as thyself.’ It is he who regards as his neighbor every being who suffers, and

to whom he can do good. Here we see again how our Saviour gives us a lesson of toleration as well as of charity. In choosing thus the personages, he intended to show that the Gospel is to enrich all nations—Matthew xi. 28, 29, 30 : ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,’ etc.

“I would that my pen could express all the emotions and ideas that these few words always awaken in me. They include all that Christianity offers most consoling on the earth. Take the yoke of your Saviour, and you cease to be the slave of your passions, the slave of the world’s prejudices, the slave of vanity, of luxury, and ambition—you become free in submitting to Him. He will give ‘rest unto your soul,’ for while he teaches us to be meek and lowly in heart, he places us above all that in general fills our hearts with agitation and tumult—He gives us the same advantage that the reed has over the oak—He tells us to bow under adversity, under reproaches and revilings; and all these duties are easy to him who is ‘meek and lowly in heart,’ to him who seeks to imitate our Divine Master. They are easy from the habit of submission towards the Supreme Being, and from the deep conviction that we suffer nothing but what our imperfections have most justly merited. This deep and sincere ‘lowliness,’ which Christianity teaches and enjoins, is the experience of very few believers. But yet it is indispensable to our happiness as well as to our attaining moral perfection. It is the foundation of repentance, and the source of true contentment, for it makes us satisfied with our lot whatsoever it may be; it makes it always appear beyond our expecta-

tions; it makes us satisfied with our fellow creatures, in causing us to think better of them than of ourselves. What beautiful effects would flow from that immediate cause, if this virtue showed itself more frequently in its truth and simplicity, driving away, by its presence alone, pride, calumny, murmurings, and all vain desires. Oh! who would not learn of Jesus to become meek towards his fellow men. Meekness is tender and calm, it spreads an inexpressible charm over life, it softens anger, it disarms envy, it permits the soul to contemplate heavenly things from which an irritable temper debars us. After having silently borne an unjust accusation, we can seek in prayer the promised consolations of the Gospel; but shame is the result of passion and drives us from the throne of God—it only remains for us to hide our faces before Him, but can we hide our hearts from Him? Alas! no, our faults are engraven in flaming characters, but they are not ineffacable, for our *Saviour*, even then, offers himself to us as our only refuge: ‘Come unto me all ye,’ etc.

“He restores to us hope and peace, which is the life of the soul. He brings us back into the right path as soon as we come to Him oppressed by the burden of our sins. Not only does God promise to pardon us in *His name*, but in His name he restores us to the happiness in this world which we had lost. Happiness is in the heart of all who serve Christ with sincerity: then the world and its vain interests can disturb it no more—every desire is tempered. The actual wants of life in themselves are few, and are easily satisfied, and whatever goes beyond these become superfluities, the possession of which cannot disquiet him who

seeks not 'to lay up treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt,' 'Where his treasure is there will his heart be also.' Whosoever learns of Him to be 'meek and lowly in heart shall find rest to his soul.' He adds, 'For my yoke,' etc.

"In fine, we who have all of us committed error upon error, obeying the impulses of a weak and corrupt nature, know not a heavier burden than that of remorse, the consequence of sin. How much lighter the Cross of Christ is to bear. If He sends us sickness we shall find our courage equal to our sufferings, if we consent to see in it a trial inflicted by him for the good of our souls, for no one will compare fleeting to eternal interests. Then what are a few physical pangs if we are disciplined by them to submit to the decrees of God, if we acquire through them a more certain conviction of the little value to be set on earthly things, of the shortness of life, of the necessity of a constant and immediate preparation for the celestial world, where we shall receive according to our works, and where God will draw those to himself who have loved Him with ardor upon earth. A tender and respectful son, would he revolt against the punishments which an enlightened father thinks proper to inflict? No, he recognizes goodness even in the punishment.

"It is thus with the trials which God sends upon us, they have all their appointed end; but this end is not always obtained: if the rebellious hand pushes from him the potion which the physician orders, nothing remains but to despair of a cure."

THE following letter both explains itself and those which follow, from Miss Preble to the writer:—

“JEFFERSON COLLEGE, CANONSBURGH, PA.,

“*May 22d*, 1854.

“MRS. BARLOW :

“DEAR MADAM,—I received yours of the 15th instant, informing me of your purpose to have a memoir of your sister prepared, and requesting me to communicate any reminiscences of her conversion, etc., which I might be able to furnish. I am very glad that such a memoir is in course of preparation ; for I believe there are few names more worthy of being held in remembrance than that of our excellent departed friend. Not only will it be gratifying to her many personal friends and acquaintances, to be put in possession of a permanent memorial of one so deservedly admired and beloved, but it will be to the glory of God that so striking a display of the power of divine grace, and such lovely fruits of elevated piety, should be made known to the world. It was with a view to the preservation of some materials which might be ultimately used in the preparation of such a memoir as you propose, that I, some years ago, requested your sister (without making her acquainted with my design) to furnish me with some account, in detail, of her personal history, as connected with the influences under which her mind had been trained, and the various changes in her views and feelings which she experienced as she gradually emerged from the depths of philosophical infidelity into the clear light of an evangelical and joyous faith. It was with considerable hesitation that she consented to *commence* such an autobiography. I believe she never

completed it. So far as it was written, and communicated to me, you will find contained in one of her letters which I herewith transmit. I was very sorry that she did not continue her interesting narrative, at least down to the time of her conversion. Her reasons for suspending it will be found in one of her subsequent letters. A partial substitute, however, for the lacking sequel, is furnished in her letter to the session of the Church of New Brighton, of which I was then pastor, and in her occasional correspondence with me during a few subsequent years. This interesting correspondence I also place at your disposal. It will be found rich in materials for your proposed memoir, so far as relates to her Christian experience. I may be allowed to say that I felt myself by no means worthy of the high confidence and regard which her too great partiality sometimes led her to express in her correspondence, as she committed herself to my pastoral instruction and guidance. I cannot but rejoice, indeed, at the privilege of having received her as an attendant upon my ministry, at so interesting a stage of her spiritual history ; and of having been an humble instrument, in the Lord's hands, of assisting her in the inquiries which she was then prosecuting with intense anxiety, as to *what is truth*. I take no credit, however, for anything more than having afforded suitable hints and suggestions in regard to the difficulties under which her mind was still laboring, which she was well prepared to receive, through the previous instruction of others, and especially through the manifest teaching of the Holy Spirit. She came to reside at New Brighton just at the time when she was struggling with the remains of her Socinian and rational-

istic prejudices against the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, She was still disposed to cling to the assumption that she could not be required to yield her faith to anything which her *reason* could not fully comprehend. Hence, especially were the doctrines of the Trinity and of divine sovereignty stumbling blocks in her way. She did not deny that these and kindred doctrines seemed to be taught in the Scriptures. but she could not comprehend them, 'and how could she be expected to receive them as true?' She was soon brought, however, to assent to the reasonableness of the proposition, that in a special revelation from God we might expect to find many things in regard to the mode of the divine existence and government, which our finite minds may not be able to comprehend or explain; and that these things must be received as matters of *faith*, simply on the testimony of God. She had also become deeply sensible of her own spiritual wants, and was beginning to find that the empty negations of Unitarianism were no better than husks which could not satisfy the deep hungerings of her soul. She could see, at the same time, that the peculiar *doctrines of grace* (provided she could only receive them as *true*) were well adapted to meet her necessities. She had found that she was a great sinner, and needed an Almighty Saviour and sanctifier. She felt her own insignificance as contrasted with the greatness and majesty of God, and she said that He had a right to dispose of her and of all His creatures according to His own sovereign pleasure. She felt that she must no longer *reason*, but *believe*. The burden of her soul constrained her to dismiss all her vain attempts fully to fathom the deep things of God, and then to cast herself,

simply, as a lost sinner, on His mercy and grace in Christ. And she did it with all her heart. Her intellectual assent to the truth of the doctrines of grace, seemed to carry with it at once the full flowings of her ardent affections. It was truly a passing out of darkness into God's marvellous light. She was filled with joy and peace in believing. I never saw a case of conversion so marked and so joyous. It was both pleasing and instructive to observe the operations of divine grace upon an intellect so highly cultivated and a heart so warm and generous in its impulses. It was the *beauty of holiness*. And yet she herself was most humble and unaffected. She shrank from anything like a display of her religious feelings, out of the abundance of her heart her mouth could not but speak; but it was only in the presence of her nearest and most confidential friends. She was reluctant even to submit to the exposure of an examination before the Church Session, and was permitted, at her own request, to communicate her views in writing. She was admitted to the communion on the ground of the evidence of her worthiness which her letter afforded, together with the personal knowledge which the Session had of her character. During the few months that she remained in New Brighton I had frequent conversations with her, and found her ever the same joyful and happy Christian. She grew rapidly in knowledge and in grace. The Bible, and books calculated to cherish a devotional spirit, were her constant companions. She had so entirely lost her relish for those pursuits of literature which had occupied the most of her previous life, that she began to suspect herself of a tendency to enthusiasm, and sought advice as to the pro-

priety of indulging so fully her appetite for none but spiritual food. But I shall leave the subsequent developments of her religious experience to be gathered from her own words, as they will be found in her correspondence. She writes with the utmost freedom and confidence. Providential circumstances soon withdrew her from under my immediate pastoral care, but she wished still to be regarded as one of my flock, and hence the correspondence, which, as conducted on her part, I furnish, with permission to make such extracts from it as you may think advisable to publish. Wishing you all success in the labor of love which you have undertaken, and hoping in due time to have the privilege of perusing a full and suitable memoir of our inimitable friend,

“I remain, dear Madam,

“Yours, in the love of our common Lord,

“AARON WILLIAMS.”

III.

LETTERS TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAMS AND TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

“*August 22d, 1838.*

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“Many a time, since I left you, I have felt desirous of availing myself of your kind request to write to you; but a feeling of diffidence, very natural when we think of ad-

dressing one we highly respect, made me delay the pleasure from time to time. The desire I feel, however, of hearing from you all, overcomes it at last. I should understand my interest, indeed, very poorly, if I could give up the valuable privilege you have offered me, of becoming your correspondent. I shall ever look upon you as a friend, and open my heart to you most freely, in hopes of receiving in return your advice and encouragement in the line of duty. I have felt so very happy since you have confirmed me in the right path, that I do not entertain much fear of ever forsaking it again. Much is to be gained in pursuing it; improvement ought to be our aim at every step, and as I advance through life, I should like to look upon you as my *guide*. In our retirement it was certainly far easier to give up our minds to holy thoughts, without liking the world; still you cannot mix with it and not feel some interest in its concerns. But is it not well for us, dear sir, that the sincerity of our profession should be thus tried? I fancy you will tell me *it is*; and at those moments when I can seclude myself, and look into my own heart, I *there* find a degree of happiness, of joy—a peace and confidence, as I turn my thoughts to God, which makes me hope that I am wholly His. I feel ineffable delight in putting my trust in Him, and studying His law. I can no longer make up my mind even to take up a book which is not of a religious character. Tell me if this disposition is to be indulged or not? I suppose it would be better in that to imitate Mary J. Graham, who, in her reading, embraced the widest field of literature. But she had rich powers of persuasion, which it was *her* motive to increase; she thus enlarged her sphere

of influence. But do you think when a person feels weak and inefficient, and has no prospect of being useful in the cause of Christianity, that she ought to indulge much in any other sort of reading than such as will produce an *immediate* and beneficial effect on her own heart? I ask your advice on the subject, for I do not like to run into any extremes. Since I left you I have procured some of the works you recommended. Mr. Olmstead has lent me all that has appeared of the New York Christian Library, so I am well provided. I have read the 'Beauties of Female Holiness,' which I think beautiful. The 'Christian Contemplated,' by Jay, is also a very delightful work. I have looked over several of the Rev. John Angell James' works. His 'Christian Charity' is full of the sweetest, best advice that ever man gave to man.

"You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that we have some hopes of succeeding in managing our boys. They have not missed once, as yet, being in class at the regular hour, and though otherwise a little undisciplined, we are well pleased at this beginning, as regularity on this point will *necessarily* lead to the improvement of both heart and mind. I raise my thanks daily to *whom all thanks are due*, and feel as if this important favor was granted to my ardent prayers. I do not know of anything which I had more at heart.

"Mr. and Mrs. Swift called upon us last night, I am highly pleased with his preaching. Pray tell Mrs. Williams how much I regret not having seen more of her family. The heat has been so excessive, that I have not been able to go out at all—I have been there only once. I longed to go to see her sister, to hear some tidings of you all, for Mrs.

D—— has not written to me yet, and I love all my Brighton friends so much that I do not feel satisfied unless I hear now and then from some of you.

“Mother sends her kindest remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Williams. We also send our love to Mrs. D——, and Mr. and Miss C——. I often think of you all on Sunday, and wish myself among you. Do think and speak of us, and believe in the friendship and respect,

“Dear sir, of your obliged,

“HARRIET PREBLE.”

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

“PITTSBURGH, *October 1, 1838.*

“MY DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR:—

“I cannot sufficiently express my grateful sense of your kindness in writing me such a long letter, full of such valuable encouragement and advice. I hope I shall not prove an unworthy *disciple* of yours, and act up to your expectations. I regret very much not being able to join you at the next communion, as I hoped. Circumstances which I shall mention when I see you, prevent me from leaving home just now; therefore I must request you to send me, by the post, if you are not sure of an opportunity, the certificate you were so good as to promise me. I shall prepare for the approaching sacrament with all possible care; though I shall very much miss the help of your conversation and the enjoyment of your family prayers. I am too far from Dr. Swift to benefit by personal intercourse.

“I am sure you will be glad to hear, my dear sir, that

my present dependence on Christ equals my former presumption. Though many mysteries remain mysteries still, I no longer wonder and resist, but respect and accept them as such. God has helped me to conquer the arrogant feeling that man cannot be *required* to believe what he cannot fully understand. Religion, such as it offers itself to me *now*, satisfies all the longings of my heart after holiness, and offers to my acceptance a creed so full of high, tender, and sublime thoughts of the Deity, as satisfies both reason and imagination. You tell me 'to beware of relying on my firmness of purpose;' and *be sure I do not*. I feel my frailty to the uttermost. Now that the light of the Gospel has dispelled all uncertainty, no one can be more deeply convinced than I am, that no man's life can seem truly righteous in the sight of God. Our imperfections are glaring; they abound very much; we have not a word to say in favor of ourselves, and I see that until we come to *that* sense of our unworthiness, we cannot be Christians. It awakens repentance, and repentance makes us dwell, with admiring gratitude, on the plan of redemption. Repentance leads us to faith, and faith to prayer. *Then* it is that man begins to feel on *safer ground*; it brings him, imploring and confiding, to the mercy seat. Prayer puts all men on a level; it humbles the haughty mind; it raises the humble one. Without it man is nothing; a soul without a guide, a ship without a helm. Prayer is the thanksgiving of the happy, the comforter of the distressed. It awakens and fosters *hope*, and hope of a future life leads to holy wishes and endeavors, for who can think of dwelling in the sublime presence of God without longing for a puri-

fied and sanctified heart! Thus, through faith in Christ, we can aspire to the highest blessings without nursing *pride*—that baneful enemy of man. Pride is effectually trampled under foot by the Presbyterian doctrine of *predestination*; and the more I reflect upon it, the more it seems to me to agree with the supreme power and majesty of God. I always, unconsciously, believed in a directing providence. A blind man, passing from darkness to light, must have something of that bursting out of an unknown blessing, such as I felt at times upon my mind when the will of God manifested itself to me in the passing circumstances of life, directing us in our way towards an appointed good. But, like the blind, I enjoyed it and thought of it no more.

“I have thus opened my mind to you, sir, not that there can be any novelty in what I say, but because I thought it would be pleasing to you to follow the workings of the spirit in my mind, and to know me still more confirmed in my faith. I have derived lately very great enjoyment and benefit from ‘Cecil’s [Remains,’ and ‘Wilson’s Prayers and Meditations.’ I am reading ‘Dodridge’ over again, and shall do so many times more, for its own worth, and because it came from *you*.

“I shall not be able to visit my Brighton friends till late in November, for Mrs. W—— is waiting here to take me to Washington after the communion; and when I return I must stay some time at home, before I make another visit. I shall find you all sitting round your fireside, and I shall rejoice more than I can tell, at being one in your happy family circle. I send my best love to Mrs. Williams,

Mother wishes to be most kindly remembered to both of you, and believe me, dear sir,

“Your humble and devoted friend,

“HARRIET PREBLE.”

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

“PITTSBURGH, *August*, 1839.

“DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR:—

“I have determined, after much reflection, not to purchase the house in question. To make it comfortable, build an addition, and buy the fragment of lot adjoining, would require more funds than I have by me; calculating everything at the lowest, it would cost \$1,200, and every one knows how much expenses always *exceed* calculations. Therefore it would be bringing myself needlessly into trouble. I am more than ever convinced, that the more we diminish our cares, the less attention we have to give to worldly matters, and the surer we are of frequently drawing near to God. That is ‘the *rock* on which I am anxious to build a house.’

“My main wish, and principal view in purchasing, was to secure to ourselves a pretty little retreat at Brighton, in case of necessity, for it is a favorite spot. But by dint of thinking *how* I could make the house pleasant and comfortable *to you*, I was led to think that it never could be made so for ourselves; it could not accommodate *all* our family, and my heart misgave me when I dwelt on the idea of providing for a time of separation. Such foresight is folly, for we are in the hands of a kind Providence, ‘whose

ways are nor our ways,' and who generally frustrates such wisdom. I cannot tell you, my good friend, with what deep confidence I throw myself on the mercy of God; there is nothing that I do not feel prepared for, because I am convinced that He places us all in just such circumstances as work for our good. Oh, how many years of misery I might have escaped if I had looked up to that fountain of life, for strength, for consolation, for relief! But then I never thought of bending the knee and imploring that divine help which I so much needed. When I *did so*, I was heard! God drew me to Him more and more, and I became in every way a happy creature. I often shed tears when reflecting on my former blindness, and lament over the many years lost in ignorance and incredulity. But nothing can exceed my present reliance on Christ, and my joy in believing.' I feel all my imperfections—I know, that I do little to show that I love God; but even this self reproach does not deprive me of the ineffable joy which there is in worshipping the Supreme Author of our Being. If He would but make me a profitable servant I should be happy indeed.

“I wish, dear sir, you would do me the favor of mentioning my name to Dr. Baird, (of the Protestant Association,) so that he might call upon me if there was any work he wished translated; only tell him, that as my health is weak it would be better not to depend upon me for any large work. I should like *him* very much to visit one or two of my friends in Paris, in hopes that he would help me to persuade them to read the Bible. I have been writing repeatedly about it, and hope I have prepared the way. But I

believe that a few animated conversations on the subject would have far more effect than all my writing. They are women of very fine minds. I think he would find the task pleasant. Please ask him if he knows Mrs. W——s. She ought to play in Paris the part which Mrs. B—— played. But I suppose she is far, *far* from the good road. *I love her*, and should like to know that something was tried towards renewing her heart.

“Please tell Dr. D—— that I request him to read Lord Brougham’s character of Napoleon, so that he may know that *everybody* does not run him down. His work on ‘The Statesmen of the Times,’ is highly interesting. I wish it were in my power to send you all such literary novelties. I still more wish that I could build you a nice comfortable dwelling, and give it to you for a ‘thank you.’ But wishing never leads to anything; so I shall only pray for the continuance of the present blessings you enjoy, and for unbounded addition to your spiritual joys.

“Tell Mrs. Williams that I think her *far too good* a wife; I cannot get over that dreadful walk she took to save *you* trouble. I send her my best love.

“Adieu. With best thanks for past kindness, believe me, dear sir, in the best wishes of your very sincere friend and *disciple*.”

“HARRIET PREBLE.”

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

"PITTSBURGH, *April 9, 1840.*

"MY DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND,—

"I READ this morning your beautiful address to the Brighton Lyceum, and wish to express my thanks for the pleasure which I experienced in reading it, and for your kindness in sending it to me. I value highly every proof of your friendship; and am pleased with this new opportunity of becoming acquainted with your views on an interesting subject—for you always seem to me to be on the side of truth and correct judgment.

"I am glad to hear that you are all well. I hope I shall be able to pay a visit to my Brighton friends in July or August, as we shall then have six weeks holiday. We shall then compare notes on this last year. I am afraid you will not find my intellectual store much enriched; but you will find me more than ever confirmed in my trust in our Saviour. Every day I feel more grateful for the *divine light* which was shed in my heart. God has smiled upon one more of our family. Dear —— joined the Church last Sunday. I cannot say much about her views, for she is very reserved; but I trust she has done it worthily, and will become a zealous Christian. She has already taken a class in Sabbath School. Sister wishes very much to read Channing's Napoleon. I wish you to send me that volume when you find a chance.

"For little chit-chat news you must inquire of Miss C——, to whom I have also written. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Williams, and with mother's best compliments, believe me your much obliged friend,

"HARRIET PREBLE."

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

"PITTSBURGH, July 9, 1840.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—

"I CANNOT thank you sufficiently for the pleasure which your interesting letter gave me. I should have answered it sooner; but my little provision of strength is often exhausted in doing what I *ought*, and I have none left to do what I *wish*. Still I felt anxious to let you know that I know of nobody that I could recommend to join you in the undertaking you speak of. I am very sorry that you find it necessary to impose upon yourself so much more fatigue; but I think that you are very right to have recourse to the expedient, since circumstances have turned so against you. What would I not give to be able to help you along, and unite our endeavors in benefiting others as well as ourselves! But you know how comfortably we are situated; our number of scholars is increasing every term. We seem now to have gained the confidence of parents; and it would be tempting Providence not to be satisfied with such prospects. Besides, poor mother, at her age, cannot think of another change. I know that you were not *quite serious* when you mentioned it; but I felt as if I could not but mention my regret that the proposal should have come three years too late. Brighton was the place where we ought to have thought of it. The prospect was then excellent. However, Providence has so favored us, by once more bringing all of our family under one roof, that I must only repine for your sake, not for mine, or I should be truly ungrateful.

"Our dear friends have arrived, and have staid three

weeks at our house, while they were preparing for house-keeping. They have found a nice two-storied brick house in the same street where our church is, so we have them very near us. They are most *charming* and *accomplished* girls, *far* surpassing our expectations; and what is more to be praised is the sweet simplicity of their manners, and their *perfect piety*. How much they owe to their grandma' and aunt for the sentiments with which they have inspired them.

“Mr. H—— is rich in books, which to me will be a source of great amusement, and his daughters are the *sweetest, dearest companions* we could wish for. They are Episcopalians, but now and then some of them come to our evening service and Sabbath-school, and I dare say I shall have the pleasure of seeing them oftener in our pew in winter, for they are of opinion that slight differences in *forms* of worship ought not to be regarded, when obstacles would otherwise deprive you of public worship. They have many excellent books on piety. Have you ever met with *Blunt's* discourses on the life of *Peter*? I have just finished them and admire them very much. I cannot tell you how sweet it is to see those dear young creatures seeking their consolation at the *true* source of all happiness. It is true enjoyment to me to be able to speak to them the language of my heart. I no longer have, my dear friend, those lively feelings of joy which there is first in believing. How can they last? the first escape from danger, from sin, the first sense of pardoning mercy, the delight of giving up your heart to the Great Giver of perfect gifts, the interesting inquiry of what shall I do to *please* the Saviour of my

soul. But, after a while, all subsides into a calm, holy joy, joined to more diffidence as to the task before us. Such is my present state; but I think my faith far more solid, though less ardent; it has been matured into conviction; and a far deeper sense of my unworthiness increases upon me every day; *prayer* is my support, my refuge, my consolation, and may God hear me and pity my weakness.

“I thank you much for the description you give me of the scenery about you. I like to fancy where my friends live. I hope Mrs. W—— will like her residence (Portsmouth, Ohio) more and more. Do not give up your plan of taking a few young ladies; and if you persevere in your intentions, write to me again; who knows but I may be so fortunate as to procure you an assistant? But you must mention what sort of terms you could offer, whether a stated salary or an interest in the school, which seems to me better, as it would not expose you to any risk. Tell me if there are houses to rent, and something of the price of marketing.

“I must not conclude without telling you that E—— W—— has a little daughter, born on the Fourth of July. Sister was with her. I know that you will both sympathize with us in this happy event. A grand-daughter will be a great *pet* in the family. Mother sends her best compliments to Mrs. Williams and yourself. Believe in our united and sincere friendship.

“HARRIET PREBLE.”

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

"PITTSBURGH, *June*, 1845.

"MY GOOD AND REVERED FRIEND:—

"How often have I intended writing to you, without doing it! How often have I thought of you and Mrs. Williams, without proving it! My conscience has reproved me much for this remissness, and still week after week elapsed, and in *this* as in many *other* things, 'I left undone that which I ought to have done.' I must plead as my excuse a constant sense of weakness; my mind felt slumbering and torpid, and moreover everything I did was an effort. Whenever I thought, therefore, of accomplishing the task you had asked me to perform, I always put it off to a *brighter day*; and that bright day never came. At last, this spring, I was taken with a pretty serious bleeding of the *lungs*, which explained to me the reason of this languor which I had so long felt; and told me to *prepare* for the, *perhaps*, long, lingering illness that was awaiting me. When I thought death was near at hand, I felt joy in the Lord. He said to my heart, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee—be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' These words are so sweet, that I have indulged in quoting them at length. I also often remember a saying of Baxter's which agreed with my convictions: 'God loved me when I was his enemy, to make me a friend. He will finish his own work.' And truly do I acknowledge, my good friend, that it *was* his own work. I can never think, without new wonder, of

the peace, the joy, the perfect contentment with which his blessed Spirit filled my soul all at once. I indeed felt that I was a new creature. *Not* that I have in any ways since done my duty ; I have not acted as I ought ; but the object of my *affections* was changed. Ever since I have been united to the Church of Christ, under your kind ministry, *I have loved God supremely* ; ‘ Old things have passed away ; all things have become new.’ I cannot enter into the narrative you wished me to make of my Christian experience ; for whenever I have thought of it, I found that I could not fully display the work of God in my heart, without speaking much more of my private feelings than I should like to do. *One* thing I knew—that I had robbed the Supreme Being of the constant homage which is his due ; that I had placed my happiness where it was not to be found, for nothing that earth can offer can be enjoyed with peace of mind unless it be accepted as a gift of *God*, sanctified by gratitude, and by a perfect readiness to give it up, *if so be his will*. I am now aware that there was no fear, no selfishness in my return to God. I thought little of securing my own salvation ; but the feeling that absorbed me was the sorrow of not having loved my Heavenly Father as I ought. I earnestly asked that He might fill my heart with that love ; and so he did, thanks to his divine mercy. I came to Christ believing nothing, but ready to be taught. Whilst you were discoursing with me on the great mysteries of our faith, I felt that I had no pride of opinion left, no remaining desire to *understand* what was to be accepted as a matter of *faith*. If you remember what I told you of my former turn of mind, you will see that then my rebellious

heart was conquered; and thus brought low at the foot of the cross, I have grown gradually in the knowledge of Christ. I have therefore experienced the happy effect of coming to Christ in humility and confidence. I followed him, as his disciples of old, to be *taught* by that divine master, who has fed me ever since with heavenly manna—with the bread of life.

“Not knowing if I shall ever be allowed to write to you again, for sickness may overtake me unawares, I thought best to give you this short sketch of my feelings, my kind pastor, renewing my warmest thanks for the blessed instruction and encouragement which I received from you at Brighton. Had you followed another course with me, and only have spoken of the rigors of the law, you would perhaps have changed the whole current of my feelings, and thrown me back upon the world.

“My chief motive in wishing to write to you, my good friend, was to congratulate you upon your *Professorship*. It seems rather too late to do it now; and still I must say, that I felt very glad that you should be called to such an institution. I do hope that you will some day be the *President* of a College; for I think you would fill such a station *admirably*. I have no doubt you can make yourself useful wherever you are. Do write and tell me how you and Mrs. Williams like the place [Ohio University, Athens, Ohio] and all about it.

“I suppose you have heard of the severe loss we have to deplore in our family. Tidings of the death of our poor Emma [her eldest niece] have no doubt reached you. She died on the 12th of February, after four months of painful

sickness. Mr. W——n seems destined to be tried this year. His house was burnt down last Saturday week. The accident luckily happened in the *day*, so that many students come to their relief, and the whole of the furniture was saved, and the lower part of the house. The fire was caused by sparks from the roof. Mr. W——n bears the whole as a Christian. I am happy also to have to tell you that my dear sister seems to have given her whole heart to Christ. She was much supported in her affliction, and she appears quite weaned from the world. My dear mother's health is always the same; she has suffered much lately from rheumatism, owing to the very great changes of the weather. She sends her kindest remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Williams.

"We have been so fortunate as to buy the house we were in when you last saw us, for the small sum of a thousand dollars. It is a great comfort for us to know that in our old age we shall not have to move. We were much exposed by the Alleghany fire. Don't you pity us that we have to live in such a very *inflammable region*?

"Adieu, my good and indulgent friend. I had to rest many times in writing this letter. I hope in reading it, that you will forgive me my past neglect, and believe *more than ever*, in the respect, gratitude, and warm friendship,

"Of your disciple,

"HARRIET PREBLE."

TO REV. MR. WILLIAMS.

"ALLEGHANY, *Jan.* 20, 1846.

"MY MUCH REVERED FRIEND:—

"It is long since I have written, and I hardly can remember even if I ever expressed my thanks for the kind proof of friendship you gave me, in calling your last little treasure by my name. Alas! you know that I have been through 'the deep waters of affliction' since I wrote to you last summer. You have heard of my severe loss—you know that our heavenly Father has called upon me to give up the one I loved most on earth, and you can easily conceive that after such a loss, life should have lost all its value. No one ever loved a mother more dearly—too dearly, perhaps, if I may judge by the void which she has left. She was my sweet companion,—my guide,—my adviser,—my friend! But though I regret, do not think I murmur against the ways of God. They are always wise, and who ever had more reason to thank him for his mercies? He was to her a gracious God, full of tender compassion. She spent her last years with her eyes fixed on the cross, and raised her heart in humble reliance towards her Saviour. The result was seen on her death-bed. No one could be more sweetly composed. For weeks she felt its approach, and constantly expressed her willingness to obey the summons. She gave all her last directions long before the day when she left us forever. She seemed to think that death lingered but too long. She sometimes said, 'I did not think it was so hard to die!' And when I urged her to take some food, she would say, 'Surely, Har-

riety, you do not wish me to live?' Never was any one more calmly resigned. Of her we might well say, 'How blest the righteous when he dies!' I used to read that hymn day after day, so well did it express the 'holy quiet' of her departing moments. She preserved her consciousness to the very last moment, and left us as in a sweet slumber. Oh, how sacred and sad is the remembrance of those scenes! My memory dwells upon them continually. Every word she uttered, so full of kindness and wisdom, is ever present to my mind.

"God blessed me with much strength to watch over my dear mother. I could be by her almost night and day. Sister was here also, but I could not bear to leave her a moment. And now I am alone—alone, indeed, since she has *gone*. I am like 'the pelican of the wilderness—the sparrow alone upon the house-top.' I wish my journey of life were ended also. But I think my Saviour must have some work for me to do, for I never felt better and stronger.

"Dear sister tried to find a house here, so that she might be near me. I shall go and spend a part of the summer with her. Frank has been keeping me company through the winter. He is studying medicine.

"The Presbyterian Church at Washington, is again in want of a pastor. Mr. A——n has left them, having been called to Dayton, Ohio. I wonder if you would accept if called. They are blind not to do so. I am quite rejoiced at the meetings appointed by the Registry for the coming week. I am never so happy as in the house of God.

"And how are you, my good friend, and good Mrs. Wil-

liams? Is my little namesake likely to be very smart? Hard to tell, say you. But we shall *all* love her, let her be so or not. I wish very much to know if your establishment is prospering. Do write, when you have leisure, and receive, with Mrs. Williams, the renewed assurance of my sincere friendship.

“Yours, ever,

“HARRIET PREBLE.”

There was found among Miss Preble's papers, the following letter, dated 1852. It seems to be written to some one of her young Christian friends, who had expressed the sentiment, “That the humility required by the Christian religion was discouraging.” This letter was written to show that the sentiment was entirely erroneous; and this is done with great force and with complete success. It is a valuable relic, and is worthy of attentive perusal. We may add here, that Miss P.'s friends were sure they could present to the public her correspondence with her friend in France, (so often mentioned in this memoir,) Mademoiselle de Neuville, who had married. With this friend, she had carried on a constant correspondence for twenty-five years. Miss Preble's sister wrote to Madame L'Anglois on the subject, who replied, “That in one of her last letters, Miss Preble had seriously requested her to destroy all her letters; with which request she had literally complied.” This loss to the memory of Miss Preble is great and *irreparable*.

"—————, 1852.

"The remark you made yesterday, when speaking of M. S., gave me pain and anxiety. I think you are under a cloud, and ought to seek for light by conversing with your pastor. In the mean time, I shall give you my limited views on the subject, and can do it more fully in writing than personally. You think the great *humility* of eminent Christians *discouraging*; but, to me it only stands as a proof of their ardent love to Christ, and fervent faith in Him. If you had found a benefactor on earth, who had endeared himself to you, by every imaginable benefit, would you think that you could *ever do enough* to prove your gratitude? Is there a moment when you would say, '*Now you are repaid.*' So with our faith, which has to be made manifest by our works. Can we *attain* to that *point* when we feel that we *have* grown to the full measure of the stature of Christ; and shall we not, to our last hour, long for more holiness, purity, zeal, self-denial—more detachment from the things of time and sense. The more we love, the more we feel our shortcomings, and the more ardently we pray for that divine help, which alone will enable us to *advance* in 'the race which is set before us;' in which we are told never to weary or faint; for, says God, 'I shall never forsake thee.' It is our *love* and *faith* which *unite* us to *Christ*, and not our paltry works; and if ten times we fall, in our weakness, ten times He will raise us up, if we draw nearer and nearer to Him. We shall do so *the more* we find our need of Him, for spiritual strength during our pilgrimage here, and for forgiveness hereafter. Thus the most *humble* and *imperfect* of his disciples *may hope* that He looks down

upon them with loving-kindness ; forgives their weaknesses, and smiles on their efforts. Thus *humility* is our palladium in the Christian warfare, for if we were not humble and watchful, Christ would not be our help and sure refuge. If we did not work out our salvation with fear and trembling, never thinking we are drawing *near enough* to Him, then every Christian would be a vain Pharisee, well pleased with his attainments, instead of ever looking *onward* for progress in the divine life. Humility is not despondency. A dutiful child may feel as if never doing *enough* to please a kind, revered parent ; but that child while its heart is full of confidence and love, cannot think that his father's arms will ever be shut against him ; hence arises the serenity of the Christian—his joy in believing ; a joy which every convert feels, and which is not the result of *works*, but of faith ; a *sure* proof that God does not wait for our works to save us ; but that he gives us the “earnest of the inheritance,” by that joy which flows from *love* and *faith*. But they cannot be kept alive ; they must be made manifest, and if it is this which animates us to good works, what wonder then that the *more* we love Christ, the more we should feel how far we are from Him, who is our pattern and our guide. If *pride* entered in the least as an ingredient of the Christian's hope, then Christ would no longer be our all in all. Paul himself said that he was an unprofitable servant. Who then can think otherwise ? The fact is, *he* would have given ten lives if he had them, to enlist them in the service of his Master ; and I suppose that those who serve him as they ought, feel as if all their Christian efforts were very

unequal to what their unspeakable love would prompt. But if the 'spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.'

"I do not know if I have made myself understood, dear ———, for my mind is not very clear ; but I hope it will lead you to seek clearer convictions on the subject, for it naturally affects the whole tenor of our life. We are told that 'perfect love casteth out fear;' and I think, for my part, that we ought ever to hope in God's infinite mercy ; but not for that, be remiss in any effort that we can make. We should be *watchful* over every feeling of our heart, and *zealous* in whatever relates to the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and in either case I do not suppose that we can ever be *satisfied* that we do our duty *fully*. Weak and imperfect are our services, and we must deplore it. I do so daily on my knees, and with tears, and wish some door was opened that would lead me into the way of laboring in Christ's cause. But sad as it makes me to feel that I can do nothing, still I feel that I am God's child, and that He will not cast me off at last, for I love Him above all things. I should look upon death 'as gain,' to be with Christ ; and my heart is so filled with a sense of his infinite condescension and mercy to those who 'in Him move and live and have their being,' that I look with humble hope to our mansion in the sky. All this may not be orthodox, dear ———, but thus, I must say, I understand the Scriptures. When I look to our Saviour upon earth, I see him shedding the joy of forgiveness upon all those who came to Him in *faith*. 'Go, thy sins are forgiven thee—go, and sin no more!' *That* forgiveness *we also* have felt ; we have felt joy in believing, without having done anything to de-

serve it. But let us show that in *return* we feel bound to follow Him and obey His precepts. To follow Him is to do all manner of good, and bear every trial in humble submission to the will of God. Let us not despond, or lay up our talent. He will smile upon our most humble efforts. He will encourage us in the way, if He sees that He is present in all our thoughts. Let us remember that He is our Great High Priest, who took upon Him our humanity, that He might be touched with a sense of our *infirmities*; and that when He said that He would bless him who gave but a glass of water in His name, it was saying that there was no act so trifling but could be ennobled by the *motive*. Divine condescension! which transforms into a spring of living waters the very spring of our actions.

“The sum of all this is, dear —, that I think we shall be judged by our *love*, more than by our *works*. ‘To her who loveth much, shall much be forgiven;’ and we shall find this true even from man to man. But love is ardent as well as humble, it strives to *please*, and never thinks it pleaseth. When a bride decketh herself with the ornaments which are her lord’s offering, she feels fearful of not adorning them enough by her personal charms; so with the *graces* granted to the Christian by our Lord, in virtue of her union to Him. Does he, can he, ever feel that he is making a proper use of his spiritual treasures, and is it not natural that he should daily deplore his ingratitude?”

IV.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

January 2, 1853.—THIS day was appointed in our church as a day of prayer, for the conversion of the world. The text was from Daniel vii. 18.

I felt sad that I could do nothing towards so dear a cause. I feel sad at the idea that the kingdom of God did not come faster upon earth. Then I reflected that “a thousand years are to *Him* as *one* day,” and that we might consider the progress of Christianity, during the three or four last centuries, as having been blessed by the Almighty. Since the time of the Reformation, this immense continent has become the refuge of Christian nations; from north to south, in America, our Lord Jesus Christ is known. India, possessed by the English, is ready for the work of missions. The South Sea, the Pacific, has heard of the Redeemer; and now even *China* has opened five of its ports to our importations. May they receive from us the “pearl of great price.” Thus is the harvest field ripe for the reapers, and that view of the subject, which struck me yesterday whilst Dr. Swift was speaking, filled me with joy and encouragement. Let us pray to God, and say, “Thy kingdom come,” for what is there on earth *sweeter* than the word of *Christ*?

February 2d.—We had to-day worship at our church Dr. Swift preached from Esther iv., “I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish I perish.” It was a special day of prayer and humiliation.

May God hear our supplications. This was my Frank's birth-day; the great, the important day when he was to get my gold watch, promised ten years ago. May the Lord bless him, and teach him "to call upon His name."

March 5th.—Dear mother's birth-day. She is to-day sixty-nine! Dear, dear mother! *how I wish* I could make her perfectly happy during her few remaining days! It was a sweet Sabbath, indeed. The text was from Ezekiel xii. 2.

Easter Sunday.—A joyous day in our church; it was our communion, and twenty-five or thirty confessed the name of the Lord. But the service was so long, that I came back quite exhausted and bewildered, and, weak mortals that we are, the sense of enjoyment was lost in that of fatigue. May God forgive me! Oh, that He may not hide Himself from me on my death bed! All my fear is that of being so engrossed by *bodily* suffering, when that moment does come, that I shall lose sight of the blessed change which awaits us. Otherwise, death would be to me a sweet anticipation—that of eternal repose in the bosom of my God, whom I "love with all my heart, all my soul, and all my strength."

Sunday.—Sister went to church with me to-day. Dr. Swift gave us one of his best sermons. I felt happy and sad, at seeing sister by me. I wish life was over—it oppresses me. The text was from Timothy iii. 5: "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness—God was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received into glory."

July 23d.—For a wonder I felt *quite* well to-day—it put me in mind of former days. Oh, how sweet is health! I may say sincerely, however, that I never feel its loss as I do on Sunday. To-day my head was clear, my limbs were strong, and, to my joy, I was able to go *twice* to church. By a singular mistake, in the morning, I went to the Methodist church. The sermon was from the beautiful text, “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” I was pleased with the service. In the evening Dr. Swift preached from St. Luke xii. 42: “To give them their meat in due season.”

August 30th.—The text to-day was, “I will freely sacrifice unto thee; I will praise thy name, O Lord, *for it is good!*” *Very sweet*; and it accorded well with my feelings and wishes. O, that the Lord would help me to renew my heart! I feel as if there was no good in me. I love the Lord, but *how* do I show it?”

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A very rainy Sunday. On Monday I received a precious letter from my Louisa. No one can guess what I feel when I think that I shall never see those dear, *dear* friends again. Oh, how I long to *speak* to them—to listen to them—to look at them. But I have looked

‘Till it could not pass away.’

Merciful God, thou hast paid me for all that I have lost;—*more* than paid me, for thou hast led me to read the Bible with a believing heart. In France, those even that are

dearest to me, know *nothing* of the happiness which is derived from godliness,—from faith, hope, repentance. O Lord, that thou wouldst give them a new heart! Night and day do I implore thee. Dear Louisa herself feels how *far they are* from *our* views.

At the close of the day Mr. H——, M——, and E—— came. Dear girls! how sweet it was to meet them again. Quite a delightful day.

Friday, Oct. 6th.—Every day of this week has been one of deep emotion. I looked up to the Lord, and He no doubt answered my prayers. With what truth I could say, “Lord, into thy hand I commit my spirit;” “The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.”

Last evening was very pleasant. We had our congregational meeting at our dear minister’s house. About fifty of us took tea there, and at eight o’clock he gave us a sweet exhortation, followed by prayer. It had been the most serene day I ever beheld—not a cloud—a soft, genial heat, and all seemed harmony amongst those who met. It was like a foretaste of the pleasures of Paradise.

October 14th.—Dear sister surprised us last Monday evening, at eight o’clock. She only staid three days, but they were *happy* days, marked by affection, kindness, and sweet conversation. We shall soon have a longer visit.

To-day we had a service preparatory to communion. A stranger preached from John: “He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.” May God help me to *remember* it. I have been reading to-day the “Life of Rowland Hill,” and have had much

spiritual enjoyment. My God draws me near to Him; for my heart burns within me.

Sabbath, 19th.—Communion day! A sweet, happy day. Oh, if my poor dear mother could still enjoy public worship with me, how delightful such moments would be. But, oh, the sorrow of leaving her behind me! Our pastor preached from the heart. He seemed to *love* to dwell on the incidents of our Saviour's life. The text was, "Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: And I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comfort, but I found none." How touching!

26th.—Dear F—— has been spending a week with us. He left us this morning. He is a dear, merry little soul. I think he will have a very sound judgment. He reads characters with great discrimination.

November 2d.—Took tea yesterday at Mrs. R——'s, with Mrs. F——; it was to me a pleasant, happy evening. I feel quite *enriched* by this addition to our circle of *friends*. They are *true* Christians, therefore I may *already* call them so. We ought *all* to feel thus united. We went together to prayer meeting. I loved to hear Dr. R——. In short, everything pleased me; I wish I was near enough to see them often. How kind Providence is to grant me such unexpected blessings. Perhaps Dr. R—— will come and sit near my death bed, as he did near poor Mr. Fairfield's. How often I think of this departed saint; what a privilege to have known him.

Sunday, Nov. 5th.—"Exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." This sermon was beautifully impressive. It made it manifest that

in the views of Providence, North America must be destined to be the great bulwark of Christianity. From this garden of the world, this region of temperate climate, where liberty reigns, where all causes seem to favor the civilization of man, must emanate those bright and benevolent rays which are to reach *all* nations. *Here* must be the nursery of *truth*, therefore; and this was the aim of our dear pastor's sermon. What efforts ought we not to make in favor of Home Missions! Oh, how my heart burns within me! How I wish I could be a laborer in the field!

December 3d.—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" It was truly a thanksgiving sermon, and my heart ratified every word of it.

10th.—Jeremiah ii. 19: "It is an evil thing and *bitter* that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."

20th.—I have been sick three days past, and shall only recapitulate the events of the week. Mother came down, after having kept her bed for a week, which destroyed the pleasure of sister's visit. Sister left us the following day, and had very good weather for her journey, which rejoiced my heart; but my poor *head*, how it ached that day! A cough followed—what frail creatures we are!

22d.—Yesterday was Thanksgiving day. I was deprived of the enjoyment of going to church, and R——H——, and Caroline, and Helena dined with us.

31st December.—The *last day of the year*! Always a solemn day. How sweetly our pastor spoke to us to-day. Isaiah, xxxvii: "Wherefore lift up thy prayer for the remnant that is left," applying it to the remnant of *our* days, and

telling us how *they* ought to be spent. Thanks be to God, who has spared me my DEAR *mother*.

January, 1844.—There was service at our church, which was very agreeable to my feelings; for ought we not to begin the year, as we wish to finish our days?—drawing nearer and nearer to God. The sermon was preached by a stranger, on the Missionary topic, Isaiah liii. 1.

Last week, writing in a hurry, I forgot to mention Christmas, and my friend Mrs. F——'s marriage. She spent the whole afternoon of Christmas with us. C—— R——, and C——, and R——, came in after communion service. E—— arrived at the same moment, with her sister's baby, to show him to mother; and Alick chose to cry all the time. So *his* first visit to us dates from Christmas-day, 1843.

On the 27th, just before the hour of prayer-meeting, Mrs. F—— became Mrs. H——. May the Lord bless their union; may *her* guardian angel's spirit attend her. On Saturday I went to town, shopping with my dearest young friend; we had a great deal of *sweet* converse together. It is not often that we enjoy the delights of a *tête-a-tête*. What will be the fate of that dear girl?

January 14th.—I never heard our revered pastor preach better—more powerfully and delightfully. Oh, how happy I felt! Surely God was with me; he has spoken to *my* soul, for I should wish to dwell in His temple *forever*. May I, then, *with his divine grace*, make my heart His living temple.

January 21st was our communion day. The Lord

granted the privilege of attending; no sickness, no dim obscure views of the divine mercy. I went to the preparatory service on Friday and Saturday.

February 25th.—Dr. Swift preached from Jeremiah xvi. 10: "Wherefore has the Lord pronounced this great evil against us; or what is our iniquity; or what is our own sin that we have committed against the Lord our God?"

March 3d.—Mr. Brown, of Ohio, preached to-day for us in the basement; they are making alterations in our church. His sermon did me much good; it enlightened me on my past experience.

March 4th.—I have been *very sad* to-day. M—— and C—— have taken their *final* leave of Pittsburgh; and I hoped to have enjoyed their society one month more. Oh, what are earthly ties. I will not love again.

March 5th.—A memorable date, dear and sad to my heart. Mother was this day *seventy* years old. I wish to remember how the day was spent. Mr. A—— came at nine in the morning; we had much conversation together before mother rose. He stayed with her till twelve. We had no one to dinner. Sweet E—— and smiling R—— came at two, and stayed until four. Mother then took a short nap, from which she was awakened by Mr. A——'s return. He took tea with us. Mr. C—— stepped in, and we had a short conversation on the mode of introducing members into the church, by the "Disciples." This conversation with our young friend was very pleasing.

Sunday, 10th.—I went with Caroline R—— to the other end of Pittsburgh, to hear Mr. A—— preach. I was

pleased, and felt happy and solemn. I think and hope we shall see him again.

Sunday, 19th.—Dr. Swift preached from Isaiah xxvii. 8 : “Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee ! The desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.” Referred to the awful catastrophe of the bursting of the great cannon, which killed the Secretary of the Navy and others. *God* spoke plainly in His wrath.

April.—I have had so much epistolizing this month, that I have neglected my journal, and can only preserve dates :

April 1st.—At three, our little Tract Society met for the first time. I was chosen *President* ; in vain did I shrink from the charge. *2d.*—E—— and R—— dined with us, and then the dear girls left us, to fly to their new home. May it be to them *all* a sweet earthly paradise. *7th.*—Mr. Wells preached in our basement. Dr. Swift baptized a child, and I felt I could no longer hide my thoughts from him on this ordinance. I wrote to him, though it was on the Sabbath, for it was on a sacred subject. What will be his answer? *11th.*—We had preaching to-day in the basement, preparatory for the approaching communion. After service every one went up to see the church. Mrs. S—— told me that Dr. Swift had been writing to me. *12th.*—K——e brought me a letter from her dear father. A beautiful, *precious* letter ; it acted like electricity on my mind. It has restored peace to my troubled spirit. *13th.*—We had preaching for the first time in *our* church. It is now very neat and chaste. Oh, that we *all* could come back to it with a *new heart*. I felt happy—*very* happy ! God has

spoken to my heart. I feel it, for *all is peace within*. Dr. Elliot preached on the new birth—a very beautiful sermon. 14th.—Our holy communion day. With what delight I felt that with my *dear* pastor's approbation, I still made *one* of *his* flock. May our Great Shepherd not reject me. The sermon was from Peter vii.: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." 18th.—F—— surprised us this evening. 29th.—Our Tract Society meets the last Monday of every month. The meeting to-day was interesting. Mr. Wells delivered an address, and I had not to preside—it was a great relief. May God be near *me* when I shall have to address him again in *public*!

May 5th.—The text this day was from Proverbs, xvi. 16: "How much better is it to get *wisdom* than gold," "and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver." Oh, what wisdom flowed from his lips! We have received a letter from sister. My *sweet friends*, my *dear* English girls don't write often enough. I feel quite lost in not hearing from them.

May 12th.—I heard to-day a most searching, touching sermon on Mark ix. 42: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." How much I was moved, touched, edified! Who would not be willing to deny themselves every superfluity when they hear such words? I feel great happiness in giving a few music lessons, to enable me to give a little; but I must try to do more. We cannot do *enough* for Christ's cause; and though we know it, we use no *self-denial*, and think ourselves poor, whenever Charity puts in her claim. Oh, God, increase in

me the *disposition* and the power to give. May I learn to reduce my wants to within the narrowest limits, so as to enjoy more of the greatest happiness that is given to the heart of man to know.

May 19th.—Mr. Chalmers, of the Independent Church of Scotland preached to-day for us. C——e H——I went with me. I was delighted to have a *friend* with me to enjoy the beautiful sermon. His prayer was sweet beyond description. His text was: “And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve.” Never was the alternative more clearly pointed out. Between God and mammon, choose whom you will serve. Oh, blessed God, have I chosen thee? Am I so blest as to say that I have given myself unto thee; and that in thee “I live and move, and have my being?” Do I deceive myself; or does the peace of mind which I enjoy show me that I have made the *right choice*?

June 5th.—This day was to me *indeed* a *joyous* day. Of earthly joys, few could surpass that of receiving “Achilles’” portrait with that of “Henriette,” surrounded by their *four* children. A perfectly beautiful daguerreotype, taken on the 12th of May. There is no imperfection in the likeness. Achilles’ sweet, placid, noble, dignified face is *there* before my eyes. *He is not altered*. What words could express the *intense* delight of being able to read once more the *thought* and *feeling* expressed in that dear countenance. It seems as if he were there *before me*, only seen at a distance. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to Henriette for sending me such an invaluable present. Such a dear group

—I know *all* their children now—Eugene, Cecile, Maurice, and little Berthe.

June 1, 1853.—E——h came from the “Meadows” on purpose to take me back with her. I stayed there the remainder of the week, and I shall always think with *delight* on those few days of real enjoyment. I have spent few on earth so truly sweet and pleasant. E——h and Miss M——y were all kindness to their poor old friend.

Sabbath, 19th.—Went to church with sister and Mr. B——. The text was from Revelations. First: The conversion of man a subject of interest to God and angels. Second: In what and for what is an earnest Christian remarkable—enjoyments of the highest order; pure emotions; ardent zeal; active benevolence; humility; submission to the will of Providence. Third: What is the character of the lukewarm? Exterior submission to the *forms* of godliness, without the spirit of it; most dangerous of all states; open opposition to be preferred; Saul more noble as an open enemy of the faith, than Judas’ treacherous heart.

I did not follow well through the conclusion of the discourse. Mr. C—— raises and lowers his voice too much toward the end, when he gets excited—I can no longer catch the words. I think him a very spiritual-minded man.

22d.—The heat has been most intense for several days—as high as 90 degrees in the shade. One can do nothing but read. I finished the first volume of Layard’s *Nineveh*. How passing wonderful such discoveries are! Monuments three thousand years old brought to light!

With earnest supplication I call upon my God daily to

watch over our F——. Oh, how I did pour out my soul this morning in prayer for him; with what tears and ardent faith do I ask that he may be saved—that he may learn to lean upon Christ, and that the great mystery of godliness in the heart of man may be accomplished in him.

The first text that ever was impressed on my memory was, “He shall live in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on God.” Grant, O Lord, that *he* may experience one day the truth and promise of these words!

23d.—Yesterday three months since our poor F—— sailed. How *long* it has seemed to me! And must I wait so long again till we hear from him? Alas, yes!

I went to prayer meeting last night, and felt happy that I *did*, for I heard from our dear pastor admonitions that I *need*.

When F—— came in, he began chatting with us, as the dear boy had never done before, and kept us up until *midnight*. From the whole, I could perceive with great satisfaction that he *reflects* much, judges soundly, and is full of prudence and penetration. He will make a wise man.

25th.—I went yesterday to the Infirmary, and returned to-day. Dear Mrs. Powell paid me a visit to-day; she looks very sick.

30th.—Spent a pleasant morning chatting with dear sister. Towards four in the afternoon, in the midst of a pelting storm, M—— came for her to go to the “Meadows.” The weather cleared up while sister was preparing, and the evening was delightful.

3d July, Sabbath.—Mr. Conrad preached from Jer. xv., 4, 5. It was so oppressive that I have but a poor account

to give of my reading to-day. A heavy storm prevented me from going to church at night. Dear F—— came back from Erie last night.

7th.—Last night our prayer meeting did me good. Mr. B. was enabled to make some remarks; his exhortation was beautiful; he spoke on love to God and man. I felt as if he was my friend after having heard him; for whom do we love but those with whom we sympathize? He came up after the meeting to shake hands with me, though I had met him but once before. I hope we shall see much of him.

Last evening I sat long at my window, looking at the still and beautiful sight of the crescent moon reflected in the waters. How forcibly did the *past* revive in my memory—the *past* and all its *anguish*! How have I associated all hours of the night, with the remembrance of our poor F——! *Now* we shall be *months* before we know of his safety. My heart sinks within me at the thought. I can hardly speak his name. I asked our merciful God to give me peace of mind; but my prayer was unavailing. I could get no rest till morning.

15th.—Went yesterday to M'Kea's Rocks with Mrs. Powell; stayed all night, and came back in H——n's canoe. Found dear A—— and C—— returned from Washington. That *was* joy—almost a surprise. F—— is making a *big balloon*! What a funny, dear innocent child he is. It refreshes one's mind to see one with truly youthful tastes.

21st.—Went to prayer meeting last night with dear A——. We had an excellent exhortation on Gal. vi., 1.—“Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are

spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." How unfaithful we are in this great Christian duty ! Why ? Because we lack *spirituality* and *meekness* ! God grant I may not *hear in vain* ! The Proverbs say, also, "Open rebuke is better than secret love." Also, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

I am reading "Vilette." It does not seem to me to be a *good* novel ; but it makes me *feel* and *think*. She is a reader of the human heart. I like the little Professor. I could have *loved* him, too, for he is all soul ; and who would not love those capable of self-sacrifice. Much of Christianity lies in that one virtue, which shines in every line of our Saviour's life. How little we meet of it in the world ; and how self-reproved I may *well* feel.

25th.—The heat was excessive yesterday ; the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade. The sermon was on the weeping of our Lord over the sins of Jerusalem.

August 13th.—Mr. C——d preached this evening from "Almost thou persuadest me." I listened attentively, and I pray that it may not be in vain ! How many are on the right way, and turned back ! How many *seem* to be Christians and are not—Judas—Lot—the rich young man. Hence we ought not to be discouraged, but strive to increase in holiness. Onward, always onward, seeking ever after more *humility*, gentleness, self-denial, contentment, and godliness ; and then, praying without ceasing in our hearts, having God present in all our thoughts. He will finally *bless us*, for Christ's sake, whose servants we are.

17th.—Dear, dear M—— came yesterday with her mother. At last, my dream is a reality ; we have them

both under our roof. My M—— looks lovely—not altered in the least in looks, and always her same sweet manners and cheerful conversation. She truly is a diamond of the first water.

20th.—E—— came down to take our friends and one of us to the “M——s.” The day was fine. Miss C——ts arrived in the afternoon, coming from Milwaukie. It was a delightful surprise to sister.

26th.—Saw the *comet* for the first time to-night. The heat is great yet.

27th.—Dear M—— made us spend a *merry* evening, telling us about her teaching days in Virginia. It was so pleasant to be working and listening to her! Sister seems to love her dearly.

Sunday, 28th.—Mr. Conrad on the subject of the blind man healed by Christ. The sermon in the evening was the continuation of the morning discourse. It was very profitable; for we *are* or *have all* been spiritually blind.

September 5th.—Yesterday, a young stranger preached in our Church, and it was spiritually reviving to hear him. We live but to glorify God, and can do it but by love—trust—obedience.

At night at concert of prayer he addressed us. Why are we allowed to be cumberers of the ground? why are the millions of sinful creatures who people the earth allowed to live? *That out of them* may come those few who love Christ, and are destined to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light; and whose joy it will be to cast their immortal crowns at the feet of Jesus. *They will glorify*

God. *That* is the end of our being—why do we forget it every day of our lives?

13th.—Yesterday my M—— left us to go and spend a day with the Miss C——ts. I was very sorry she was not at home, for we spent a pleasant evening. Mrs. A——n came in and stayed. She is perfectly fascinating—her presence enlivened us all. It was sweet to hear those dear old French songs again. Since I left France, I had met with no one who so well reminded me of the *charm* of French society.

15th.—Our M—— returned yesterday for dinner, to our great joy and surprise. She is the most lovely, loving creature I ever knew. She unites *all* feminine virtues and graces. Has not God, in his goodness, richly blessed us with friends who are an ornament to society and to human nature? Often is my prayer a *thanksgiving*.

Sabbath, 19th.—The service this morning was delightful; the prayers were sweet, and the sermon solemn and beautiful. Mr C——d preached. “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” Dear M—— was very much pleased, and I felt happy in her sympathy.

21st.—*My* M—— and her mother left us yesterday. I cannot say how much I miss them. They are just such beings as I would like always to have near me. Dear M—— has made good use of her time while with us—*ten* drawings and *two* miniatures.

Oh, my heavenly Father, may I live as having thee always present! May I consecrate to thee all the hours of my life, through watchfulness, purity, love, charity, and

contentment. I feel truly, as if I were a *cumberer* of the ground. What wilt thou have me to do? Oh, that I might do *some* good upon earth; that I might each day do something useful to my fellow creatures! Alas, I live in vain!

September 20th.—Poor dear Mrs. R——e is no *more*. *No more!* how solemnly those words *sound!* I went in at eleven o'clock to see her—she was dressing, and in good spirits. She sent me word that she would meet me in the parlor. She hardly had reached the dining room, when she fainted and fell on the floor. She revived enough to be taken back to her room, and a few moments after, she died, lying on her bed. She turned to me one last *fond* look. I held her dear hand. Soon, soon, with a strong compression of the lips, she breathed her last. God was merciful to recall her thus, without suffering, to her eternal home. Her *Saviour* was her firm reliance.

26th.—To day I have reached my 58th birth-day. Dear, sweet C. brought me pretty flowers out of her garden. It was the most pleasant moment through the day. I went to town, shopping with A. I spent the afternoon alone, reading Chalmers' Sermons, and Lowrie's account of the shipwreck of the *Harmony*. I wish I had not, for I went to bed with very distressing thoughts. Death is gain if we love God; but how fearful to those who do not. O Lord, pour down the light divine upon their darkened souls.

October 2d.—Sunday. In the evening, concert of prayer. Mr. B——e came to tea, after his Episcopalian services at

Rosedale. I rejoice with all my soul, that *at last* sister is going to enjoy the privilege of her own church.

5th.—A very sorrowful prayer meeting. How *few* long after their Father's home!

6th.—Young E——tt S——t, preached for us to-day. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find *faith* in the earth?" Each one may well ask himself the question. How *few* are joyful in the Lord! how *few* long for his appearing! Yet how trifling are all the interests of earth! Oh, Lord, keep me from clinging to this world; may I ever feel the same impatience to reach my Father's home, as I have felt, ever since a gracious Saviour has manifested himself to my soul, as *ready* to intercede for me. *What* can compare with the joy and peace there is in *believing*. I am a sinner, but I *sorrow* for sin, and I love; and to him that loveth much, much shall be forgiven.

9th.—Communion. A stranger preached. Our pastor is discouraged—there is no life in the church—we are cold—where is the *fault*? I was happy this morning in my closet—blessed in prayer. But I feel no joy in the church. I have always felt like a stranger within its walls. Oh, for the days of my *first love*! But it is all right, and God is not forsaking me; for I feel more and more my sinfulness, and my need of a Saviour. Bring me low at the foot of the cross, God of Mercy!

I have shed so many tears lately, praying for our poor F——, and he is so constantly and sadly present to my thoughts, that I prayed fervently for grace to forget him entirely to-day. All at once, the evil spirit *tried* my heart. I thought we were receiving the news of his safe arrival,

and in my unbounded joy, I fell on my knees in the midst of my family, to offer thanks to the great *Author* of all good. I called inwardly to Him to dispel this illusion, and to take full possession of my thoughts. I was disturbed no more.

11th.—*And truly he was safe!* Yesterday the newspaper said, that the *Oregon* arrived at Melbourne on the 6th of July. That is all we know; but it is enough to be deeply thankful for, to the Ruler of our destinies.

13th.—Mrs. S——h invited E——y, J——s, and C——, to come in the evening to meet other children. C—— ran up to me with sparkling eyes, saying, “Aunt, we are invited to a party, *after tea*, a real party.” It was amusing to see the dear children’s joy. E—— and J—— wore a *cravat* for the first time.

14th.—To day Mr. B. left for Washington, with his three grandchildren. The dear boys’ holidays are at an end. I went on Friday to the infirmary, with Mrs. W——e and Miss G——t, but did not return until this morning, to see the boys off, as I was invited to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Passavant. Spent a pleasant evening. Mr. Passavant made himself very agreeable, to please his poor *deaf* mother.

17th.—Yesterday wrote to dear M——. Paid many visits in the morning. Found F——y here on my return. Mr. B——e came in after tea—sang many hymns—conversation—prayer finished the evening. The weather is most inconceivably beautiful—real Indian summer for many days past.

18th.—Pleasant conversation with F——y. Soon after

dinner E——h came in, asking one of us to go back to the M——'s with her. I was the privileged one.

19th.—A sweet, bright, shining day, spent with *dear* E——. We went to "Sugar Camp," to see the big tree.

22d.—A—— and F—— were invited to join us. We had *altogether* as nice days, as friendship, books, poetry, youth, and a bright sky could procure. Returned on this day with F——, who was in ecstasies with all she had seen and felt during those two days. Left A—— with E——.

Sunday, 5th.—I felt so sad, so depressed by the news of yesterday, that I could hardly hold up my head. I anticipated many sorrows, and feel very guilty for thus forgetting in whom I put my trust. I prayed earnestly for peace—that peace that the world cannot give. I asked God to help me to worship Him, this day at least, with an undivided affection. I love the house of prayer, the house where the honor of my God dwelleth. He answered me. Our pastor prayed with a sweet fervor. It calmed my distressed heart. His sermon was from John xiii., "our Saviour washing his disciples' feet."

7th.—How my heart fills up when I think of my F—— at sea again for months and months, suffering, perhaps, acutely—disappointed in all his hopes and prospects, and returning to the same dull life and limited sphere. But I *do not* forget that *God* is thus leading him through much affliction, to the knowledge of *Him* who is mighty to save. "May he through the renewing of his mind, learn what is the acceptable and perfect will of God."

10th.—I went to-day to see sister's poor woman. After

visiting this poor woman, almost starving, and Mrs. H—— slowly dying with a cancer, I felt *reproved* for the anguish that has been *lately* preying at my heart. We view things sometimes under a very false light. What *if* our poor F—— is exposed to the dangers of the sea? *What if* he is sick, is it not the lot of thousands? Did he not *wish* to venture on that inclement ocean? To be sure, it is sad, but for many reasons we have to be thankful to God, that matters are no worse. The Euphrasia has not yet been heard from. What *should we feel* had he embarked on it? I *will* learn to be more submissive to the ways of Providence; for I have *put my trust in God*, and I *should* remain persuaded, that He is leading him where he should go. “Oh, Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself—it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” “My wound is grievous, but I said: truly this is a grief, but I must bear it.”

11th.—Put up my white curtains in my little room, brought in the writing table, and feel quite snug and comfortable for my winter campaign. Will dear F—— be restored to us? God grant him a safe passage! The *Oregon* is a valiant ship. I want hope—“hope on, hope ever.” Hope and submission are the two only alternatives for a Christian. “The Lord is my light and salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, and of whom shall I be afraid?” “Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.”

I am reading “The Hour and the Man,” by Miss Martineau. I am wrapt up in the book. What a noble Chris-

tian hero she makes of Tousaint L'Ouverture. I do love to read of noble deeds and noble thoughts. How thankful one ought to be to have a soul alive to such pure enjoyments!

"Lowrie's Memoirs," have moved me to the quick. For days and days I could feel for his death, as if I had lost a dear relative. I love all those who love God, with such an intense love as he did.

— Lee arrived Saturday, and stayed with us till this morning. She is delightful company—one of the most fascinating women I ever saw. How Christianity has melted her character. Truly she is a *new creature* in Christ.

We all went to church on Sunday. Mr. C——d's prayer was truly spiritual. His sermon was full of the love of Christ. His soul seems to be melting with love to our Saviour. Truly can I say with him, I love His word, I love His ordinances. And then he finished by, "I love His yoke, I love His crown." Surely, I thought we ought to learn to bear the yoke, in hopes of the crown.

25th.—Thanksgiving-day. Dear sister's birthday also. E——tt S——th preached for us. The service was truly appropriate to the day.

Alas! last year, *all* our children were at home; I remember my feeling of joy and gratitude as we sat down to dinner. Alas, none but *sad* thoughts fill my heart now!

December 1st.—Dear and beloved M——y made her appearance this morning early, quite unexpectedly. She has found agreeable and convenient boarding. My heart is at rest on that point. Her sweet joyous face, and her warm embrace was to me like a burst of sunshine.

18th.—We have had a protracted meeting this week, but I have not been able to attend all the services. On the 11th, the venerable and good old Dr. Herron preached for us, from Philippians iii. 3. He coughed much, but gave us an interesting sermon. Monday was appointed as a fast-day. A sermon from Habakkuk iii. 2, “Revive thy work in the midst of the years,” etc. My *dear* old pastor, Dr. Swift, closed our meeting with prayer. It did my heart *good* to hear his beloved accents once more. In the evening I prevailed upon K——e and N——y to come with me. I hope they profited more than I did. Mr. H—— preached such a *long* sermon that I was worn out, it being my second service of the day.

13th.—We expected three of our young friends; my M—— only came. It was a sweet day for me. M—— and I opened our hearts to each other before going to bed, and *all* she said afforded me joy.

E—— came on Wednesday to spend the day, and S——h A——n arrived, just as she was leaving. Thus my *three bright stars* had succeeded each other, instead of coming in conjunction. M——y R——n, always bright and kind, dropped in for a few moments on Tuesday afternoon.

How many *charming girls* we know! God has richly blessed us with friends. I went to church on Wednesday night with K——e. Mr. C——d’s sermon was excellent. “Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord thy God.”

The 15th was the day of the Festival for the Infirmary. Sister and C—— went early. I could not go, being obliged

to attend Mrs. D——g's funeral; and surely did I feel in listening to Mr. C——d's impressive appeal *to the living*, that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. The impression was a deep one—many were in tears.

Sabbath.—Christmas-day, Mr. C——d explained to us why we did not observe this day in our church.

Monday, 26th.—Christmas was generally kept to-day. Our dear, joyous, bright-faced M—— came early. Mr. B—— and his child were our only guests. I have not yet mentioned that our C—— left us to go and celebrate Christmas at home. She was in high spirits about it. The hours glided on pretty soberly as long as Mr. B—— staid; but he left at four o'clock, and then M—— talked sweetly and merrily until bed-time. She is a lovely creature—so much animation and *good sense* are so seldom found united! She is prudent, delicate, and careful not to wound any one's feelings; full of energy, and now that she leans on the "anchor of hope, sure and steadfast," I may hope that life will be to her a sweet pilgrimage. My dear, sweet scholar, "the Lord bless thee and keep thee;" "the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;" "the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and *give thee peace.*"

When I shall be no more, may be *these* lines will meet her eyes. The thought is pleasant—they will speak when I am cold in the grave.

31st.—Many pleasant visitors enlivened the *last* day of the year. In the evening I read *Venetia*, with great interest, as it gives an idea of Byron's youth, and youthful

love. Finished the day by earnest prayer for *all those I love*—I named *every one*. May God grant the spiritual gifts I asked for *each* of them, *according to their wants*. My confession was humble and sincere. Oh, Lord, my Father, how often have I sinned against light and love! •

Sunday, January 1st, 1854.—The year has passed away. This is the *first* day of the new year! *Solemn thought!*

These past years have been marked by deep sorrows, anguish and fear and quaking of heart! Such sorrows as throw a shadow into the future, for fear of their recurrence. But our Heavenly Father has often saved us from greater evil. He has afforded us unexpected deliverances, and to Him we must look for further alleviations. Oh, Lord, in *thee* is my trust, my hope, my dependence. “My soul is stayed on thee;” and many a prayer has brought peace to my disturbed feelings, and *hushed* gloomy anticipations.

We are weak and sinful creatures, and well deserve our trials. Why should we expect ease and enjoyment here below, when we do so little to please the Living God. There is so little love unfeigned to one another—so much fault finding—useless talking—so little Christian communion—so little of that spiritual intercourse which ought to sweeten and lighten the journey of pilgrims towards the celestial city. Oh, how wearisome is this world to one who loves God! I am tired of the warfare of life, and would gladly plume my wings and seek my rest. But I humbly feel how unprepared and unfit I am yet for that rest, and may justly include myself among those to whom the text of this morning applied: “Spare it yet a year, and if it bear fruit, *well*.”

How *often* have I put up *that* heartfelt petition for our dear F——. Who knows how mercifully the Lord may deal with him yet. And will he be here again in a few months? Shall I live to see his dear face again? * He truly loves me—always did—loves me, faults and all. That is true love.

Jan. 7th.—This week has been an interesting one. On Monday our New Year's dinner was incomplete. F—— was paying his round of visits. A—— was spending a few days at M——y B——t's. Dear C—— is at Washington.

I left after dinner to go to the infirmary, on a *long* visit, *long* promised to Mr. Passavant. Dear Mr. P. met me in town. I was most affectionately received at the Infirmary. I had been there two days, when *who* comes into the little parlor, to my great amazement, but Mr. O——! I had not seen him for years. He came again the next day, and his conversation on France and Italy was *very interesting*. He brought me a note from my M——y, sent by sister, which moved me greatly. She had been baptized the Sunday before.

Friday, 13th.—What a storm last night! The rattling and banging of the window shutters—the cracking of the woodwork—the howling and whistling of the wind, made my heart sink within me. I thought of our poor F——, who has no doubt been in many such storms, on the tempestuous seas which he has crossed. How did he bear up against such trials of his fortitude? How I should like to know what were his thoughts at such times. Did they

* Miss Preble's wish was not realized. She died before the return of her nephew.

bring him nearer to God? Did they move him to repentance? He is ever uppermost in my mind. I think of him night and day, and can enjoy nothing because he is far away. For *him* I pray without ceasing. When the time we expect him draws near, I know not how I shall bear the suspense. How often do I ask my Heavenly Father to *teach* me how to conquer this feverish anxiety. Do I not believe in His infinite mercy, and justice, and power. Ah, I know that all is not *right* in my heart. I am not sufficiently submissive to the will of God, or I should not *thus* question, doubt, and tremble. It is sinful. Oh, Lord, teach me to *trust* in *all* the ways of thy divine Providence.

.



v.

OBITUARY *NOTICES OF MISS PREBLE.

IN Manchester, near Pittsburgh, Saturday morning, February 4th, 1854, Miss Harriet Preble. This most estimable lady resided for some time in this place, and was well known, and in no ordinary degree esteemed and beloved and admired, as in all her relations of life an ornament and blessing to the society in which she moved.

Miss Preble was a niece of Commodore Preble, the first Commodore of the Revolution; a brave, able, and skillful officer, whose character and career shed the first bright rays of glory on our infant navy. Although his niece had been

educated abroad, her love of country was ardent, yet rational. She inherited the lofty and disinterested and patriotic sentiments of her ancestors. Her childhood and youth were passed in Paris. She was educated in the celebrated female institution of the famous Madame Campan, in which so many of the most accomplished French and English females were educated. During her course of study, she attained a character for genius, literary taste and acquisitions, inferior to that of no one of her associates. Her accomplishments were equal to the strength of her intellect, and her solid and useful attainments, her moral traits of character were still more remarkable than her talents. Conscious as she must have been of the force and variety of her natural and acquired endowments, modesty and humility were the marked and delightful characteristics of her nature and her manners. It could be no wonder that she early became an acquaintance and an associate of most of the leading and brilliant scholars, statesmen, and writers of France; and of some she long continued a correspondent after her return to this country.

As it was in France, so it was here—she was the honored and intimate friend of many of the first literary and most distinguished persons of our country—Prescott, Ticknor, and others. Her rich and varied mental stores made her conversation and intercourse instructive and delightful to the old and young, to the cheerful and to the grave.

“Her pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspired: where moral wisdom mildly showed
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.”

For many years of her life, she consecrated all these natural gifts, her native virtues and varied excellence, to the cause of the Great Redeemer whose salvation she had accepted, with all the powers of her mind and affections of her heart. To Him she ardently, gratefully, and unweariedly consecrated her worldly property, and every work and service she could exert. Truly was she as "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Never was there a finer, more impressive, and persuasive example of Christian excellence. Miss Preble had long been in delicate health, and the dire disease of consumption had developed itself; still, many flattering circumstances gave hopes of continuance of her calm and placid life. But an abscess had formed on her lungs, and she passed away so calmly, with so little of struggle or suffering, that it was not certain to her friends that she had expired, until her physician arrived, and assured them of the fact.

At the departure of such a character we dare not grieve or repine; we indulge rather in "the joy of grief," for she is blessed in the enjoyment of paradise.

"Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death,
Kills not the buds of virtue. No! they spread
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers."

WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

L.

On Saturday morning, February 4th, at West Manchester, near Pittsburgh, Miss HARRIET PREBLE, departed this life, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Although seriously indisposed, this event was altogether unexpected by herself,

or her relatives, so much so, that the preceding evening was spent in the parlor surrounded by the social circle of the family. When she retired to rest, her hands were crossed on her breast, as in the attitude of prayer; in this position she went to sleep, and still retained in the morning, but her spirit had awaked in heaven—for she was dead!

How many die as suddenly, not as safe.

In the estimate of the merits of our deceased friend, memory carries back the mind to the period of her first arrival in this country, from Versailles. At that time, she was a Parisian *bel-esprit*, fresh from that brilliant capital, gifted with talent, of highly cultivated intellect, and benevolent in feeling. But she was not then a Christian. When to all her former excellencies was superadded the transforming, hallowing power of vital religion, her character became complete, and the impress of her Saviour's image, gave stamp and currency to the fine gold of her renovated nature. In her religion there was no Pharisaic self-valuation, no setting up of her own importance, no desire to deviate from the appropriate sphere of woman's usefulness; but humility was her distinguishing trait; her life was an habitual exercise of faith and love; and her time, her talents, and her means, were employed in doing good. Many an unostentatious act of charity has been brought to light since she entered into rest, and many more will doubtless be unknown, till that day, when all that has been done unto the least of Christ's disciples here, shall be accounted as done to himself.

How sweet is the contemplation of a character like this. And how must it solace the hearts of those she loved so

well on earth, to know that her days of weakness, and her nights of anxiety, are ended. To one so well prepared for death, the gain of her rapid transit from earth to Heaven was unspeakably great. No slow decay from long confinement; no grappling with the king of terrors; no pain of parting with her weeping friends. The last Sabbath, she listened to the hallelujahs of childish voices on earth; the next, she was partaking in the glories that are in the presence of her God.

Her mission here is finished. No longer will her young pastor be sustained by her prayers, or gladdened by her punctual attendance in the sanctuary. Her fellow-worshippers will sigh as they look at the vacant place, which she was wont to fill. The poor and the afflicted will lament the active friend and sympathizing consoler; and that band of devoted sisters, who came to our country on the errand of benevolence, have lost the benefit of her society and aid. But we are forbidden to sorrow "even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."

N. W. C.



